

Sept. 7 20, 2015 / **Nancy Meyers on Women in Hollywood** And men in general.
By Amy Larocca p.32

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By JONATHAN CHAIT



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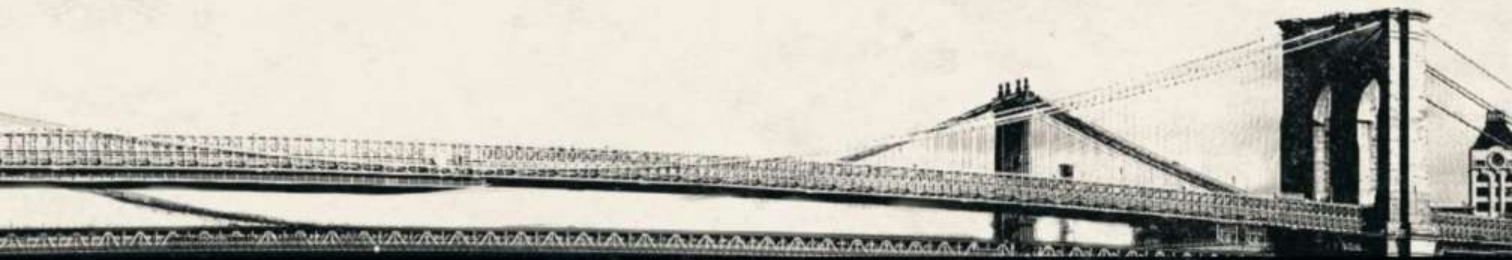


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Nancy Meyers

NEW YORK

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Comments



1 In the last issue, Lane Brown interviewed the director Quentin Tarantino (**"In Conversation: Quentin Tarantino," August 24–September 6**). The story gave readers plenty to pick apart. "It's awesome that someone like Tarantino—who you'd assume would only like old niche films and bizarre B-level Tokyo movies (he does like them)—thinks movies like *The Fighter* and *American Hustle* are great and watches a show like *How I Met Your Mother*," wrote commenter Hendoism. "It's a good reminder for people on their cultural high horses to be open to everything." Salon's Anna Silman homed in on Tarantino's television habits as well. **"We hope those rumors about Tarantino doing a TV show are true,"** she wrote. "Because we would love to see how this combo of influences plays out in his hands. A blood-splattered multi-cam rom-com about a group of six renegade U.S. marshals (who are also BFFs!) starring Walton Goggins and full of frenetic Sorkinesque walk-and-talks?" The Mic's Kevin O'Keeffe thought the interview enhanced the director's reputation of being unpredictable. "His quotes range from the incredibly progressive—a fervent defense of President Barack Obama, gleefully decrying the end of 'white supremacy'—to the strangely out-of-touch—does he really think *The Newsroom* was a great HBO series?" Many just enjoyed hearing Tarantino sound off on so many subjects. "Tarantino is a great interview subject in general because **he's so goddamned enthusiastic and loquacious**," said Devin Faraci on the website BirthMoviesDeath. "This interview with Quentin Tarantino knows no bounds," tweeted NPR's Bill Chappell. "And that's a good thing."

2 "If 12-year-olds Anissa Weier and Morgan Geyser knew that the internet character they worshipped was a fantasy, why did they want to kill their friend for him?" asked Lisa Miller in her story on what's become known as the Slender Man stabbing (**"Slender Man Is Watching," August 24–September 6**). The Hairpin's Alexandra Molotkow thought the piece spoke to how strange it is to be 12. "Twelve is right in the twilight zone between play and real life. You don't know your own mind at that age, and your identity is not what it was last month. You understand that your actions have consequences, but you don't have a fully formed concept of the future; how could you?" she wrote. Many were simply stunned by the details of the case. "My blood is curdling reading this," tweeted Megan Hess. And many more found the story difficult to read before bedtime. "Insane article I recommend reading—but not in bed, right before you go to sleep. Like I did," tweeted Beth Mechum. This is "essential true-crime reading," wrote True Crime's Cheryl Eddy. **"Though their victim survived, the case evokes the fantasy-driven killing that inspired *Heavenly Creatures*, but with a distressingly modern twist."**

3 "In his self-appointment as America's moralist, Franzen has suffered from the lack of a worthy female foil," wrote Christian Lorentzen in his essay on Jonathan Franzen's new book, *Purity* (**"Jonathan Franzen's Great Expectations," August 24–September 6**). Lorentzen went on: "Perhaps because he's lonely at the top, Franzen elevated Jennifer Weiner—the best-selling but subliterary novelist who's led the #Franzenfreude charge, claiming that he's sucked up the oxygen of review attention in a sexist liter-

ary culture—by accusing her of ‘freeloading’ on a good cause with the aim of self-promotion.” “This section ... makes me want to set something on fire,” tweeted *The Guardian*’s Jessica Valenti. “**‘Bestselling but subliterate’ is the oldest weapon against successful female authors,**” added Aisha Muharrar. “See Austen, Jane.” Jennifer Weiner herself stepped in: “By dismissing my work as ‘subliterary,’ suggesting I’m unworthy to kiss the hem of Jonathan Franzen’s garment and implying that a writer—or maybe just a woman—must meet his personal standards before she’s permitted to discuss gender balance in the literary world, Christian Lorentzen illustrated the sexism and elitism women writers continue to face more vividly than any essay, review, or report ever could.” Lorentzen’s essay also poked holes in Franzen’s reputation as a literary heavyweight, a downgrading that many commenters were pleased to see. “For the life of me, I can’t understand Franzen’s reputation. Is it merely because the United States needs a male novelist of stature?” wrote commenter TerenceCanada. “Yes, we need novels about the everyday, but Franzen’s books are too banal to deserve the attention they get.”

4 Gabriel Sherman’s story on the three-way (mostly civilized) contest to become the next publisher of the *New York Times* led some readers to bristle at the casually discussed nepotism (“**The Heirs,**” **August 24–September 6**). “The best way to land a top newspaper job is to have a great great grandfather who was rich,” tweeted *Mother Jones*’s Patrick Caldwell. *Fortune*’s Mathew Ingram thought the piece was “a great look at the closest thing that the media world has to a royal family,” but he argued with Sherman’s assertion that “the selection of the next publisher is perhaps the most critical challenge facing the *Times*.” “Choosing a publisher may be the most critical challenge facing the various branches of the Sulzberger family,” wrote Ingram. “The challenge facing the *New York Times* is the same one that virtually every traditional media entity is facing, whether it’s the *Washington Post*, or Time Inc. (which owns *Fortune*), or even TV giants like CBS. **The time when a handful of news outlets controlled the only platforms for distribution—and hence, the advertising revenue attached to those platforms—is gone.** And it’s not clear what the NYT’s role is going to be in the new world.” And, he wondered: “Is this really the moment when the fifth generation of a founding family should be holding the reins?”

➔ Send correspondence to comments@nymag.com. Or go to nymag.com to respond to individual stories.

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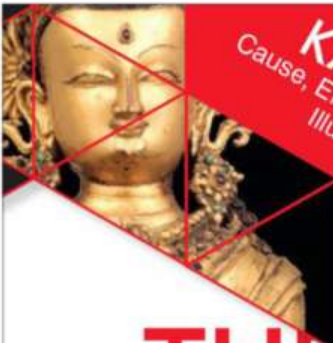
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Faith:
Paul Vallely

The Bipartisan Pontiff
Pope Francis likes to keep them guessing.

WHEN POPE FRANCIS makes his first trip to the United States this month, he will act on a grand stage much as previous popes have done. There will be a private meeting with the president and public Masses in Washington, D.C.; New York; and Philadelphia. He will address the United Nations. Two aspects of his trip, though, will be unprecedented: He will be the first pope to address Congress, and, equally significant, he will visit homeless people in D.C., underprivileged third-graders in East Harlem, and prisoners in a Philadelphia correctional facility, where he will minister to 100 inmates and their families.

Counterbalancing his meetings with world leaders is a classic Francis move and a potent embodiment of his global agenda. In the two and a half years since his election, Francis has earned a reputation for his simplicity and directness, but the pope from Argentina is also a master of political symbolism and an immensely shrewd politician. He knows that the eyes of all nations will be on the message “the Pope of the Poor” delivers to the world’s richest nation.

The pope's religious message—that the Gospel should be joyful, merciful, and embrace everyone, especially the poor—is plain and direct. And yet the political strategies he uses to enact that vision are sophisticated and even wily. Inside the Church, he has set out to modernize the Vatican, rooting out corruption and careerism and placing the pastoral care of ordinary people before dogma and rules. Love and inclusion now come before judgment and condemnation. In the larger world, his mission is just as radical: to realign global policy to better aid the poor and excluded. That has included pushing nations to address the prickly issues of climate change and economic inequality.

As a political operator, Pope Francis can be diplomatic but also stubbornly defiant. And he knows how to balance these approaches one against the other for maximum practical effect. Take, for instance, his recent encyclical on the care of the environment, *Laudato Si'*, in which he rebuked the world's politicians for weak leadership in combating global warming. The document was timed to influence three major U.N. summits—one on aid financing in Addis Ababa in July; the U.N. General Assembly to fix sustainable-development goals, at which he will speak on this visit; and the climate-change conference in Paris in December.

Even before the document was launched, skeptics began a campaign of “pre-buttals” designed to undermine the impact of the pope's message. To counter them, the pope cited within the document several previous popes, bishops of more than 15 nations, Greek Orthodox theologians, and the findings of the 97 percent of scientists who have concluded that climate change is created largely by human activity. This is the voice of many, not just one man, was the pope's message.

Francis is unafraid of confrontation. To launch the encyclical, he recruited a top global-warming expert, professor Hans Joachim Schellnhuber of the Potsdam Institute for Climate Impact Research, who once described the U.S. population as “climate illiterate.” He also invited the activist Naomi Klein, a self-proclaimed “secular Jewish feminist,” onto a Vatican platform to promote the document. The episode demonstrated Francis's awareness of the importance of alliance-building. This pope, who pointedly gave several interviews early on to one of Italy's leading atheist intellectuals, does not confine his networking to within the Church, especially when, as Klein put it, “many powerful Church

insiders simply cannot be counted upon to champion Francis's transformative climate message.”

KLEIN IS RIGHT, but it's not just his message on climate change that has faced resistance. Francis inherited a Roman hierarchy that was staunchly conservative. Almost immediately, he began overturning the old way of doing things, bypassing the usual channels and preferring the unofficial to the official: When Francis wanted to get a message to the Chinese government, instead of using a Vatican diplomat, he sent it via some Argentine missionaries who he knew had good contacts in China.

He exiled the more contumacious elements in the senior bureaucracy—known as the Roman Curia—like the U.S. cardinal Raymond Burke, whom Francis saw not just as a doctrinal hard-liner but also as an obstructive and even mischievous operator. Francis removed him from the body that appoints Catholic bishops. Burke responded by saying that under Francis, the Church seemed like a “ship without a rudder” that had also “lost its compass.” It was what the Church historian Eamon Duffy called “a dramatic departure from the protocol that inhibits cardinals from public criticism of living popes.” Francis then axed Burke from his post as head of the Vatican's Supreme Court. Burke openly vowed to “resist” any liberalization of the Church and talked of “a real risk of schism”—not a view taken by most U.S. conservative bishops. “Burke is the leader of the Catholic equivalent of the tea party,” one insider dismissively told me.

It was not just Burke whom the pope sacked. Dozens of Curia officials have been dispatched back to their home countries, having been politely thanked for their ser-

vice. Prelates Francis trusts have been promoted, sometimes leapfrogging the curial pecking order.

Francis has appointed 39 cardinals. Not all were from the same point on the liberal-conservative spectrum, but all were pastors rather than culture-war ideologues. What was most striking about his appointments, though, was their geographical spread. Only 14 were from Europe, and none were from the United States. He appointed new cardinals from some of the poorest places on Earth—Burkina Faso, Haiti, Nicaragua, Côte d'Ivoire, Tonga, and Myanmar. As a result, for the first time in history, Europe now has fewer than half the world's cardinals. The first pope from the global South is orchestrating a shift that could change Catholicism forever.

Notable among those who did not get a red hat was Archbishop Charles Chaput of Philadelphia, in whose city Francis will be saying the biggest public Mass of his visit. Chaput is widely regarded as the ideological leader of the Church's U.S. conservatives. Within weeks of the pope's installation in 2013, he groused publicly that “the right wing of the Church” had “not been really happy about his election.” He even published on his diocesan website excerpts of emails from Catholics critical of Francis. One complained that Francis was accusing priests “who are serious about moral issues of being small-minded.”

But Francis is more of a centrist than his liberal supporters often realize. He does not want to take the Church to the left but back to its traditional middle ground. He has not purged most of the conservatives and has even embraced hard-liners like the German cardinal Gerhard Müller, whom he left in his post as the Church's chief doctrinal watchdog. Another archconservative, Cardinal George Pell, has been promoted to be the third-most-powerful figure in the Vatican as its finance supremo. Francis wants to include all shades of the political spectrum. This is in contrast to previous popes, who largely promoted men in their own conservative image.

Where there is opposition, Pope Francis seems unfazed by it. “Resistance is now evident,” he told an interviewer. “And that's a good sign for me, getting the resistance out in the open ... If there were no difference of opinions, that wouldn't be normal.” Francis even nurtured debate at the 2014 Synod of Bishops. When a steering committee hand-picked by Francis tried to press a more inclusive line on the divorced and gays, there was outright opposition from conservatives. Some of them have continued to speak out in the run-up to the second Synod, which takes place in

**“Resistance
is now evident,”
Pope Francis told
an interviewer.
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Rome in October. Francis has picked the same team to run the 2015 Synod. He himself takes a reconciliatory view toward the treatment of the remarried and gays, and some suspect Francis might impose his own views whatever the Synod decides. The pope's friends describe him as a "chess player" whose "every step has been thought out."

Keeping people guessing is part of Francis's management technique, one insider told me. Perhaps his most celebrated departure from past tradition was his refusal to live in the papal palace, preferring instead two rooms in the Vatican guesthouse the Casa Santa Marta. The staffs of previous popes controlled who got to see the pontiff. By living in the Casa Santa Marta, this pope has access to a wide range of people. His private secretaries are just secretaries, not gatekeepers. Francis works with them in the mornings in the palace, which he refers to as "La Su" ("Up There"). But after plowing through official paperwork, he goes back to the Casa Santa Marta for lunch and then, after a short nap, works all afternoon "Down Here" in his small suite. Papal officials know little about what he does there. He makes phone calls, books his own appointments, and sees a range of individuals for private discussions. His secretaries often discover what he has done only days afterward. Sometimes they never find out.

"No one knows all of what he's doing," says his press secretary, Father Federico Lombardi. "His personal secretary doesn't even know. I have to call around: One person knows one part of his schedule, someone else knows another part."

ONE OF THE MAJOR internal tasks facing the pope has been the reform of the Vatican Bank, which had become a byword for scandal and dysfunction. To be his eyes and ears inside the bank, Francis appointed Monsignor Battista Ricca, a former papal diplomat who had run the Rome hostel where Francis stayed when he was the archbishop of Buenos Aires. Francis liked Ricca and placed great confidence in him. Die-hards inside the bank, who wanted to maintain the old traditions of privilege and secrecy that allowed them to pursue their own agenda, fought back. They decided that they needed to get rid of Ricca.

Just a month after his appointment, the Italian newsmagazine *L'Espresso* broke a story claiming that Ricca had had an affair with a male captain in the Swiss Army and had taken his lover with him when he was sent to Uruguay as a papal diplomat. It was widely assumed that Ricca would have to resign. But when Ricca did submit

his resignation, Pope Francis refused to accept it. He saw the leaks behind the story as a deliberate attempt by conservatives to undermine his reform program for the Vatican Bank. It was when questioned about the affair that Francis uttered what has become perhaps the defining phrase of his papacy: "Who am I to judge?"

But that iconic line also highlights Pope Francis's calculated ambiguity. He did not actually say whether he approved of gay priests. The secular world understood that he was signaling a change from the previous Church position, which did judge, decreeing gay sex "intrinsically disordered." Conservatives glossed the phrase in the opposite direction.

Vatican insiders used a variety of metaphors to describe Francis's approach: "He loves to set hares running," one said. "He likes to fly a kite," said another. "There is no innocence about it. But rather like a secular politician, he will say: 'Let's float the idea and see what happens,'" said a third. "He's launching ideas. It suits him to have the ideas floated without being pinned down on the specific." But the signal that "Who am I to judge?" sent to the wider world was unmistakable. After decades of popes who wanted to make assertions, Pope Francis wants the Church to start asking questions.

He did something similar this month when he announced that priests would be able to forgive women who have had an abortion. There were all manner of caveats to keep the conservatives from protesting—the woman had to be contrite, the power would initially only last for 12 months during the pope's Year of Mercy—and it was craftily coupled with an olive branch to an ultratraditionalist group that has been in open rupture with Rome since

"The Holy Father is not making things easy for us," an American diplomat said privately in Rome.

1988. But the public gesture toward greater compassion and clemency was clear and dramatic. Again, it didn't change doctrine, but it was revolutionary in its semiotics.

On the global stage, Francis has shown something of the same elliptical subtlety. That was evidenced in his role in brokering last year's talks between Washington and Havana, which ended five decades of stalemate between the world's greatest power and the last remnant of Cold War communism. The pope noted that President Obama had said after his reelection that he wanted better relations with Cuba to be part of his legacy. Francis set the Church's diplomatic emissaries working behind the scenes. By the time Obama visited the Vatican in March 2014, Francis was ready with a suggestion. Vatican diplomats would broker a series of secret meetings, in Canada. When the talks looked like they were breaking down, the pope personally wrote to the American and Cuban presidents urging them to trust one another.

A few days before Pope Francis arrives in the U.S., he will say Mass next to a portrait of Che Guevara in Revolution Square in Havana. This comes just two months after the pontiff accepted a hammer-and-sickle crucifix from the president of Bolivia, Evo Morales. All of which compounds for conservatives the idea that the pope is some kind of communist. "The Holy Father is not making things easy for us," an American diplomat said privately in Rome recently.

Pope Francis will not be concerned. For him, going to Cuba immediately before he goes to the U.S. is a gesture of balance. He used the same premeditated evenhandedness on his visit to the Holy Land, where he boosted Palestinian aspirations by praying at the security wall that divides Bethlehem and then, the next day, kissed the hands of Holocaust survivors and prayed at a memorial to Israeli victims of suicide bombings. Pope Benedict XVI, a shy scholar, relied on words; his predecessor, John Paul II, invented the papal stadium world tour. This pope uses quiet gestures to leverage his moral authority.

In April, officials of Saint John's Abbey and University in Minnesota presented Francis with a handwritten illuminated Bible that cost \$8 million to produce; with characteristic dexterity, the pope will present it to the Library of Congress when he arrives on Capitol Hill. It is a neat solution by the Pope of the Poor to the problem of what to do with a gift of great extravagance. He will give it back to the world's richest nation. ■

Paul Vallely is the author of Pope Francis: The Struggle for the Soul of Catholicism (Bloomsbury).



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 • Launch of the longest ship in the world, the *Great Eastern* (1858) • **The Cleveland Street scandal**, in which a male brothel in London is raided and rumors circulate that the queen's grandson Prince Albert Victor is a client (1889) • Britain effectively annexes Egypt after **buying up Suez Canal shares** (1875).

DURING HER REIGN

RULE
1837–1901

YEAR 30

1861: Albert dies of typhoid fever. Victoria, in mourning, stays out of public view for several years, and wears black for the next 40.

1867: Grants Canada semi-independence (it can govern itself, but is still part of the empire), amid fears that America is about to invade.

1868: William Gladstone's first of four terms as prime minister. Victoria can't stand him; calls him "arrogant, tyrannical and obstinate."

1870: Near the peak of its industrial power, England produces one-third of all global output.

1871: Adds a new title, Empress of India. (Queen Elizabeth's father, George VI, codes the imperial title in 1946.)

1896: Surpasses George III to become the longest-reigning British monarch. The next year, marks her Diamond Jubilee.

1900: Victoria's 63rd birthday. Her son Alfred dies. Victoria, "nothing but sadness & horrors."

1901: Dies on the lake of Edward VII. (Queen Elizabeth becomes King Edward VII.)

YEAR 64

A King Charles spaniel named Dash • a **greyhound**, Nero • a **deerhound**, Hector • a **parrot**, Lory • a **collie**, Noble ("guardian of the queen's gloves").

CHILDREN

Victoria (b. 1840) • Albert Edward (b. 1841) • Alice (b. 1843) • Alfred (b. 1844) • Helena (b. 1846) • Louise (b. 1848) • Arthur (b. 1850) • Leopold (b. 1853) • Beatrice (b. 1857). **42 grandchildren, 87 great-grandchildren.**

YEAR 1



QUEEN VICTORIA

b. ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA, May 24, 1819; fifth in the line of succession.

m. PRINCE ALBERT of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, 1840.

This month, Elizabeth surpasses Victoria as Britain's longest-ruling monarch. A dual look back.

By Ian Epstein



Moves: The Rise of Litefeet

New dance genre moves from subway to mainstream.

MR. YOUTUBE and Chrybaby Cozie met in 2005 at a basketball game in Harlem. As an announcer chanted "Get the light feet going, get the light," a dance genre—arguably the first to come from our streets since break-dancing—was born. "It was a dance of the community," one early adopter, SpaceMan King of Spank FantasticBoyz, says today. Whereas break-dancing is about getting down on the floor, litefeet is all jumps and fast floaty footwork performed to dance music and chants. (See the basics at right.) Its most visible promoter has been Goofy, leader of the WaffleNYC crew, who turned litefeet into "It's Showtime!" on the subway. Joyful to some commuters, irritating to others, it now gets performers arrested. But the creators have moved on: Goofy has been dancing in ads in Europe, and Mr. YouTube runs NYCHA-funded classes, wearing shirts and hats from his four sponsors. This summer, Pharrell and P. Diddy flew Mr. YouTube, Kidd Patt, and SpaceMan to L.A. for a video. "In New York," Kidd Patt says, "people ask what kind of dance I'm doing," he says. "My goal is to have them be, like, *Oh, that's litefeet!*"

LAUREN
SCHWARTZBERG

Lock-In

Performed by Goofy

Every litefeet dance finishes with a lock-in, during which the dancer raises a fist, then slams it toward the ground. It's supposed to be an **implosion, ending the routine emphatically.**



Prop Tricks

Performed by Chrybaby Cozie

Among the genre's main innovations, these include **flipping baseball hats from the toe to the top of the head**, throwing Adidas shell-toe sneakers and bouncing them back toward the body, and those swinging moves on subway poles.



Photographs by Bobby Doherty



Bad One

*Performed by
SpaceMan King of
Spank FantasticBoyz*

A modified tap-dance step done while tapping the index finger and thumb across the shoulders in time with the steps. Most dancers develop their own variants.

Rev-Up

*Performed by
Kidd Patt*

A combination of moves (including one called the "tone wop"), **the rev-up** is a side-to-side shuffle with swinging arms and snaps that begins every routine, always on an even count.

Footwork

*Performed by
Mr. YouTube*

Sequences of balletic poses, **ligament-stretching ankle rolls**, and holding one leg horizontally in order to jump through it with the other.



145 MINUTES WITH ...

Mary Karr

New apartment, new how-to book:
the sound of one memoirist clapping.

BY MOLLY FISCHER

MOVING IN NEW YORK means at least one morning spent sitting around at home in anticipation of the Time Warner guy. This is what Mary Karr is doing on a Wednesday in late August.

Two days ago, the 60-year-old memoirist moved into a one-bedroom on the Upper East Side. Already, impressively, there are no boxes to be seen; she credits this feat of unpacking to a friend. ("I was

sitting here with my thumb up my ass, and she just murdered it.") The circumstances demanded speed. In a few days, Karr will be leaving for Syracuse, where she is a literature professor, and from there she heads off on tour to promote her new book, *The Art of Memoir*. The tour will eventually bring her back to town, and she does not want to stay in a hotel in New York. She wants to stay in her own apartment, with her own bed and her own Time Warner service. (She

is active on social media, with a Twitter feed that quotes Heraclitus alongside strangers on the subway.) “Listen,” she says, “if I have Wi-Fi, I feel like I won a raffle.”

She landed here after a stint house-sitting in Prospect Heights for the writers Philip Gourevitch and Larissa MacFarquhar, which followed an ill-fated attempt to live in Scarsdale. Her boyfriend of nine years—a real-estate developer she met in the Hamptons, but also, she’s quick to add, “an Oberlin English major”—has a place up there, and she thought it might be nice to live with him. “So, me, Scarsdale—” she clicks her tongue to convey *not gonna happen*. “It was a lot of white people,” she says. “I need to be around a lot of black people and a lot of Jews. So I had the Jew thing covered, but they didn’t have any black people.” She laughs. “Well—I’m sort of serious about that. It’s just not good for the mind.” The Upper East Side is maybe not the most heterogeneous neighborhood in New York, but there are other benefits to life in the city, like walks in Central Park with Don DeLillo. And her 29-year-old filmmaker son is here. He lives in Brooklyn, close enough that they can go to Pilates class together.

Karr has described her turn toward memoir as a practical one: In the early ’90s, she was a broke and divorced mom. *The Liars’ Club*, her first book of prose, took on her East Texas childhood. Her mother was a would-be painter who burned through a string of husbands; her father was a charismatic, storytelling oilman; both were heavy drinkers. Published 20 years ago, the book was a hit and has been credited with sparking the ’90s memoir boom. Karr was the first writer with whom *The Paris Review* conducted an “Art of Memoir” interview.

Two more successful memoirs followed, and she continued to teach and write poetry. She’s also done some songwriting and sung backup for Emmylou Harris and Vince Gill, and her outfit today suggests a successful semi-retired country singer: denim shirt, big silver cross, tall gray Chloé boots. These last she found in Dallas at Neiman Marcus. “I’d seen them and I’d coveted them and they were like \$2,000,” she says. “I found them at 90 percent off. So the Lord wanted me to have ’em.” She considers her footwear in the knee-height mirror that’s leaning against one wall. “Sometimes, naked, I walk around wearing them and I think, *Life’s not so bad if I have these boots!*”

The other belongings unpacked include a treadmill desk pushed up against her bed; an ornate cross; a ceramic phrenology head; a bin labeled *POESIE*; and an evil-looking toy monkey, now broken, that she bought as a gift for her father, now dead. On the mantel are leather-upholstered letters



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Shinmyo
Lantern
Floating
for Peace

spelling out HUBRIS. “My motto,” she explains. “I discovered it when I was a little girl. I read a book and someone was talking about it as the source of all tragedy. When I used to run track in high school, I put it on the bottom of my shoe—if I had ever gotten a tattoo, this is what it would have been.”

Then, of course, there are books—mostly memoir and poetry. There’s *Not That Kind of Girl*, by Lena Dunham. (“She’s created the Great American Menstrual Hut!” Karr says in praise.) There’s an assortment of Polish poets, and “one of the greatest diaries ever written,” by Witold Gombrowicz. (Its first page delights her: “MONDAY: Me. TUESDAY: Me. WEDNESDAY: Me.” Etc.) There’s the collection *MEA vs NYC* from the literary magazine *n+1*, of which she was an early supporter. “This is easily the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard,” she remembers telling the founders when they came around seeking donations. “And then I wrote ‘em a big check. Because they’re so smart and so cute, how could you not give them money?” There’s a battered Modern Library edition of J.D. Salinger’s *Nine Stories* that belonged to her mother. “Look at it, it’s so beleaguered,” Karr says. She first read it when she was about 9. “I remember reading that one-hand-clapping thing and thinking, *What the fuck is that?*”

Spirituality in various forms has become a central part of Karr’s work and of her identity as a writer. She’s described her 2009 memoir, *Lit*, as an account of her journey from “blackbelt sinner” to “unlikely Catholic” and says she started praying when she got sober in 1989. Her faith is both serious and cheerfully unorthodox. She once told the priest who baptized her that she wasn’t so sure she believed in the pontiff’s absolute authority; maybe someday you will, he told her. Now she tears up when she talks about that priest, who died a while

back, and calls Pope Francis “the answer to my prayers.”

Karr herself has been receiving secular confessions for the last couple decades. Since *The Liars’ Club* came out, readers have been approaching her to unburden themselves of family secrets. It’s that unformed desire to grapple with one’s personal past that she hopes *The Art of Memoir* will speak to. The kind of writing she advocates is painful but potentially liberating: In her own experience, airing the messiest parts of family history freed up the rest of the family to discuss them. (Granted, the Karrs may be especially accommodating. “From the git-go, Mother said, ‘Hell, get it off your chest,’” she’s reported.) She advises keeping liabilities and blank spots out in the open—“this part is blurry” is one recommended construction—and has little patience for factual whimsies. You know only what you know, and if you are making things up to convince readers otherwise, you are lying. “Even in this day of the Photoshopped Facebook pic,” she writes, “that’s not so morally hard to gauge.”

Intended for a general audience, the new book is as much an inquiry into the nature of memory as it is a craft guide. And as Karr describes tugging on loose threads of sense memory to reveal detailed scenes from decades ago, it’s hard not to start rooting around in your own mental basement, and perhaps to feel at least a little disappointed by the relative shabbiness of what you recover. She writes in *The Art of Memoir* that part of what she loves about the genre is “its democratic (some say ghetto-ass primitive) anybody-who’s-lived-can-write-one aspect.” But, of course, most people can’t write memoirs as good as Mary Karr’s, nor conjure their pasts with her richly observed abundance. There’s a touch of the politician’s strategically modest folksiness in her insistence that she’s “a backwoods storyteller,” a dropout from “the Ringworm Belt.” It bears noting that her book also preaches the value of charm (broadly construed: How do you make people want to listen to you?) and self-awareness, two qualities indispensable if you want anyone to read your writing about yourself for 200-plus pages. Karr is good at playing herself, good at seeing herself, and a virtuoso rememberer.

Among the bounty these skills have brought her, they’ve given her surplus material. On her kitchen counter sits a big fruit bowl of disposable cameras that date back to 2006. They’ve been waiting around not getting developed for years, and at this point she’s forgotten what they contain. “Someday I will get them developed,” she says. “As you know, I remember more than I need to anyway.” ■

**“Sometimes, naked,
I walk around
wearing ‘em,
and I think, ‘Life’s
not so bad if I
have these boots!’”**

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NEW YORK

THE Sunniest Climate-Change Story YOU'VE EVER READ

This is the year humans
finally got serious about saving
themselves from themselves.

By

**JONATHAN
CHAIT**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RALPH SMITH



H

ERE ON PLANET EARTH, things could be going better. The rise in atmospheric temperatures from greenhouse gases poses the most dire threat to humanity, measured on a scale of potential suffering, since Imperial Japan and Nazi Germany launched near-simultaneous wars of conquest. And the problem has turned out to be much harder to solve. It's not the money. The cost of transitioning away from fossil fuels, measured as a share of the economy, may amount

to a fraction of the cost of defeating the Axis powers. Rather, it is the politics that have proved so fiendish. Fighting a war is relatively straightforward: You spend all the money you can to build a giant military and send it off to do battle. Climate change is a problem that politics is almost designed not to solve. Its costs lie mostly in the distant future, whereas politics is built to respond to immediate conditions. (And of the wonders the internet has brought us, a lengthening of mental time horizons is not among them.) Its solution requires coordination not of a handful of allies but of scores of countries with wildly disparate economies and political structures. There has not yet been a galvanizing Pearl Harbor moment, when the urgency of action becomes instantly clear and isolationists melt away. Instead, it breeds counterproductive mental reactions: denial, fatalism, and depression.

This fall, as world leaders prepare to gather in Paris for the United Nations climate-change conference in December and bureaucrats bureaucratize, onlookers could be excused for treating the whole affair with weariness. As early as the 19th century, scientists had observed that the release of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere trapped heat that would otherwise have escaped into outer space. It took until 1997 for the U.N. to draw up a rough deal, in Kyoto, Japan, designed to arrest what was by then obviously a crisis. The agreement failed on the international stage, which didn't stop the Republicans in the U.S. Senate, who hoped to use the treaty as fodder for attack ads, from bringing the moribund issue up for a vote—where it failed again, 95-0.

It was another decade until the next major attempt to coordinate international action, in Copenhagen, Denmark. That failed too. Then, in 2010, President Obama, temporarily enjoying swollen Democratic majorities in both houses, tried to pass a cap-and-trade law that would bring the U.S. into compliance with the reductions it had pledged in Copenhagen. A handful of Dem-

ocrats from fossil-fuel states joined with nearly every Republican to filibuster it.

In the intervening years, the crisis has become rapidly less theoretical, as mountain snows have permanently disappeared, jungles have been burned for cropland, ice sheets have crumbled. Rather than galvanizing action, this merely depressed us. This July, as the planet endured its hottest month in recorded history, the former NASA climate scientist James Hansen revised his predictions and issued preliminary conclusions that, while controversial among other scientists, were terrifying: Sea levels might be rising three times faster than estimated, and within a few decades, “forced migrations and economic collapse might make the planet ungovernable, threatening the fabric of civilization.” The philosopher Dale Jamieson has a recent book titled *Reason in a Dark Time: Why the Struggle Against Climate Change Failed—And What It Means for Our Future*. Jonathan Franzen recently wrote an ostentatiously morbid essay in *The New Yorker* positing that “drastic planetary overheating is a done deal.” The drama has taken on an air of inevitability, of a tragedy at the outset of its final scene—the tension so unbearable, and the weight of looming catastrophe so soul-crushing, that some people seek the release of final defeat rather than endless struggle in the face of hopeless odds. Working for change, or even hoping for it, has felt like a sucker's game. It is hard even to conceive of good global-warming news when bad news is the only kind that has ever existed.

But guess what everyone's been missing in the middle of their keening for the dear, soon-to-be-departed Earth? There is good news. And not just incremental good news but transformational good news, developments that have the potential to mitigate the worst effects of climate change to a degree many had feared impossible. Those who have consigned the world to its doom should reconsider. The technological and political underpinnings are at last in place to actually consummate the first global pact to limit

greenhouse-gas emissions. The world is suddenly responding to the climate emergency with—by the standards of its previous behavior—astonishing speed. The game is not over. And the good guys are starting to win.

FOR HUMANS TO WEAN ourselves off carbon-emitting fossil fuel, we will have to use some combination of edict and invention—there is no other plausible way around it. The task before the world is best envisioned not as a singular event but as two distinct but interrelated revolutions, one in political willpower and the other in technological innovation. It has taken a long time for each to materialize, in part because the absence of one has compounded the difficulty of the other. It is extremely hard to force a shift to clean energy when dirty energy is much cheaper, and it is extremely hard to achieve economies of scale in new energy technologies when the political system has not yet nudged you to do so.

And yet, if you formed a viewpoint about the cost effectiveness of green energy a generation ago (when, for instance, Ronald Reagan tore the costly solar panels installed by his predecessor off the White House roof), or even just a few years ago, your beliefs are out of date. That technological revolution is well under way.

For one thing, the price of solar is falling, and rapidly. In a March 2011 post for *Scientific American's* website, Ramez Naam, a computer scientist and techno-

In 2014, the world's economy grew without carbon emissions also growing, something that had never happened before.

HERE'S HOW WE GOT THERE:

1.
**NEW U.S.
GOVERNMENT
RESTRICTIONS
ON COAL
ACTUALLY
WORKED.**

COAL USAGE HAS DECLINED BY

SINCE
2007 **21%**

OPERATIONAL COAL PLANTS IN THE U.S.

523 → **323**
JULY 2009 JULY 2015



logical enthusiast, compared the rapid progress of solar power to Moore's Law, the famous dictum that described the process by which microchips grew steadily more useful over time, doubling in efficiency every two years. The price of solar power had fallen in two decades from nearly \$10 a watt to about \$3. By 2030, he predicted, the price could drop to just 50 cents a watt.

Four years later, in the spring of this year, Naam revisited his post and admitted his prediction had been wrong. It was far too conservative. The price of solar power had already hit the 50-cent threshold. In the sunniest locations in the world, building a new solar-power plant now costs less than coal or natural gas, even without subsidies, and within six years, this will be true of places with average sunlight, too. Taller turbines, with longer and more powerful blades, have made wind power competitive

in a growing swath of the country (the windy parts). By 2023, new wind power is expected to cost less than new power plants burning natural gas.

Meanwhile, the coal industry has gone into free fall. In 2009, 523 coal plants operated in the United States. More than 200 of them have since shut down, displaced mostly by natural-gas plants, which emit half as much carbon dioxide. (The most common process of drilling for gas, fracking, does release methane, a super-powerful greenhouse gas, but the Obama administration's just-released regulation will address those leaks for the first time.) Only one coal-fired plant has been green-lit since 2008, and new regulations make it virtually certain that no coal plant will break ground in the United States ever again.

The energy revolution has rippled widely through the economy. In the first half of

this year, renewable-energy installations accounted for 70 percent of new electrical power. As the energy mix has grown cleaner, people have found ways to use less of it, too. Incandescent bulbs have been replaced with efficient LEDs, in what Prajit Ghosh, director of power and renewables research at energy company Wood Mackenzie, refers to as a "total bulb revolution." Tesla has introduced a new home battery, the "Powerwall," and broken ground on a plant in Nevada, called the Gigafactory, with the capacity to churn out 500,000 lithium-ion battery packs per year, which will allow it to cut battery costs by a third and sell less expensive electric cars. And these are only today's technologies. Laboratories from Cambridge to Silicon Valley are racing to develop next-generation batteries, as well as ultraefficient solar cells, vehicles, kitchen appliances. For more than

The world
is suddenly
responding
to the climate
emergency
with—by the
standards
of its previous
behavior—
astonishing
speed.



a century, everything that consumed energy was designed without a thought to the carbon dioxide that would be released into the air. Now everything from buildings to refrigerators is being designed anew to account for scientific reality.

This is a story of ingenuity, but it is not, as Jeb Bush has suggested, thanks simply to “a person in a garage somewhere that’s going to come up with a disruptive technology that’s going to solve these problems.” The energy market has been disrupted because governments disrupted it; progress came not in spite of our government but because of it. The private sector developed LED bulbs because Washington required higher-efficiency lighting. The post-crash stimulus package pumped \$90 billion into green-energy subsidies, as China and Germany made similar public investments. The Obama administration churned out regulations forcing higher energy standards on the automobile industry, buildings, agriculture, and oil and drilling. Its Clean Power Plan, which will require for the first time that states reduce emissions from their power plants, is the capstone of the first major response to climate change in American history.

This full-court press was Obama’s goal in 2009, when he tried to persuade Congress to pass a law creating a cap-and-trade market for carbon. After the bill failed the following year, environmentalists sank into despair—where many of them have stayed slumped ever since, having decided the battle is lost. When the first signs emerged, shortly after the 2012 election, that the Obama administration might use its regulatory authority to limit power-plant emissions, dejected liberals waved away the prospect as a fairy tale. Now it is a fait accompli, and the main argument environmentalists make to dismiss Obama’s climate plan is not that he will never have the guts to do it but that it merely ratifies a clean-energy revolution driven by market forces. The overall direction of American carbon use is no longer in doubt. American carbon emissions peaked in 2007 and have fallen since, with the main question now being how far and fast they will plummet.

Conservatives tend to dismiss efforts to limit American greenhouse-gas emissions by pointing out that global warming, if it exists at all, is an international problem rather than an American one. Reducing emissions in the U.S. alone can barely budge global temperatures. This is factually correct. The U.S. once led the world in greenhouse-gas emissions but has long since been overtaken by China, which now emits twice as much total carbon. The mistake the conservatives have made lies in their assumption that American

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PRICE OF SOLAR POWER PER WATT:

\$101 → **\$.61**
1975 2015

GLOBAL SOLAR-PANEL INSTALLATIONS:

10k → **65k**
2009 2015

3. CAPITALISM KICKED IN.

CLEAN-ENERGY JOBS ADDED:

125,000
SINCE 2013

ELECTRIC CARS IN THE WORLD:

200k → **750k**
2012 2015

4. MOST IMPORTANT, CHINA GOT ONBOARD.

SOLAR-ENERGY CAPACITY CHINA IS
EXPECTED TO ADD THIS YEAR ALONE:

18 gigawatts
(THE U.S. CURRENTLY HAS
20 GIGAWATTS TOTAL OF SOLAR)



policy has no bearing upon Chinese policy. The two have turned out to be closely linked. China, in fact, has undergone an energy revolution far more rapid than anything under way in the U.S.—the country that supposedly couldn’t be shamed into action has, instead, shamed us. As a result, the scale and pace of the change are almost incomprehensible.

THE REVERSAL HAPPENED quickly. As China has industrialized, it’s followed the same path of cheap, dirty energy that the U.S. and Europe had blazed a century before. Over the past quarter-century, Chinese emissions quadrupled. Lifting the oppressive burden of poverty from China’s people required huge quantities of carbon, and the process had no end in sight. As



recently as 2009, analysts believed China's carbon-emissions level would continue to rise, not reaching its peak until 2050.

The development of a vast new source of global warming in the East, just as the West was making a dent in its emissions, provided the single largest reason for the feeling of helplessness that has pervaded environmentalism. Worse, most of the developing world longed to replicate China's astonishing new prosperity. The Chinese model suggested that horrific poverty could be escaped only at a horrific global cost. It is hardly selfish for developing countries to refuse to force their impoverished people to shoulder the burden of averting climate change. (Even now, China burns less than half as much carbon per person than does the U.S.) The developing

world has thus been presented with a brutal moral logic: The rich countries have burned through the world's carbon budget, and there is almost nothing left.

But in the past year, something amazing has taken place. In 2014, China's coal production and its consumption both fell, and the drop appears to be continuing, or even accelerating, this year. Derek Scissors, a China analyst at the American Enterprise Institute, who had previously believed Chinese coal use would rebound, conceded his error and called the shocking reversal "an economic and social sea change." China's coal use has made the air in its largest cities intolerable, and Communist Party elites have to breathe the same air as everybody else. The regime's long-standing desire to fix its air pollution has been well

known, but that desire has only now translated into results.

China has made colossal investments in green energy. It plans to increase its solar-energy capacity this year alone by 18 gigawatts—as much solar-energy capacity as exists in the U.S. right now. Its wind-energy production has increased tenfold in a half-dozen years, and the country is in the midst of what one analyst called "the largest build-out of hydroelectricity the world has ever seen." Last fall, in a bilateral agreement with the U.S., China promised its carbon-dioxide emissions would peak in 2030—two decades earlier than recently believed. And at the current rate of transformation, this promise appears conservative. China is widely expected *(Continued on page 113)*

IN CONVERSATION:

NANCY MEYERS

On the eve of the release of *The Intern*—which is *not* a romantic comedy—Nancy Meyers talks about what's happened to women in Hollywood, what's happened to men everywhere, and whether Hillary Clinton will get a Meyers-worthy third act.

By Amy Larocca

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FEMALE writer and director in Hollywood lives in a pretty stone house straight out of one of her own films. It's surrounded by lavender and olive trees and filled with comfortable chairs, well-loved books, and vases of fresh flowers. Nancy Meyers's success is striking not just because she is a rare woman director, but because she has produced a stream of hits about a subject Hollywood says no one is

interested in: women in late middle age, discussing how they feel.

In Meyers's new movie, *The Intern*, out September 25, the protagonist is younger (played by Anne Hathaway) and her foil is older (Robert De Niro), and it's not a love story. But it is as radical in its insistent focus on the female experience as ever. We sat down with Meyers at her home and again at the Farmshop in the

Brentwood Country Mart (which looks a lot like the place where Meryl Streep taught Steve Martin to make a chocolate croissant in *It's Complicated*) for a conversation about what it's like, and what it means, to occupy such a singular position in Hollywood at such a complicated moment.

In *The Intern*, De Niro plays a 70-year-old widower who goes to work as a lowly intern at a fashion website run by a 30-ish Anne Hathaway. Where did the idea come from?

I actually had the idea when we were shooting *It's Complicated*¹. I was driving to work one day, and for the life of me I don't know why, but I got this idea: What if an older person took a job as an intern? It just made me laugh. And then it became, well, who's the guy? And then who would he work for? A woman just seemed like a logical good idea—never for a second did I ever want it to be romantic. And when I started thinking about interns, I started thinking about guys, about what's happened to men. **What do you mean, what's happened to men?**

Well, the difference between this man and the millennials. I've seen it in my own life. I see guys in their mid-30s with their little boys, and they're wearing the exact same outfit. They'll wear like the same T-shirt, same kind of shorts,





same sneakers, and I just remember when men didn't dress like their 4-year-olds.

When my kids were growing up, they had Take Your Daughter to Work Day. It didn't cross my mind that there was no Take Your Son to Work Day, because it was expected the men will grow up and go to work. I think my generation, brought up by Oprah Winfrey, really got behind girls in a great way, and I think the boys ... the line in the movie is "Well, maybe they didn't get left behind, but you know, there's definitely some kind of gap." I'm not talking about *all* men, of course. But I don't think the Peter Pan quality is something women want in their men, that's for sure. Like I said in my movie, men have gone from men to boys and women have gone from girls to women. It's a problem. I can only imagine that that discrepancy and that dynamic must feel more than a little off if you are in the thick of it. And Hollywood has done its part in the last ten years of selling that guy as a leading man. And he's not. The childish man who can still get the interesting, smart women? And people say *I write aspirational*.

Is that why you didn't write a romance this time around?

I didn't want to write another romance. I never wanted to write another scene in a restaurant between a man and a woman. I think David Mamet said, "There's always the scene in a restaurant where the woman gets to talk." I just didn't have it in me to write one more of those things. And I felt sort of done with the romantic story. It just wasn't what I was feeling. And I felt I'd covered that subject pretty well: to fall in love, and out of love, and be divorced, be Cameron Diaz's age, or be Meryl Streep's age. So I thought, *A relationship between a man and a woman that's not romantic, this is interesting. I've never done that*. I think the age difference kind of really keeps the romance out of it. But I guess really, to be honest with you, if she were 60 or he was 35, I think they'd be wonderful together. But I think they're both too cool and smart to ever have thought about it.

The Intern is quite a feminist movie. One of the things I noticed about Anne Hathaway's character is that there's no particular difficulty that she has in being a working mother. She's off to work, and she loves her daughter, and she's very confident in that. That's something you don't see depicted very often. It's always that the working

mother is a mess, she has on two different-colored socks...

You know, *Baby Boom* came out in 1987. My daughter was born that year. So, in that movie the mother was torn. It was hard on her. She was an employee. Being a working mother was difficult because of her commitment as a mother. This is 2015, and in 2015 I would not have thought of making her an employee. I wanted her to be the CEO. She's got a stay-at-home husband, and some difficulty there, but there are no issues at work. To me, we have moved beyond that. I hadn't done a woman-workplace movie since *Baby Boom*, and I was so happy at how different it was.

Not that sexism doesn't exist in the movie. A character calls her company a "chick

most consistently successful screenwriter-directors in Hollywood, and yet you are still called the director of chick flicks.

It's more than Hollywood. And I'm not just talking about me. All of us. Is it less good writing, is it less good directing? These are really conversations about what's going on in our world and how we see ourselves, how we as women see ourselves. And why isn't there a lot of value put on that?

Have you followed this ACLU investigation? I mean, do you think it's ...

Surprising that more women aren't hired? That only 6 percent of films are directed by women? It's appalling. Then when you hear that people who are buying TV shows sort of feel there's some kind of quota, like a "We already hired a woman



BABY BOOM, 1987



FATHER OF THE BRIDE, 1991

site." Did you include that because people have called your movies chick flicks?

For sure. And somehow there's a judgment attached to it, and that judgment is never applied to films that men also go to, though I don't think my movies are just attended by women. I read it in reviews or just snarky comments you can read online. Over the years, it's been hard to get male movie stars to be in a movie if a woman's the lead, where a great, great movie star, a woman, will be in a movie where the man's the lead. So there's just not parity there, we're not on equal footing.

This is a moment when all these issues are coming out. There was Patricia Arquette's speech about equal pay at the Oscars²; Meryl Streep is starting a screenwriting workshop for women³; the ACLU has called for an investigation of the major studios for gender discrimination⁴. You are one of the

this year" kind of thing, and then when you hear those kinds of things, it's shocking.

You probably have been dealing with this your whole career.

I think filmmakers of my generation have—well, I'll talk for myself anyway—blinders on. I don't mean I'm blind to what exists outside. But my determination kept pushing me forward. And if a door closed I just found another door.

And did many doors close?

Well, not everybody wants to make every movie. I want to be clear about that. It isn't like a guy goes out with a movie and every single studio wants to make it. But *Something's Gotta Give*, for example, when I went to pitch that, I knew, I could just feel that these people are not making a movie with a 55-year-old woman at the center. And I went to Sony, and I pitched it to Amy Pascal⁵ and John Calley, and it was just a completely

Footnotes:

1. *It's Complicated* seems like an ode to Santa Barbara, but most of its interiors were shot at Broadway Stages in Brooklyn and at Sarabeth's bakery in the Chelsea Market.

2.



- Patricia Arquette's Oscar speech:**
"To every woman who gave birth, to every taxpayer and citizen of this nation, we have fought for everybody else's equal rights. It's our time to have wage equality once and for all and equal rights for women in the United States of America."

3. **Streep's Writers' Lab** pairs eight promising female screenwriters over 40 with mentors to help bring their projects to production.

different meeting. I felt embraced, and I felt that Amy and John totally got it, and they weren't afraid of it. Amy, being a woman, understood it.

You've had great luck with a lot of female executives. Sherry Lansing⁶ green-lit the first movie you wrote on your own.

Yes. I wrote with my ex-husband⁷ for 18 years. I had never written without him. I had written one script before *Private Benjamin*⁸, but it was sort of like a practice script. When we broke up, I didn't know honestly that I could do it by myself. It wasn't like I said, "Wow, okay. Finally I get to..." It wasn't like that. I moved into this house, which we had been building during *The Parent Trap*, and I thought, *Well, okay, get to work.*

Was this office built for you guys to write together?

say, as a woman, directing this beautiful guy post-divorce was genius on my part. **He seems like he'd be a really big flirt.**

He was. But he flirted in the nicest way. He didn't make anybody uncomfortable. But on the last day, he did take me in his arms and kind of bent me over, like it was Clark Gable time. He gave me a really big kiss on the lips, but just sort of like a going-away thing. I did not see it coming, and I'm sure I froze. I was just so uncool. As cool as he was was how uncool I was.

You've done well on the bucket list of actors: Meryl Streep, Robert De Niro, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson.

I love Jack. That's a person who I have a complicated love relationship with on a movie. He's challenging and he's tough, but at the same time, he lets you be challenging

Annie Hall. She's just naturally so funny.

It seems like you've been writing about yourself since *What Women Want*. There's a lot of you in Meryl Streep in *It's Complicated*. There's a lot of you in Diane Keaton in *Something's Gotta Give*.

I'm basically the same age as all the women in my movies. On *Baby Boom*, I was a new mom, I was 37, and that was a movie about juggling and where do I go from here and how do I do it all?

And the Vermont-escape fantasy.

Yes, well, I do have that fantasy of living somewhere else that's—well, I'm on Instagram, so everybody I follow is on the best vacation ever.

Why are they all in Formentera?

It's amazing. They're all eating the best food, and they're all on a boat, and of course



WHAT WOMEN WANT, 2000



SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE, 2003



IT'S COMPLICATED, 2009



THE INTERN, 2015

Yeah. That's why it's kind of big. I love it, though. I'm extremely happy here. I have it all set up so when I'm looking at my computer, the olive trees are this way. Everywhere I look it's kind of open and there's nature. So I called my agent, and I said, "Maybe I should do a rewrite." I thought it would be kind of like having a partner. It was *What Women Want*⁹. I got to say a lot about what I was going through in my life. There are speeches and nuances that were pretty much what was going on with me. I spent six months on it, and I didn't keep a lot of what was there. Once I was writing it, I knew I could do it.

And then you directed it.

A friend of mine said, "Why don't you have Mel Gibson in it?" He's great-looking, and seemed good for the part, but had never really been in a comedy. He was absolutely great to work with. And I must

and tough. He allows all that. He's by far the most irresistible person I have ever been around. If you look at Bob, he's been in comedies, he's been in dramas, and my movies go both places. I need somebody that can go in and out of the scenes with ease in both worlds. That's why I've made four movies with Diane Keaton. She's great at both.

So is Diane Keaton sort of your muse? Your alter ego? You look alike.

Somehow that has morphed into being true. But if you saw me at 30 and her at 30, you wouldn't say that. I love her. She is my friend. She's a real asset to a person's life. You know, she sort of doesn't say that she's been writing a book, and then, suddenly, a book comes out. I had dinner with her 20 times, and she never mentioned writing a book¹⁰. She's private but not secretive at all. We went for a walk a couple of weeks ago and we drove to the walk. She parked the car like

they're all in cool sunglasses. I'm never on a boat. But it just delights me. It's sort of my little fix for the day. Maybe it's who I follow, I don't know, but they have great lives. Have you ever looked up my Instagram?

I have, and I saw that you regrammed a group of young women who were having a Nancy Meyers-themed bachelorette weekend. They were all in turtlenecks and glasses, eating a roast chicken in the Hamptons.

And you started wondering why women like that movie so much?


People just want to be in your movies. Everybody wants to be at that dinner in *It's Complicated* when she's telling all her friends about her affair with her ex-husband. The pies look so good! And the friends are so nice! And it's all so flatteringly lit!

Because it's fun. I got a call from a guy I know, and he told me about the bachelorette

4. In May, the ACLU asked state and federal agencies to investigate the hiring practices of major Hollywood studios, pointing out that only **1.9 percent of the 100 top-grossing films of 2013 and 2014 were directed by women.**

5. **Pascal was fired from her job as co-chairman of Sony Pictures** earlier this year after her emails were widely circulated by hackers.

6. Lansing was the CEO of Paramount Pictures until 2005.

7.  Meyers was married to the writer-director **Charles Shyer from 1995 to 1998.** Together since 1979, they co-wrote *Private Benjamin*, *Irreconcilable Differences*, *Baby Boom*, *the Father of the Bride*, and *The Parent Trap*.

party. And I said, “What? They’re doing what? I need to talk to them.” So I Facetimed with them, and they were all in their turtle-necks. They rented a house for the weekend. They made everything that’s on the menu. So there was roast chicken. And I think they tried to make lavender ice cream or something from *It’s Complicated*. They were adorable, these girls¹¹.

These movies are talking about divorce and middle age, and yet it’s resonating with young women at a bachelorette party.

I think it’s because they see a really super-functioning, confident woman who’s made a life for herself, who bought herself this house. And they’re all starting their careers, and I think they must look ahead and say, “Yeah, I like that for my future.” And she’s a divorced woman, but she’s not an unhappy divorced woman. The women in my movies are not seeking romance. It happens when they’re not looking for it.

And let’s face it: It’s all happening in these amazing houses. If you type “Nancy Meyers” into Pinterest, you get a whole lot of home-décor inspiration¹².

I used to not want to talk about this. **Why not?**

Well, because I thought that it takes away from us as filmmakers to talk about this.

But the houses have become like characters in your films.

That’s what I think, but there’s an awful lot of attention paid to these things and architecture porn and all that stuff. On this movie, I’ll talk about it. I know it’s there. I know I spend a lot of time on it. I like houses. You can see it from my own place. I even like paintings of interiors. If you look around my house, you’ll see there’s a lot of interior paintings. I like to visit houses. If I go to a city I’ve not been to before, I find out, who lives here? I go to their house. I love the Dickens house. I will check out people that I admire and I’ll see where they live and, when I go to that city, I’ll drive by. I don’t know what it is. I’m not alone in being fascinated by how people live.

The spaces also seem to be symbolic of a certain level of success, especially a woman’s success.

In *Something’s Gotta Give*, I imagined that she lives on the beach in the Hamptons, and I think she wrote the book to a successful Broadway show, and that’s how she got the money to buy this. And



Meyers directing Jack Nicholson and Diane Keaton in Something’s Gotta Give.

then it’s like, so, where’s the desk in her house? In *Something’s Gotta Give*, she did not build herself an office. She put the desk in her bedroom, right? Because the bedroom faces the ocean. And her desk is right in front. She has the view she loves, and also, it continues to tell the story of the fact that she was done with guys.

She built her dream house.

And in *It’s Complicated*, after her divorce, I think she bought this house. It’s not a terribly huge house. You can see the whole house from the living room. She broke down the walls, so it’s one room. It’s a dining room, and the back wall of it is the kitchen. And people said to me, “What was wrong with that kitchen?” Now, this is a woman that bakes and cooks for a living. Well, we made it very charming, probably too charming. Meryl came into the set, she went, “This is too nice.” I went, “Oh no, is it?” She said, “Let’s add water damage,” so we added water damage to the ceiling.

It seems like the current slate of movie heroines is very different from yours. They’re not living in the spoils of mid-career success. They are fuck-ups who could never get it together to buy a house like that.

Well, they’re playing the fuck-ups only sort of, not as purely as the guys did. They

act somewhat slackerish at times, which always makes me laugh. But Tina Fey’s Liz Lemon ran a big network-TV show, Lena Dunham’s character is a writer, and Amy Schumer played a journalist in *Trainwreck*; Mindy Kaling is a doctor. They still have purpose and goals but they remain very original. It’s a new kind of heroine, and I find it really refreshing and exciting to watch them celebrate their confusion and angst through comedy. They’re so smart and funny. They’re redefining women onscreen, aren’t they? And I think they’re all influencing each other to keep going for it. They’re also relatable because they’re not perfect, not perfect-looking or perfect-acting, and their goals aren’t always traditional.

Tina, Lena, Amy, Mindy, Kristen Wiig—they’re all writers who have created their own shows and movies and have created a new kind of female lead. It’s only recently that women who are writers have been creating their own destiny as performers. They’re a bit self-destructive and self-deprecating, but they are also adorable—sorry if that’s a word that might offend, but to me they are. Yet that’s never the card they like to play. I’m so impressed with all of them. Girl power is coming back in a really great way.



8. Private Benjamin, starring Goldie Hawn as an unlikely soldier in basic training, was one of the **biggest box-office hits of 1980**.

9. What Women Want made \$375 million worldwide and marked the moment when Meyers became the **highest-grossing female director in Hollywood**.

10. Diane Keaton has written a few books, some autobiographical and some on the subject of home design. Her most recent is *Let’s Just Say It Wasn’t Pretty*, about aging.



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Did you see *Trainwreck*?

I thought *Trainwreck* was good, very funny. I was happy Judd Apatow made a romantic comedy. I know he and Amy turned it on its ear by switching the roles—he falls in love, she can't commit—and that was great, but it's still a solid romantic comedy. The genre has been so maligned, and it took Judd to be able to get one made again.

What do you mean?

Well, I think for a while before Judd, there was a period that was a little dark with the rom-coms. They just weren't stellar in their execution and their acting. You know, too many were getting made, with the same people. They didn't really have the goods. So I think that sort of gave room to say, "Let's do something else."

Apatow deals a little bit with the thing that you were talking about with the men dressing like the 4-year-old boys, refusing to grow up, getting left behind.

In a way, he did it in *Knocked Up*. She has a career, and he was making videos of porn, or I don't know what he was doing. It was funny. But I think Judd's a fan of the genre, and I think he's done some hilarious work. I really do. Yeah, I think his movies sort of moved in, and whenever anything is successful there's more of those that get made.

Do you watch TV?

I love *Homeland*. And *Mad Men*, I absolutely loved the end of it. Thought it was brilliant. I just finished *The Bachelorette*. There is nothing more compelling. My friend said, "Oh, I had to fast-forward every time they talked about their feelings."

I can't get enough of when they talk about their feelings.

I know. I only fast-forward through group dates. The group date, I have to admit, I'm not that into. But the second they're alone with the two shots, then I know it's going to begin. There's no chance I'm fast-forwarding. By the way, since when was falling in love so easily documented? "I'm falling, I was falling in love. I'm falling in love with two people." Really?

Did you see when she dumped the guy on top of the cliff?

Oh, yeah.

And a helicopter was waiting ...

That was awful.

And he's crying ...

I love it when the helicopter takes her away.

And he said, "I just never see it. I just never

“**I didn't want to write another romance. I never wanted to write another scene in a restaurant between a man and a woman.**”

see it.” I mean, it was a pretty spectacular performance¹³. If there was some sort of Oscars of *The Bachelorette* ...

How do these people know how to do it? How do these people ignore the camera so beautifully? When someone's uncomfortable like Ben, who was the third runner-up, he becomes to me the most authentic, the best guy there. Because I could see it just did not come easily to him to be this open all the time with his feelings and kissing in front of the camera. I mean, have you ever kissed in front of a camera? It's awkward!

In your movies, your heroines always fall in love. Is that like your life? Do you fall in love easily?

No. This is why I make movies. You do go through things your characters go through. It's almost therapeutic. You do get to fall in love a little. Since you do have a sense of part ownership of the character, it's fun when it's happening to them, and then you feel it's sort of happening to you. You know, you also get to straighten out some things in your life in that area. I felt bad after *Something's Gotta Give* when part of me felt that it was based on a relationship I had with somebody. The essence of that relationship is the essence of me with somebody. You know that scene where she's crying and typ-

ing and crying? That was me writing the movie. That was a lot of Kleenex. I would say in this new movie, in terms of my personal life, I really feel I'm embracing men in a way I haven't before. I'm more forgiving. It has something to do with age. I'm more forgiving, and I'm more appreciative.

You've lived your whole adult life in L.A., right?

I came here at 22. I was going to get married to a guy I knew in college. We were going to live in Philadelphia. I knew it was a mistake. The date was getting closer, and the wedding gown was hanging on the back of my door. I knew it was not going to last. We were mismatched. I canceled three weeks before a 500-guest wedding. I came here about six months later. My sister had moved out here, and I thought, *I'll come out because it'll be a good thing to do*. We got to her house in Coldwater Canyon. I just felt at ease here, and I'd never really seen anything like it. I felt like being a grown-up here was going to be better than being a grown-up in Philadelphia. More exploratory. I loved Paul Mazursky movies, and he made this movie, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*¹⁴, that took place in California. I was very impressed. Not by the fact that they all tried to switch. It wasn't that part of it. It was the way this young couple ... the way they lived in their house with tile floors and groovy dresses and fun parties, this was not a life I recognized.

I arrived on a Tuesday. I had a job on Friday. I was a PA on *The Price Is Right*. The fact that I got a job so quickly really hurt me, because I got put on hold for a while.

What made you think you wanted to write?

The Mary Tyler Moore Show. Movies seemed too big. I wouldn't have even gone there. I got an interview with the story editor on the show because she read a spec script that I wrote. I couldn't stop shaking. She was probably 28, but I thought this woman was at the top. I never ended up writing for the show, but they did encourage me to come and observe what they do. They let me watch a whole week of rehearsals and then the show. It was really a phenomenal week. After that, I went to work as a story editor for several producers. That job is now called a creative exec, and my job was to read scripts all day and work with the writers on scripts the producers had in development. From there, I said, "This is what I want to do."

11.



The *Something's Gotta Give*-themed bachelorette party.

12.

Meyers has a Pinterest account that she uses as a mood board for her characters' clothes and homes.

13.

Chris "Cupeake" Strandburg later claimed he was laughing at himself, as well as sobbing.

14.

About Esalen, and wife-swapping.

15.

Meyers has one grandson, with another on the way.



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FROM **SKECHERS**

It's such an optimistic story.

That's what people do, right? They're in the wrong job until they get the right job. I've been lucky. I've gotten a chance to make my movies. I know women, though, who have maybe had one picture that didn't work. They don't get another chance. Guys can have a flop and get another chance. Women who have a failure or a movie that doesn't work for the audience, they very rarely get another chance. And they're often not credited the way men are with their own successes.

What made you start directing?

You only want to be the passenger in the car for so long.

Why do you think there are so few women directors? Some have said it's that women find it difficult to be assertive and be in that role.

I don't think that's true at all. I have never heard women have problems being assertive. Are you kidding? It's a natural job for us. We get to be bossy with authority. Finally to have authority to be a boss. It's a natural fit. It's not a problem within women, that's for sure.

Is part of the problem the studios' reliance on big-budget franchises?

I'm not sure. I mean, I'm sure some women want to jump into those. I don't. I can't imagine it appealing to me. It's a huge chunk of your life. It's years that you invest in something. It's not just a job. It's intermixed so deeply. Because the work is so consuming that you really can't turn it off when you walk in the door at home. I tried. When you have little kids, you have to. But you dream about it every night. Still, obviously these giant franchise Marvel-type movies are what every studio needs to have. I know how hard it was for me to get my movie made, just this movie.

Was this one particularly hard?

Oh, yes. Oh, harder than any other movie I've written.

Why?

My last movie was in 2009, and it's just been a giant change between 2009 and 2015. I come along with a movie about a 70-year-old man working for a 30-year-old woman. You know, I can't get Channing Tatum in this. And there are no really big women movie stars except for a couple of obvious ones that get movies made. The rest of them all fight for the same few parts. Anyway, it was hard. There's only so much money the studios have, and they have to parse it out to the projects that they think are going to be the right ones. It's a very competitive world, studio against studio. They met with me, we talked about it, but I didn't get the green light. That went on for a couple of years. It was very frustrating and disheartening. I think Warner Bros. looked

“
I just remember when men didn't dress like their 4-year-olds.
”

at their slate, and I think they felt that they needed a little diversity: “Let's have one of these.” I felt I slipped in. I'm forever in their debt, because I was going to bury it in my backyard.

Actually bury it? With a shovel?

Yeah. I was going to get a little box for the script. I was going to buy a shovel and I was going to bury it in my backyard.

Are you writing now?

No. I'm always completely empty at the end of a movie. Did you see that Woody Allen documentary where he opens the drawer, and he's got a thousand ideas on little pieces of paper? He's got a million ideas. Every idea I have ever had you have seen. So I just wait.

Are you strict with yourself—at the desk at nine o'clock?

I am strict with myself. When I'm working on a script, I write from about 11 to 11. I'm not that good in the morning, so I don't mind writing at night. I like the quiet of the night. My phone's quiet. It's like you're writing and it's daytime, and you look up—“Oh, it's seven o'clock.” It gets like that. I stand and do those exercises you see online. Exercises you do at your desk. I don't leave the room really for a big chunk. Sometimes I take a 20-minute nap in the chair in my office, which is really uncomfortable, but I do that on purpose so I can't sleep long. Then I write and then maybe I'll break for some blueberries or almonds. I'm rigid.

What do you spend your time on when you're not working? Are you interested in politics? Are you a Hillary supporter?

All the way. First time too. It would thrill me to see her be president of the United States. You know, I like things to have an optimistic ending. I think that's a great third act for all of us.

She's a bit like a Nancy Meyers heroine.

I only met her once, at a fund-raiser. I was so taken by her warmth, her charm, and what appeared to me a really authentic conversation. She said she liked *It's Complicated*. I hope that that thing that I saw for a second can come through more. I know you have to be more guarded when you're making a speech or when you're being interviewed or whatever.

If you had an hour alone with Hillary, what would you tell her?

I'd probably listen more than speak, but I can't think of anyone who has a better chance of actually, for real, changing the way we think about gender equality. By being President Hillary Clinton, the message is undeniable. The impact so enormous. So, yeah, I want this to happen because she's a woman but also because she's *this* woman. And, I must say, I like that she's a grandmother running for president¹⁵. That just busts wide open every cliché about women. I guess if I had her ear I'd say, “Stay cool and weather all the storms ahead, because we need you.”

Do you think the sexism in Hollywood is changing?

I think there's a shift in the tenor of the conversations going on right now in Hollywood about women—from the women. Women in Hollywood want to talk, or, should I say, want to be heard. They don't want to sweep the gender issue under the rug anymore. And there is most certainly a gender issue. I can't point a finger at anyone and say who's responsible, but it's the culture in Hollywood, which I guess reflects the culture—period. Big movies are reserved for the guys, no one says it, but that's the way it is, right? Is it something about turning over \$70 million to a woman or \$50 million or \$30 million or \$150 million? I don't know. But let's be honest, that's pretty much all they've been making for a while now.

I've worked in the studio system forever, and there were always these really smart women in the meetings whose job it was to translate what the big guy was saying. *What he means is ...* Thank God, that's over. That was painful. Women have moved up in the exec jobs more than in any other job in Hollywood. Do an equal amount run studios? No, but they are significantly represented. And with women doing so well right now in the executive ranks, I think we'll see more movies about women. And the director problem? Even I was saying for a minute that maybe women just don't want to direct the big-cape movies or tentpole movies because maybe they can't really relate, but now I'm thinking that's not even true. Let's not assume women don't want in on those kind of movies. Women can direct dinosaurs. Believe me. ■

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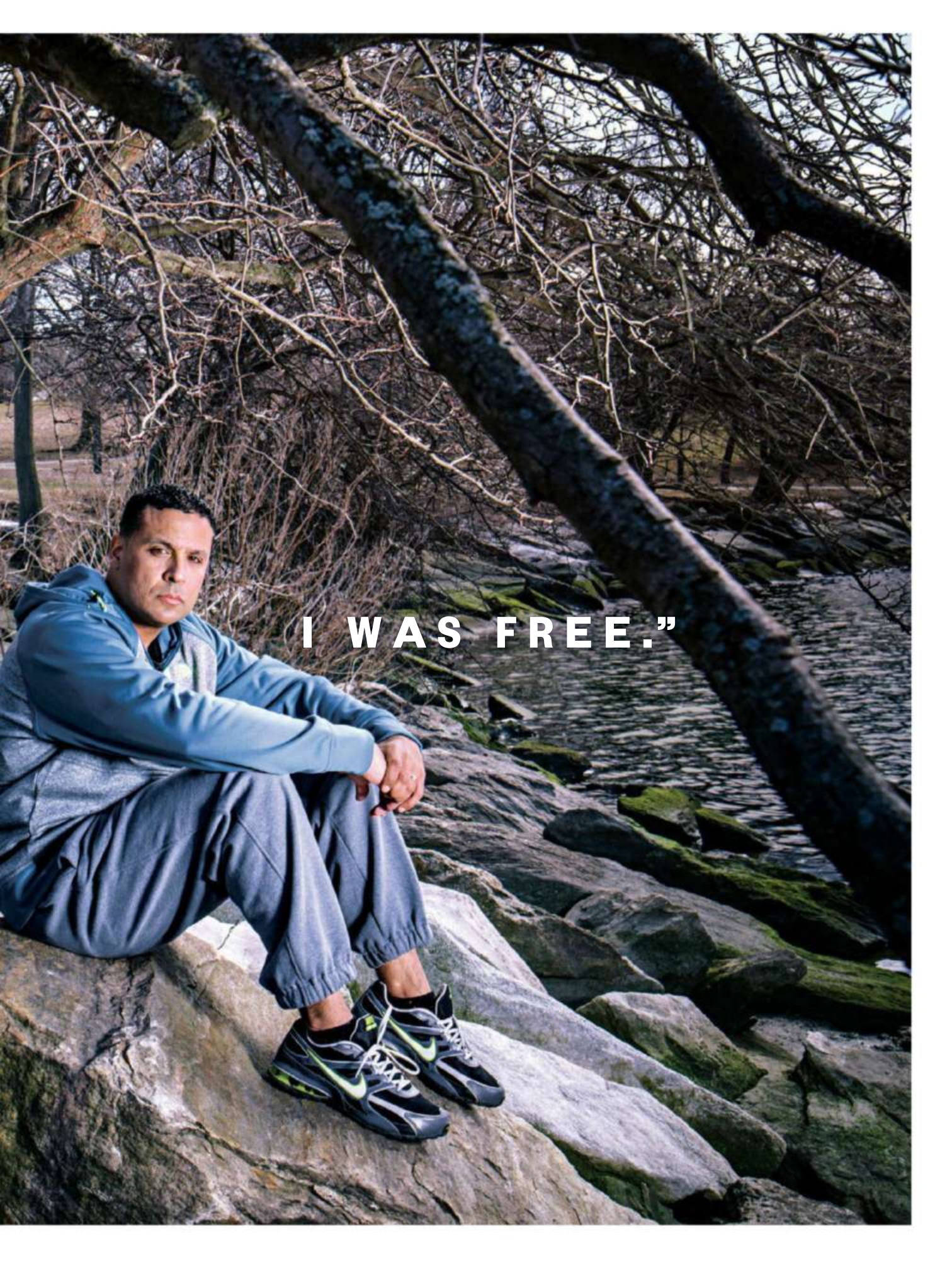
“THAT’S WHEN I KNEW

Eight exonerated
prisoners
on their FIRST
WEEK ON
THE OUTSIDE.

By **JADA YUAN**

Photographs by
WAYNE LAWRENCE

Fernando Bermudez (right) ➡➡



I WAS FREE."

W

HAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO GET OUT OF PRISON AFTER SERVING DECADES for a crime you didn't commit? Since 1989, 1,655 convictions have been reversed nationwide. Over the past two years, New York State—and the city in particular—has become a focal point of efforts to exonerate and pay restitution to the wrongfully imprisoned. In 2014, the city was ordered to pay \$41 million to the Central Park Five, who went to jail as teenagers for allegedly raping a female jogger in 1989. Like most exonerees, they were black and Latino males. Around the same time, Brooklyn's district attorney, Kenneth Thompson, launched a unit to review more than 100 convictions suspected of being faulty, many linked to the former NYPD detective Louis Scarcella, who allegedly coached and coerced witnesses to testify against innocent men and reportedly forced and fabricated confessions. So far, 14 men have had their convictions overturned by the unit, of 34 exonerated by the state in that time. Many of those freed had become their own legal experts and advocates, often with the support of organizations like the Innocence Project, which currently represents some 250 inmates. Their release has sometimes hinged on uncovering a single shred of exculpatory evidence—a time-stamped receipt; a lost, untested rape kit—or making use of advances in DNA testing. But exoneration is only the beginning. These eight men, all of whom were wrongfully convicted of capital crimes, tell stories of their first days of freedom that expose both the depths of what was taken from them and the challenges of rebuilding the lives they once had.

FREED: SEPTEMBER 20, 2006
IMPRISONED FOR:

16 YEARS

Jeffrey Deskovic, 41

IN THE MORNING, when they opened my cell, they told me they were transferring me. I knew that that meant I was going to court. I remembered something that another person had told me a long time ago. He had said if he won his appeal and would be going home, it would be like somebody else in there hit the lottery, because he was going to leave all of his possessions to somebody else. There was a guy I met there that was just starting out his prison sentence, and he didn't have anything, so I ran down there and I left him a bag. And I made three trips like that.

When it was time to leave, the guards wanted to put the handcuffs and the chains and all the manacles on me. And I asked them, "What are you doing all that for?" That's when they told me, "Well, the judge might change his mind."

They brought me to the holding area in the courthouse in White Plains. Doubts start coming into my mind. They gave me this brown-bag lunch,

which had like an apple and terrible sandwiches in it. One of them was just a dry cheese sandwich and the other was like a bologna sandwich and you could tell that things had been made early that morning so the bread was soggy. I initially put the thing aside. But as more time is going by, I start thinking, *Well, damn, I might need this, actually. I might be going back to the prison afterwards, and by the time I get there, lunch is long since over.* So I ate the damn sandwiches.

The hearing happened really fast. It was too much, psychologically. I got up, and suddenly the enormity of the moment hit me. I sat back down for like 20 minutes. My lawyers were talking to me, but my hearing was kind of going in and out. Then I got up to leave, and every step that I took, nobody stopped me. I went outside. I remember the sky was blue, and there was the sun. The first thing I said in the press conference when it was my turn to speak was, "Is this really happening?"

A Town Car took me to my aunt's house. And that's when real life begins, you know, when the cameras leave. We were sitting around the table having coffee, talking, but I couldn't relate to the people in the house.

I felt out of place. Not just in her house but out in the world, period. At times I wasn't quite sure whether I really was out and free. I felt like a finger was tapping me on the back and saying, "What are you doing? They belong out here, but you don't. They don't really realize that you don't."

So I just did something that I wanted to do for a long time: I wanted to sit outside in the nighttime and not have to go inside. I sat by myself from six o'clock to ten or 11. I could see a few stars and the lights on in some of the other houses. It was just a minor thing that had been taken away from me.

Deskovic was 16 when he was arrested for raping and murdering a classmate. DNA evidence from the scene did not match his. In 2006, the DNA was retested and linked to an imprisoned convicted murderer.

FREED: SEPTEMBER 29, 2005
IMPRISONED FOR:

19 YEARS

Barry Gibbs, 67

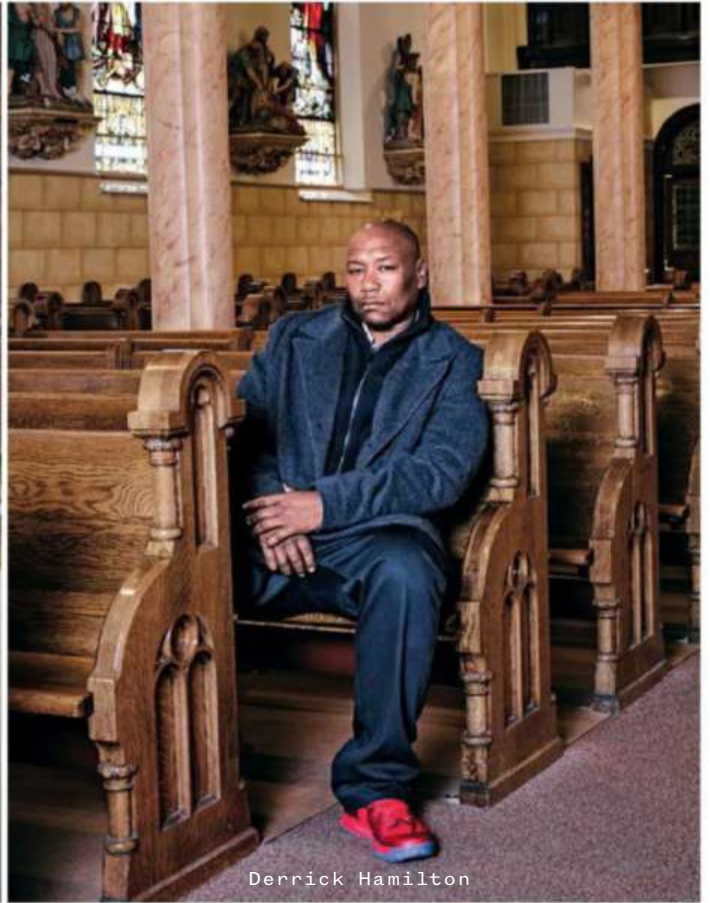
WHEN I HEARD THE announcement on the radio, I was in my cell. I heard that two prominent detectives

got arrested in Vegas. One was Detective Eppolito from Brooklyn, New York. I said, "Eppolito! There is a God!" I called up the Innocence Project, and the first thing they said to me was "Congratulations!" I said, "See, I told you that cop was crooked!" I would have still been in jail today if it had not been for the discovery of Eppolito and his partner. I already set myself that I was gonna die in prison, you know? I had a cemetery plot. I had a life-insurance policy. I gave a friend of mine power of attorney over my body.

They asked me, "Barry, what would you like when you get out?" I said, "I would like a bath, and I would like a lobster tail stuffed with crabmeat." So they took me to my lawyer Barry Schek's house. They opened up the door, and I saw a dog on the other side of the room. I'm looking at this dog, and the dog's looking at me. I just couldn't move. I was in shock when they got me out, I was really in shock. I hadn't seen a dog in 19 years, and as I started bending down, the dog started walking over. I stretched myself all the way down on the floor, and the dog came up to my face and gave me a kiss on my face, that's when I think



Jeffrey Deskovic



Derrick Hamilton



Barry Gibbs



David McCallum



Gerard Richardson



Alan Newton

I broke out of shock. I started crying. The dog was named Murray, I think. I'll never forget that. When the dog kissed me, that's when I knew I was free.

Gibbs was a postal worker when he was framed by corrupt mob cop Louis Eppolito for the murder of a prostitute in 1986. His conviction was overturned when the eyewitness recanted.

FREED: APRIL 8, 2014

IMPRISONED FOR:

24 YEARS

Jonathan Fleming, 53

THE FIRST THING I did, after I hugged my lawyers and my investigators, I went straight to my mother and gave her a big hug. It took a lot out of her, knowing that her only child is in prison for something that he didn't do. She suffered just as much as I did. She said, "Thank God for Jesus. My boy is finally home." She was crying. We both was.

My lawyers took me and my fiancée, Valerie, to a hotel for a few days. In the morning, we went to eat breakfast in the hotel lobby. There was this lady from Atlanta, her husband, and her two kids. She came right over to us, and she said, "Isn't you the guy that was on the news that just got out of prison?" I said, "Yes, I am." She said, "God bless you, I'm sorry for what happened to you." And she went in her pocket and she gave me \$50. She told me, "It was meant for me to see your story."

Being able to see my mother and spend time with my boys was the best part of that first week. I've got four boys, and two grandsons, and I just had a granddaughter in January. It's really hard, trying to have a relationship with my kids, because when I went away they were so young, but they're grown men now. I feel like maybe I failed them because I wasn't there. One of my sons is incarcerated. He's been in prison since he was 17. If I didn't go to prison, I don't believe that he would be in prison today. He's spent half of his life in jail.

In 1989, Fleming was convicted of murdering a man in Williamsburg. In 2014, a receipt proving he was in Florida at the time of the murder was found in the detective's case file.

FREED: NOVEMBER 20, 2009

IMPRISONED FOR:

18 YEARS

Fernando Bermudez, 46

WE DROVE to Danbury, Connecticut, which was where my wife, Crystal, was living, to pick up our kids. Then we headed to Washington Heights to see my parents. All the news was there. They've got vans, people on the fire escape holding banners, screaming in Spanish, "*¡Justicia! ¡Verdad! ¡Libertad!*" People were hugging me and shaking my hand, putting money in my hand. I made it inside, and my mother started feeding me Dominican food—baked chicken, rice and beans, and plátanos.

I started feeling claustrophobic. It was, "Listen, let this guy eat!" And then, "Let's get this guy dressed." Fashion had changed so much. They had given me a pair of what's called skinny jeans. I was hopscotching in them, as if it was a potato-sack race. It just felt like my butt was ballooning more than it should.

We went back to Connecticut that night, and Crystal's parents were staying with us. In the middle of the night, we were finally able to make love for the first time being free. So that was an interesting part, to finally be in the same room with Crystal. See, within the conjugal visits, it was a moment of anticipation and excitement, because I had been deprived for so long in between, so right there, when I see her, well, it's on! We would have great experiences. Whereas now, all of a sudden, I'm scared! Not just because her dad is in the next room, and I feel like he's gonna patrol or something, do a round. But because it almost feels like it's not allowed, like I'm not supposed to be out. It's almost

embarrassing that I felt like that—that I am free, yet I don't feel like I have permission. I woke up the next day still feeling like I was incarcerated, with my heart beating fast.

We went back to my parents' house that day. The first thing I did, I went running in Inwood Hill Park, the lower part of the field where Columbia University has that big rock, where I had all these childhood memories of wanting to be a geologist. I used to pick rocks and collect insects before I became less of a nerd and more a person in trouble. I'm coming off my run, and I'm doing something I had sorely missed: I'm looking at a tree, and I'm just admiring it. I had been deprived of nature for so long. I'm looking at the tree as if, like, I'm Joyce Kilmer writing a poem. I finally got to feel the bark. I was crying hugging the tree.

Bermudez was 22 when he was arrested in 1991 for gunning down a young man outside a Greenwich Village nightclub. All five eyewitnesses recanted their testimony.

FREED: JULY 6, 2006

IMPRISONED FOR:

22 YEARS

Alan Newton, 54

I WAS AT THE Wyoming Correctional Facility way up around Buffalo, New York. I'd have been satisfied if they had just let me out in Buffalo—I'll walk home from Buffalo. All I could think on the bus ride to the city was, *Oh, they cuttin' a brother loose!* I was prepared to do the whole 50 years. I never knew when I was coming home because I refused to admit to my crime. I never said that this motion here's gonna be the one.

Everybody was in the courtroom. You would've thought it was a celebrity trial going on. I was trying to stay even keel. I was long past anger. You can't carry that emotion for 20 years. I didn't cry in court. I did that too much in the loneliness of my cell. I wasn't numb. I was just quiet. Walking out, I'm think-

ing, *I made it. I made it.* Without DNA, I would still be in jail.

After the press conference, we went to Amy Ruth's restaurant to get something to eat. I think I ate some steak, and it was kind of funny because I wasn't used to the seasoning, because I was so used to the bland food. But it was good, tasting real food again.

Sex wasn't the biggest priority when I got out, but it was an important one. All men come out of jail horny. You want to see your parents and see your children, then it's like, "Okay, I'll be back in an hour. I gotta go take care of something." I came home on Thursday. I took care of that Friday. It was better than the conjugal visits because I wasn't on any restrictions. Conjugal visits, you only got 44 hours. You gotta put everything in: eat, sleep, rest, and sex in 44 hours. So now it's like, "Hey! We can stretch this out." We can put a movie in. We can actually go to the store. We can take a break, and smoke a cigarette, and have a drink. You can have some fun doing it. And it's drawn out.

The next day, I went to the Innocence office for interviews. My brother drove. I was not trying to deal with MetroCards because my generation used tokens. I didn't want people to know I didn't know how to use the MetroCard. I didn't want to stand out. You just wanted to feel normal. I had to learn to laugh at myself and realize I don't walk around with a sign saying FORMERLY INCARCERATED, WRONGLY CONVICTED. People don't know who I am just because I don't know how to use the MetroCard.

Convicted of rape, robbery, and assault in 1985, Newton was exonerated after a misplaced rape kit was found and tested.

FREED: OCTOBER 29, 2013

IMPRISONED FOR:

18 YEARS

Gerard Richardson, 50

I FOUND OUT on Thursday that the state was gonna agree to vacate the sentence.



Jonathan Fleming

My lawyer was telling me that I don't have to be brought into the courtroom. I told her, just like they berated me in front of the media, saying that I'm a murderer and all that, I wanted it done in the courtroom saying that it's not me.

The judge told the sheriffs in the courtroom, "Remove the shackles from him." My mother came right up to the defendant's table where I was, and she sat next to me. Years ago in Trenton, I told her, "If I do my time, I won't be done till 2026." She said, "By the time you come home, I'll be dead," and that pulled the heartstrings. I'd told her in prison, "You won't be dead when I come home." So when she sat by me and started crying, I said, "Didn't I tell you you'd be around to see this day come? The day done came."

The next day I went to East Fallowfield, Pennsylvania. My brother was driving a truck for FedEx, and I asked if I could work with him. Two days later, I was working for FedEx deliv-

ering packages all over Pennsylvania. I told my brother, when we were standing in his kitchen drinking coffee, I told him it's crazy that just two days ago I was sitting in prison with a khaki uniform on; now I'm standing here in your kitchen with a FedEx uniform on. Here I am, I'm ringing the buzzer to get in their back doors and they don't even know I just came from prison for 20 years.

Richardson was convicted in 1995 of murdering a drug dealer in New Jersey. DNA evidence cleared him.

FREED: DECEMBER 7, 2011

IMPRISONED FOR:

21 YEARS

Derrick Hamilton, 49

THE DAY I WALKED out, my wife, my nephew, and my son was in the car waiting for me. There was a church right around the corner. I would always listen to the bells ringing

when I was in jail. I didn't even know where the church really was. But I would pray when I would hear the bells. It was my only opportunity to pray at the same time people on the outside was praying. When I got out, that was one of the first things I wanted to do, just go around and pray in that church. I went in and thanked God for my release, lit a statue, and walked out. When I was in prison, I always said four prayers basically, which was St. Michael's prayer, the Our Father, Glory to the Father, and Hail Mary. I would say those prayers every single day, and it was like a covenant between me and God. Going into that church, it was like being born again.

Prison was not good for me. And take no wrong impression about me being relaxed and enjoying myself. I'm very much bitter about what happened to me. As I say every time, I'm bitter, but I'm wise enough to know that anger has no place in my life. I learned when I was in prison that some things you have to fight on different levels. I have that right to be bitter, but it's not a bitterness that eats at my soul. It's just, *Wow*, you say to yourself like that. *Why the hell did they do this?* But I can't carry anger. Because then I'm just as bad as them.

Convicted of murder in 1991, Hamilton had been paroled for three years when ballistic evidence from the crime scene proved the eyewitness account used to convict him was false.

FREED: OCTOBER 15, 2014

IMPRISONED FOR:

29 YEARS

David McCallum, 46

I RECALL VIVIDLY walking down the streets of Brooklyn from the district attorney's office, where I went first and personally met with Ken Thompson and his family. One thing he said to me was to "hold your head up when you're walking down the street and when you walk into the courtroom." And so I did that. I had

nothing to be ashamed of.

I was walking out without Willie Stuckey walking beside me. He was my childhood friend and my co-defendant. He passed away while he was in prison. He was 32. I saw Stuckey's mom when we were in the elevator together going up to the courtroom. She said to me, "It's supposed to be two of you." And she broke down. I was still shackled, so I couldn't really hold her even if I wanted to. The district attorney and the judge let his mom sit in for him, so we were sitting next to each other while the proceedings were taking place. She said something very profound to me. She said, "You're my son now."

My mother and my brothers and sisters, they didn't get there until late because they were confused about the time. I was walking out of the courtroom, my family were walking right down the hallway, and they ran to me. We went home to my mom's apartment in Bushwick, across the street from where I grew up. I felt like a tourist because things just looked so different in Brooklyn than what I remembered. I didn't see one vacant lot. It was really noticeable for me because vacant lots kind of defined my neighborhood at the time.

The third day I went out with my friends in Williamsburg to an area called Smorgasburg. They're all 29-year-old white guys. I met them in 2004, when I wrote to Innocence International. Although these guys were part of organizations, they became sort of like my extended family. It became just about more than the case.

We went to a nice bar and I stayed out really late because I could. When I came home, guess who's sitting at the kitchen table as I come through the door? My mom! To her, I'm still 16 years old. All I can do is laugh. She just looked at me and was like, I'm all right. I'm okay. That's all she needed to see.

When McCallum was 16, he and Stuckey were arrested for carjacking and killing a Queens man, though neither knew how to drive.



In a few weeks, when the nuclear deal Barack Obama negotiated with Iran comes before Congress, it's all but certain that not a single Republican will vote in support of it. With the possible exception of Maine's Susan Collins, who has yet to reveal her position, each of the 246 Republicans in the House and 53 Republicans in the Senate has indicated his or her opposition to the deal. Not that a mere vote could possibly express the intensity of even that unanimous opposition—or the fervid support for Israel that lies behind it. “It is a fundamental betrayal of the security of the United States and of our closest allies, first and foremost Israel,” Texas senator and GOP presidential candidate Ted Cruz has said.

Cruz's 16 Republican-primary opponents have denounced the deal in similar terms. One of them, Mike Huckabee, has gone so far as to argue that Obama “will take the Israelis and march them to the door of the oven.” ¶ American Jews are not hard-liners on Israel. Obama won 69 percent of Jewish voters in 2012, even as American conservatives accused him of purposefully undermining the country's security and status in the region. Indeed, according to a 2013

Sheldon Adelson Is Ready to Buy the Presidency

By
Jason Zengerle

He just hasn't decided which Republican candidate to back. Care to make a pitch?



Pew study, only one in three American Jews feel a strong emotional attachment to the Jewish state. But over the past 30 years, and especially in the last decade, the GOP's attachment to Israel has become remarkably fierce, to an extent that is basically unprecedented in modern American politics. On issue after issue—from military aid to settlement policy—the GOP now offers Israel unconditional and unquestioning support, so much so that some Republicans now liken the country to America's "51st state." The person most responsible for this development is the multibillionaire casino magnate and Republican megadonor Sheldon Adelson.

Adelson, who grew up poor in the Dorchester section of Boston and never graduated from college, made and lost several fortunes before he struck it rich for good in 1979 by developing the Las Vegas computer trade show Comdex with a few partners. Ten years later, Adelson and his partners spent \$128 million to buy Las Vegas's Sands Hotel and Casino, which he used as a toehold to steadily expand his—and the company's—gaming operations. Today, the Las Vegas Sands Corporation, of which Adelson is, at 82, still the chairman and CEO, is a publicly traded company with massive hotels and casinos in Las Vegas, Pennsylvania, China, and Singapore. According to *Forbes*, Adelson, who owns a majority of Sands stock, is worth about \$26 billion; he is said to keep close tabs on where he ranks on the magazine's listing of billionaires, which is calculated daily, mentioning to associates when he has moved up. And although his ranking has slipped a bit in recent years—once in the top ten, he is currently 18th on that list—Adelson has been known to boast that he is still "the richest Jew in the world."

As such, he is unaccustomed to being ignored. Among the 17 candidates currently vying for the Republican presidential nomination, most are also competing in the "Adelson primary": the hotly contested race for the donor's heart, which runs through Israel. Adelson's support for the Jewish state is so intense that he opposes American efforts to broker a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, arguing that the Palestinians are "an invented people" whose "purpose ... is to destroy Israel"; rather than negotiate with Iran, Adelson has called for a preemptive nuclear strike against the Islamic Republic. The stakes of getting on his good side are enormous. In 2012, Adelson spent \$20 million supporting Newt Gingrich, single-handedly keeping him afloat during the primaries and doing great damage to Mitt Romney in the process; then, after Gingrich finally fell, Adelson shelled out \$30 million to plump up Romney. All told, Adelson reportedly spent \$100 million against Obama in 2012. In 2016, says one prominent Republican operative, "every candidate thinks, *I can either be the Gingrich of the cycle*, meaning Sheldon could give me oxygen, or *I don't want to be on the opposite side of who his Gingrich is this cycle*. They want to benefit from Sheldon's largesse or make sure no one else benefits from it."

Adelson has suffered from a neurological condition affecting his legs that often confines him to an electric scooter and can make leaving Las Vegas a burden. So the candidates go to him. In his office at the Venetian Hotel, accessed via an inconspicuous elevator just off the casino floor, Adelson receives a steady stream of presidential hopefuls. "Can you think of worse optics for Jews than having the casino magnate sitting out in Vegas and having all these Republican candidates schlep out to see him and kiss his ring?" frets one prominent Jewish Republican. And when the candidates aren't physically visiting Adelson, they're keeping close to him in other ways. Marco Rubio reportedly phones Adelson every other week. "Rubio calls and says, 'Hey, did you see this speech? Did you see my floor statement on Iran? What do you think I should do about this issue?'" says one person close to Adelson. "It's impressive. Rubio is persis-

tent." Lindsey Graham is said to call almost as often. When Scott Walker took his first trip to Israel, in May, he did so aboard one of Adelson's airplanes. Adelson loves the attention, but with such a crowded 2016 field, even he occasionally gets worn out. After Ben Carson paid him a visit in Las Vegas earlier this year, Adelson complained to a friend, "There are too many candidates!"

Naturally, there are complaints about Adelson, too. The New York Times's Thomas Friedman has written that Adelson "personifies everything that is poisoning our democracy and Israel's today." But more interesting than liberal gripes are the grievances of those who share Adelson's ideological convictions, many of whom consider him more of a bomb-thrower than an institution-builder. Despite his enormous wealth, not to mention more than 65,000 employees, the billionaire's political operation is decidedly mom-and-pop. Besides his wife and an elderly secretary named Betty Yurcich, who has trouble using the web, Adelson has little in the way of an actual organization; until recently, visitors to his personal office had to watch where they stepped, as Yurcich's tiny dog was a frequent presence and occasionally soiled the carpeting. (The dog died last month.) "Look at the Koch brothers, who have this enormous infrastructure," says one Republican operative. "For better or worse, when they start going in a direction, they keep going. It's a supertanker. It's got a whole crew, and it takes a team to turn it. With Sheldon, there's no process, no system, no team, no bureaucracy, no nothing. It's just him and his wife."

Those who receive money from Adelson typically do so only after meeting with him personally, and he has been known to abruptly and capriciously cut off funding for an offense as minor as a quote in a newspaper article that he didn't like. In the business world, "he's been enormously successful by having the right instincts combined with a sheer decisiveness and willingness to tell everyone basically to fuck themselves," explains another person who has worked with Adelson. "The political world is not quite like that. You have to bring people around to your position. You have to work with people, you have to persuade and compromise."

And you have to be persuadable. In addition to lacking an organization, Adelson lacks advisers, or at least ones whose advice he heeds. Although he frequently kibitzes with leading lights of the conservative and pro-Israel worlds, Adelson, as one of his interlocutors says, "does more talking than listening." A prominent member of the American Jewish community who has dealt with Adelson complains: "The problem with billionaires is that they don't have anyone around them to say, 'Hey, billionaire, you know that really fucking stupid thing you just said? That was really fucking stupid.' Sheldon especially lacks that person around him."

"Sheldon's the rare person who can afford to make a \$100 million mistake," says an occasional adviser. "Why does he fly on a 747? Because he doesn't like to stop to refuel when he goes to Israel and Singapore. Anything about Sheldon is because he can."



IN THE 2016 presidential race, Adelson insists he will not repeat the mistake he made in 2012 of backing a spoiler. "I think he feels guilty," says one person who has discussed the matter with him. "I think he knows how much he fucked up." Adelson has told several associates that he will likely not

“Sheldon’s the rare person who can afford to make a \$100 million mistake.”

decide on a candidate until he’s had an opportunity to watch a few debates. Jeffrey Wiesenfeld, an Israel advocate who’s friendly with Adelson, says the mogul’s priority this time is to support a candidate who’s electable: “He’ll match his emotionalism on this issue with some hard data. His principles and his desires remain the same, but I think he’s going to balance those with an empirically based judgment on the reality of the marketplace.”

Of course, thanks to Donald Trump, the Republican marketplace is a flaming mess at the moment. The challenge Adelson now faces is determining which candidate stands the best chance of defeating not only Hillary Clinton but also the man whose Las Vegas hotel is just a few clicks down Mel Tormé Way from the Venetian. While Trump boasts that his daughter converted to Judaism and blasts Obama as “the worst enemy of Israel,” his knowledge of the Middle East is sufficiently shallow that Adelson apparently believes Trump wouldn’t be an effective ally of the Jewish state.

But Adelson is also said to be conflicted about the various potential Trump-slayers. Scott Walker, despite intensive lobbying efforts, is viewed by many close to Adelson as insufficiently serious about Israel and foreign policy. (“Look, he’s the governor of Wisconsin,” says Morton Klein, the president of the Adelson-backed Zionist Organization of America. “He knows about cheese and cutting pensions.”) Rubio is a personal favorite but might lack the necessary ruthlessness to take out The Donald. Ted Cruz, meanwhile, is well positioned to appeal to the same GOP primary voters Trump’s currently energizing, but he is probably too conservative to beat Hillary.

Which brings Adelson to Jeb Bush, the candidate who seemingly has the best chance of slaying both Trump and Clinton but whose relationship with the mogul is as vexed as any of the Republican contenders. If Adelson really feels that backing Gingrich over Romney was a mistake in 2012, backing Jeb this time around would be a kind of atonement. But, frustratingly for Adelson, the heir apparent to the Bush dynasty has not always been so eager to play along.

In February, Bush released a list of 21 foreign-policy advisers to his campaign that included James Baker, who had served as secretary of State in Bush’s father’s administration and is beloved by the Bush family. He is also loathed by Adelson. To Adelson, and many other Jewish Republicans, Baker will always be remembered for

his threats to curtail American aid to Israel as well as a remark he allegedly made when his hard-line policy on Israel was questioned. “Fuck the Jews,” Baker reportedly said, “they didn’t vote for us anyway.” Adelson’s suspicions about Baker were confirmed, in his mind, earlier this year when it was announced that the former secretary of State would be delivering the keynote address at the annual conference of J Street, the liberal American Jewish group that believes the United States should be more evenhanded in its treatment of Israel and its Arab neighbors. “J Street might as well be Hezbollah as far as Sheldon’s concerned,” says one prominent

Jewish Republican who has discussed the group with Adelson. The announcement of Baker as a Bush foreign-policy adviser combined with the announcement that Baker would be speaking to J Street was, an Adelson associate says, “a one-two punch.”

Adelson, characteristically, decided to punch back. Working with other Jewish Republicans, he began lobbying the Bush campaign to disown Baker as an adviser or, at a minimum, force him to cancel the speech. Adelson and his allies furnished Bush-campaign aides with a dossier of opposition research on J Street, highlighting some of its past speakers who were accused of being anti-Israel as well as the group’s efforts to encourage Democratic lawmakers to boycott Israeli prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu’s address to Congress that March. Adelson’s lobbying effort ultimately reached Bush himself. “Jeb was warned,” says another Adelson associate. More than one prominent Jewish Republican donor reached out to Bush personally to tell him that Baker’s appearance was going to create problems for the candidate with them and Adelson.



Sheldon Adelson attends the Champions of Jewish Values International Awards Gala with his wife, Miriam, in 2014.

Bush did not budge. “The message back was ‘I’m not going to tell James Baker what to do,’” the Adelson associate says. Baker gave his J Street speech in late March, strongly criticizing Netanyahu. Adelson became even more livid. He personally lambasted Florida multimillionaire Mel Sembler, one of Bush’s most generous Jewish supporters, and told others that Bush had cost himself his support. “Sheldon basically said Jeb is dead to him,” recalls one prominent Republican to whom Adelson vented. (A representative for Adelson denies this.)

But Bush is, in the end, a practical politician, and after Baker’s speech, he began trying to make amends. The candidate issued a statement repudiating Baker’s views on Israel; his campaign also

hired as its official national-security adviser the hawkish John Noonan, who was blessed by Adelson and his allies. Bush even enlisted the help of his brother George W., whose strong support of Israel as president endeared him to Adelson. When the Republican Jewish Coalition (RJC), of which Adelson is a major funder, held its annual conference at the Venetian in April, the former president attended, presenting Adelson with a painting he'd made himself of Adelson's Singapore casino. And in May, when Jeb appeared at a private meeting in New York with Republican donors—many of them Jewish and associates of Adelson—he told them that his most influential adviser on Israel and the Middle East was his brother. “Most people in the room thought that was very reassuring,” says one person who attended the meeting. “At the same time, they also thought, *I hope he never says that in public during the general election.*” That month, Jeb also made a personal pilgrimage to the Venetian to pay his respects. Today, Bush not only has been stalwart in his own opposition to the Iran nuclear deal but also, according to one veteran GOP foreign-policy hand, has worked to make sure that some prominent Republicans who do support the deal keep their support private. “If you notice, there’s been no major Republican dignitary who has come out for the Iran deal,” says that expert.

Bush’s efforts have borne some fruit, especially the personal visit. “Sheldon said they had a good meeting,” says one person who spoke with Adelson about it. “I don’t think Jeb is dead to him anymore.” Still, it’s not clear that Bush will win the Adelson primary—if only because, despite the lesson Adelson maintains he learned in 2012, some habits die harder than others. “Sheldon could spend \$100 million attacking Jeb,” says one Adelson associate, “and then figure he’ll be welcomed with open arms if Jeb ends up on top.”



IN 1973, Milton Himmelfarb, the late neoconservative sociologist, lamented in the pages of *Commentary* that Jews, as usual, had voted en masse for the Democratic candidate in the previous year’s presidential election. “Although American Jews had come economically to resemble the Episcopalians, the most prosperous of all white groups,” Himmelfarb wrote, “their voting behavior continued to be most like the voting behavior of one of the least prosperous of all groups, the Puerto Ricans.” Four decades later, when it comes to voting behavior, Himmelfarb’s observation remains true: It’s impossible to envision a scenario in which Hillary Clinton (or any Democratic nominee) doesn’t win the majority of Jewish voters in November of next year. But, of the two parties, it’s the GOP that has been completely transformed by a group of Jewish activists and donors. “Long term, do more Jews become Republicans? Who gives a shit?” says one prominent Jewish member of the GOP. “What matters is that the Republican Party as a whole has become unapologetically and unflinchingly pro-Israel.”

Even Jewish Republicans find this development astonishing. “When I was a kid, I told people I was Republican, but I never told them I was Jewish,” says the 53-year-old pollster Frank Luntz, “because I was afraid there was anti-Semitism in the party.” But the GOP’s hostility to Jews decreased in inverse proportion to the party’s affection for Israel—an embrace of the Jewish state that began in the 1980s under Ronald Reagan; continued with the politiciza-

tion of Evangelicals in the ’80s and ’90s; and grew even tighter, after 9/11, during George W. Bush’s presidency. So tight that today, support for Israel has become a core issue for Republicans. Bill Kristol, the editor of *The Weekly Standard* and a regular speaker at Republican dinners across the country (as well as Milton Himmelfarb’s nephew), marvels at the degree to which Israel comes up in speeches and discussions at those events. “People stand up and say that they’re pro-life, pro-gun, anti-tax, and pro-Israel,” Kristol says. “It’s shorthand.” Luntz reports, “When I tell Republicans I’m Jewish today, they applaud.”

The turning point, they all say, was 2008 and the election of Obama. Whether it was his 2009 demand that Netanyahu institute a settlement freeze or the fact that he didn’t make a state visit to the Jewish state until his second term, Jewish Republicans are convinced that Obama doesn’t just want to put “daylight” between Israel and the U.S. (as he reportedly told a group of American Jewish leaders) but that he seeks to create an unbridgeable chasm. “If you’re a conservative,” says Noah Pollak, the executive director of the Emergency Committee for Israel and a leading Jewish Republican, “all the hostility and drama Obama has created in U.S.-Israel relations has clarified the stakes to such an extent that being pro-Israel is something akin to a litmus test, and rightly so.” Kristol adds, “You feel like under Obama, it’s more important.”

The donors feel the same. While there remain many rich, pro-Israel Jews who support Democrats—the Israeli-American billionaire Haim Saban, for instance, is firmly in Hillary Clinton’s corner—an increasing number of megawealthy American Jews appear to be defecting to the GOP. In 2014, the RJC’s annual meeting in Las Vegas had its largest turnout to date: 400 people who had each donated at least \$1,000. Attendance at this year’s meeting in April topped 700. “There’s been a number of people who have come in who have been either independents or Democrats or hadn’t really been active in the political process,” boasts RJC executive director Matt Brooks, “because of the actions of the Obama administration and the abandonment of Israel by leading supporters in the Democratic Party right now.”

Of course, many in the Obama administration, including Obama himself, find the accusation of disloyalty to Israel infuriating. “The president has spent enormous amounts of political capital around the world standing up for Israel and oftentimes at some level of discomfort for different audiences,” says deputy national-security adviser Ben Rhodes. “If the litmus test is that you’re not in lockstep with this Netanyahu government—among the most right-wing governments in Israeli history—then you’re not supportive of Israel, it’s setting a bar that’s impossible for anyone to meet.”

And yet Republicans do meet it. To many Jewish Republicans, especially neoconservative intellectuals, Netanyahu is not only an ally but a friend—someone they first got to know personally in the 1980s, when he was the deputy chief of mission in Israel’s Washington, D.C., embassy and later Israel’s ambassador to the United Nations in New York. Now they—and their fellow non-Jewish Republicans—watch with admiration as Netanyahu simultaneously steers his country on a hawkish path and away from its socialist roots. “When a Republican sees Bibi speak before Congress,” says Kristol, “he sees someone who feels like an American conservative in terms of his emphases, his preference for markets, his admiration for Churchill, his thinking of the world as a tough place where you need to be strong.” After Netanyahu’s most recent speech to Congress in March, in which he lobbied against the proposed nuclear deal Obama was then negotiating with Iran, Greg Walden, an Oregon congressman and the chairman of the House Republicans’ campaign arm, approached a prominent Republican strategist and asked of the Israeli prime minister, “Can’t we get him to change his citizenship and run for president?”



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“Sheldon said they had a good meeting. I don’t think Jeb is dead to him anymore.”

Netanyahu’s congressional speech, which was arranged by House Speaker John Boehner and boycotted by some 60 Democratic members, was a watershed moment in the partisanization of Israel—a development that, along with the Zionification of the GOP, may prove to be one of the most enduring foreign-policy legacies of the Obama years. Even if the GOP never wins the Jewish vote or the most money from Jewish donors, Jewish Republicans have already seized control of their party’s foreign-policy platform for the foreseeable future. Under the next Republican president, one neoconservative foreign-policy thinker predicts, the American Embassy in Israel will be moved from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. American military aid to Israel, already substantial, will become even more substantial. “They’ll get whatever they want. They’ll get shit they don’t want. We’ll arm them to the teeth.” And it won’t just be Israel. On other national-security issues, ranging from domestic surveillance to Iranian nukes, the priorities of Adelson and his fellow Jewish Republicans are now the priorities of the GOP. “Now, when the GOP ultimately does succeed and takes back the White House,” this neocon says, “the hawks will have their way.”

W

HAT EXPLAINS Adelson’s

love for Israel? Like many Jews of his generation, he was raised in the shadow of the Holocaust and nurtured a deep affection for the Jewish state. But it was not until he met Miriam Ochshorn, an Israeli-born physician who in 1991 would become his second wife, that Adelson became so intense—and so profligate—in his support. Together with Miriam, Adelson’s charitable gifts have included \$160 million to the Birthright Israel Foundation, which sponsors free ten-day trips to Israel for young American Jewish adults; \$50 million to Yad Vashem, the Holocaust memorial and museum in Jerusalem; \$25 million to Ariel University, which is located in an Israeli settlement on the West Bank; and \$16.4 million to a nonprofit that seeks to land the first Israeli spacecraft on the moon. In 2013, during one of Adelson’s half-dozen annual visits to Israel, the mayor of Jerusalem made him an honorary citizen of the city. The *New York Times* reported that Adelson provided the entertainment for the ceremony: performers from the Venetian in Macau who sang “That’s Amore.”

Of course, Adelson’s involvement in Israel is political as much as philanthropic. He is a passionate backer—and friend—of Netanyahu’s. Both Sheldon and Miriam sat in the House balcony during the prime minister’s recent address to Congress, during which Miriam accidentally dropped her purse on the head of a Democratic congressman sitting below her. When Netanyahu speaks at the U.N. General Assembly, Adelson is typically afforded a front-row seat, and the two of them often get lunch afterward. (Last year, during their meal at Fresco by Scotto, the restaurant’s other patrons were required to go through a metal detector.)

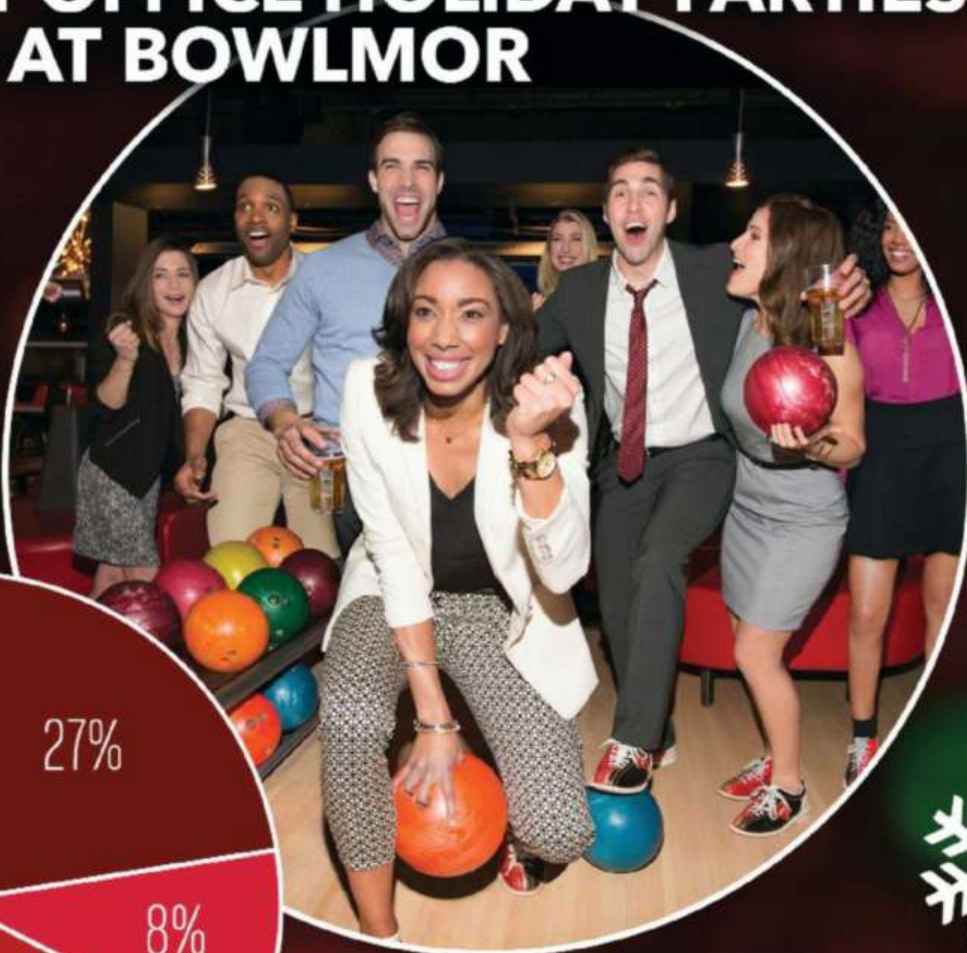
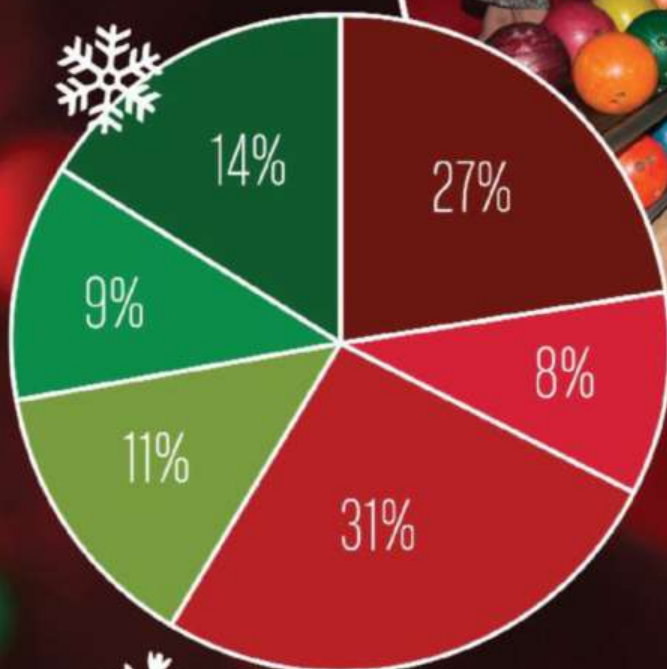
But, unlike here, Adelson’s direct influence over national politics in Israel is extremely limited, thanks to some of the world’s strictest campaign-finance laws. While foreigners can donate to primary campaigns (in his recent primary, Netanyahu raised 90 percent of his money from Americans), in the general election only Israeli citizens and residents can make political contributions, which are capped at about \$10,000 a year to a particular candidate for prime minister; as the Israeli journalist Gershon Gorenberg has written, “There’s no word for super-PAC in Hebrew.” But Adelson has found a way around these restrictions through the Israeli media. In 2007, he founded a free daily tabloid newspaper, *Israel Hayom*, which has become the country’s largest-circulation newspaper. The paper, which was once estimated to lose as much as \$3 million a month, is viewed by many Israelis as a mouthpiece for Netanyahu, so much so that it is typically referred to as *Bibiton* (“Bibi” is Netanyahu’s nickname; *iton* is Hebrew for “newspaper”). Indeed, it was two years after the paper’s founding that Israeli voters returned Netanyahu to power. “*Israel Hayom* is *Pravda*, it’s the mouthpiece of one man—the prime minister,” Naftali Bennett, the leader of the right-wing Israeli Home Party and a sometime antagonist of Netanyahu’s, complained last year. Or, as Nahum Barnea, a prominent columnist for another Israeli newspaper, *Yedioth Ahronoth*, wrote in 2008: *Israel Hayom* “publishes only what Adelson himself would want to read—if he could read Hebrew, that is.” Perhaps Miriam, who can read Hebrew, translates for Sheldon. It wouldn’t be the only duty she performs for the paper. According to one person familiar with *Israel Hayom*’s operations, Miriam frequently arranges interviews for the paper’s reporters with American political heavyweights. (A representative for the Adelsons says that *Israel Hayom* arranges its own interviews.)

For many years, beginning in the early 1990s, Adelson’s preferred recipient for Israel-related giving in the United States was the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. AIPAC, the most venerable (and powerful) pro-Israel group in the U.S., has since its founding in 1991 cultivated, and enjoyed, bipartisan support. According to one person familiar with the group’s finances, Adelson was AIPAC’s “largest individual donor,” routinely donating “high-six-figure or low-seven-figure gifts per year.” That was in addition to the \$10 million he reportedly gave AIPAC to help build its gleaming Washington headquarters. But a year before the building opened in 2008, Adelson broke with the group. AIPAC had supported a letter, signed by more than 100 members of Congress and tacitly endorsed by the Israeli government, then headed by Netanyahu foe Ehud Olmert, requesting that the Bush administration boost economic aid to the Palestinian Authority. Adelson asked AIPAC to rescind its endorsement. According to a person familiar with the dispute, “AIPAC wouldn’t change its policy to bend to Sheldon’s wishes, and Sheldon walked away from AIPAC and took all his money with him.”

Much to the delight of other American Jewish groups to AIPAC’s right. In addition to backing the RJC, Adelson is reputed to be the biggest donor to the hard-line Zionist Organization of America (ZOA) and Christians United for Israel, as well as the various political efforts of Shmuley Boteach, the indefatigable Orthodox rabbi (and self-proclaimed “America’s Rabbi”) who once wrote a book called *Kosher Sex* and (Continued on page 116)

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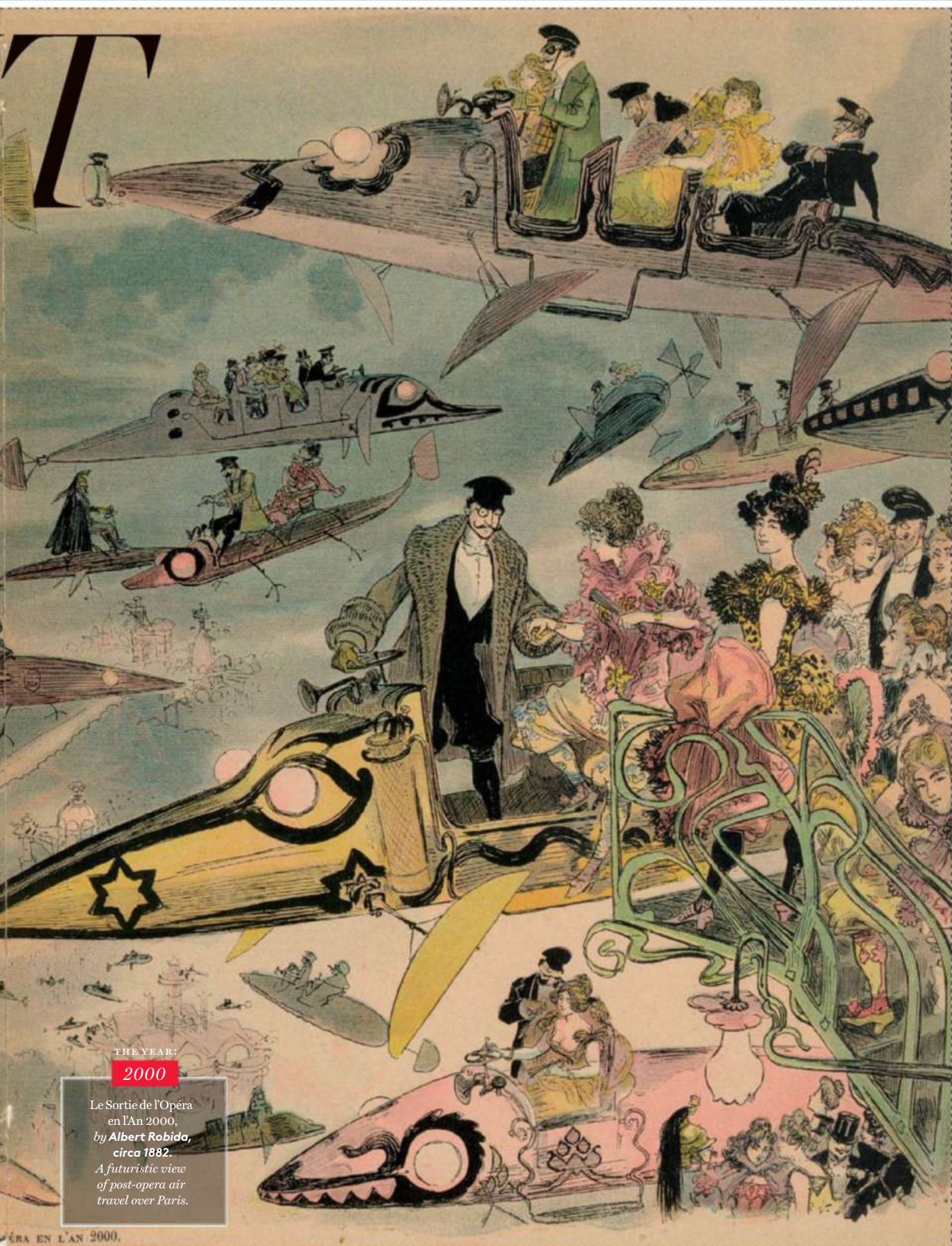
THE



FUTURE PERFECT

At New York Fashion Week, dozens of designers will share their ideas for how we will dress next year and beyond.

But just as the present looks very different from the way we imagined it, the future will, too.



THE YEAR:

2000

Le Sortie de l'Opéra
en l'An 2000,
by Albert Robida,
circa 1882.

A futuristic view
of post-opera air
travel over Paris.

In 1893, W. Cade Gall gave readers a satirical look at the "future dictates of fashion" in *The Strand* magazine.



THE YEAR:

1929



THE YEAR:

1902



THE YEAR:

1950



THE YEAR:

1989



THE YEAR:

1993

T

HE CLOTHES THAT I PREFER ARE those that I invent for a life that doesn't exist yet—the world of tomorrow," said Pierre Cardin, the designer whose '70s-designed, futuristic Bubble Palace on the French Riviera served as the setting for Dior's resort collection this spring. But fashion has a funny way of predicting a world of tomorrow that never actually comes to pass.

Sixties designers like Cardin, along with André Courrèges and Paco Rabanne, thought we'd be dressing like kicky astronauts come the 21st century, when in reality our space shuttles have been grounded and we're all wearing jersey separates from Uniqlo. Courrèges went further: A room above his studio was called his "secret laboratory," and his wife designed bubble-shaped electric cars to accessorize his *Jetsons* dresses.

By the time the much-heralded year 2000 rolled around, things were even more muddled. That year, downtown Minneapolis played host to the "Brave New Unwired World" fashion show. While the mock gadgetry correctly predicted the wearable-tech side of things—people would, in fact, spend the ensuing decade and a half edging closer and closer to the handheld internet—they got the fashion angle all wrong. Shiny silver *Star Trek* vests, orblike belts, and the rest of the Web 1.0 cyberchic on display have been supplanted by our beloved athleisure.

But in the end, it's not about being right. Fashion predictions tell us a lot more about our present than our future—about our hopes and fears for the world to come, not just what we'll wear in it. And there's a certain pleasure in our utter unpredictability.

Perhaps the only designer to tackle the past and the future in one garment is Hussein Chalayan. For his spring-summer 2007 collection, he created animatronic dresses that cycled through every permutation of 20th-century silhouettes with the precision of a gavotte. An arch wink at our ongoing obsession with the next next thing, the dresses mutated from corseted Gibson Girl to flapper, through Dior's New Look and Rabanne's *Barbarella* moment, and ended, finally, with nudity. VÉRONIQUE HYLAND

THE YEAR:

2000

*"Designs for a
2000 AD doll,"*
Vogue, February 1939.
*Dress by industrial
designer
Henry Dreyfuss.*



MOVIES

WHY SO
DYSTOPIAN?*The future of fashion in film.*

THE YEAR:

1980

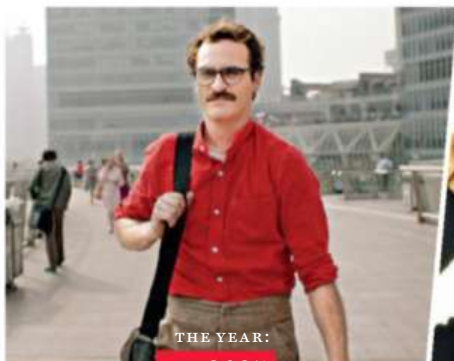
Just Imagine, 1930



THE YEAR:

2019

Blade Runner, 1982



THE YEAR:

ca. 2025

Her, 2013



THE YEAR:

2033

Tank Girl, 1995



THE YEAR:

2263

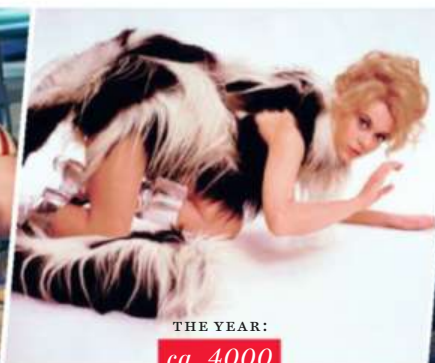
The Fifth Element, 1997



THE YEAR:

2805

Wall-E, 2008



THE YEAR:

ca. 4000

Barbarella, 1968



THE YEAR:

802,701

The Time Machine, 1960

PREDICTED IN 1959

FAST
FASHION

Though we're not all wearing paper dresses, as this Chicago Tribune article imagined, disposable fashion has certainly become a global phenomenon.



ON THE RUNWAY

IN THE REAL YEAR 2000



For his spring-summer 2000 collection, **Hussein Chalayan** created the **Airplane Dress**, with a fiberglass-and-resin shell that could be operated via remote control to reveal a retro tulle underskirt. The designer would go on to experiment with animatronic clothing and LED on the runway.



MEANWHILE ...

2015 LOOKS BACK

This season's clothes modernize what came before.

1500s

Alberta Ferretti

1880s

Alexander
McQueen

1920s

Marchesa

1950s

Miu Miu

1960s

Chloé

1970s

Rodarte

1980s

J.W.Anderson

1990s

Rag & Bone

Doll & Em

A promotional poster for the HBO series 'Doll & Em'. The title 'Doll & Em' is written in large, bold, yellow letters at the top. Below the title, two women, Doll and Em, are walking towards the camera on a city street. They are both wearing dark business suits with white shirts and dark ties. Doll is on the left, wearing black trousers and brown lace-up shoes. Em is on the right, wearing a black skirt and black lace-up shoes. They are both smiling and looking towards the camera. In the background, there are several yellow taxis and city buildings, suggesting a New York City setting.

Sometimes art imitates life.
Sometimes it complicates it.

SEASON
PREMIERE
SEPT 13
10:40PM

HBO

OR WATCH IT ON **HBO NOW**

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STRATEGIST

.... A STORE THAT SELLS NOTHING
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THE WOOD-FIRE CRAZE

BOOK MEETS A MARGIELA-CLAD POLYAMORIST
AND DIRT CANDY
3-D PRINTING THAT'S ACTUALLY USEFUL

THE
BEST
BET

THE GOAL: Find an all-purpose notebook for journaling, reporting, or back-to-school.

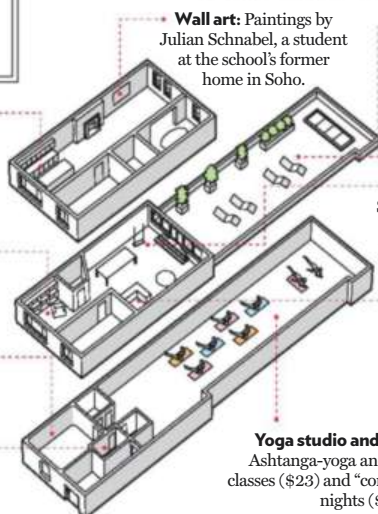
Calligraphers and stationery buyers directed us to the newly popular dot-grid pages (less constricting than graph lines, just as clean-looking as ruled lines) and medium-weight paper that's toothy enough to grip wooden pencils and thick enough to keep the ink from bleeding through.

THE VERDICT: The clothbound **Confidant** (\$16 at baronfig.com) is engineered and patented to lie completely flat, no matter which of its 192 weighty pages—each an ideal density of 100 grams per square meter—it's opened to. Developed by Queens-based start-up Baron Fig, it has a grayish dot grid that blends into the background for free-form sketching and 12 perforated pages to rip out. And it's about the dimensions of an iPad mini, fitting more words per line than most midsize journals and making it equally useful for Intro to Lit Theory.

BEST BETS

FIRST LOOK

In October, the **Brooklyn Yoga Club** debuts in a Clinton Hill brownstone (206 Vanderbilt Ave.), with a co-working space and café.



Wall art: Paintings by Julian Schnabel, a student at the school's former home in Soho.

Outdoor deck: Flower garden with seating area; planted herbs like basil, mint, and coriander to be used in the café.

Test kitchen: Monthly Indian-cooking classes with chef Nandini Sharma that end with a banquet (\$120).

Library: Yoga books—like *Yoga: An Architecture of Peace*—for in-house perusing.

Meditation room: Mindfulness and Vipassana-meditation classes (\$23).

Locker rooms: Eucalyptus steam room, showers, and bathrooms.

Co-working: Shared tables, wooden swings, and Wi-Fi for a \$45 monthly fee.

Café: Concentrated beet juices (\$4); afternoon tea with vegan-cheese plates (\$12).

Yoga studio and event space: Ashtanga-yoga and yoga-therapy classes (\$23) and “conscience-hacking” nights (\$20).

MOVING IN

This month, **Nicolas Busnel** brings his Côte d’Azur lingerie line **Maison Close** to 32 Grand Street.

“My sheer mesh catsuits (\$200) and lace thongs with detachable collars (\$65) are for an androgynous super-vixen. The store was designed to look like my house in Cassis, with purple curtains, a sofa, and metallic gold accents. I’m planning on having days where customers can come in and design completely custom handmade lingerie, and I’ll close all the curtains.”



STORE IN A STORE

Last week, **Burberry** unveiled a scarf bar in its newly redesigned Soho store (131 Spring St.).



1

TALK IT OUT

Specialists equipped with iPads greet customers at the scarf counter, guide them through the customization process, and offer styling tips on wrapping techniques and what’s trending in the scarf world.

2

PICK A COLOR

Customers choose among 30 new scarf (from \$450) and monogram (\$75) colors, including purple, fuchsia, three shades of blue, and patterns like polka dot; scarves can be monogrammed with up to three letters in two sizes.

3

SEE IT OFF TO BRITAIN

Each cashmere scarf is woven on a loom in Elgin or Ayr, Scotland. It’s then either monogrammed in Britain and shipped to New York within ten days or, if not monogrammed, taken home from the store that day.

TOP FIVE

➔ **World Market**, purveyor of affordable global goods, just opened its first shop in New York City (620 Sixth Ave.). Merchandise manager **Kimberly Yant** picks out her favorite hanging lamps and faux-agate tables.



“These **antique wood rolling pins** (\$8 each) were once used in India to make chapati bread. We added a coat of lacquer to make decorative pieces.”



“It took us a long time to find Moroccan **tea glasses** (\$6 each) that passed U.S. health codes. We worked with a factory there to get these for us.”



“This **lotus lamp** (\$80) has a great brassy finish and hand-hammered edges. I’d hang it in a hallway or over a small dining table.”



“The Turkish pattern is heat-transferred onto this **velvet pillow** (\$30), so you can feel the rich texture and not just the plastic printed over it.”



“This **side table** (\$100) is meant to look like it’s agate. We had a vendor paste a decal over glass; the way the light shines through looks so realistic.”

2x2

➔ Triangular desk lamps

Three sides, one bulb.

NATURAL

COLORFUL

TALL



Cartwheel lamp by Nolin Teh, \$52 at Designation.co.



Table lamp by Katie Stout and Sean Gerstley, \$2,800 at Johnson Trading Gallery.

SHORT



Wedge lamp by Noah Burton, \$190 at Leantolights.com.



Fundamental lamp by Brendan Timmins, \$160 at Sightunseen.com.

ASK A SHOP CLERK



Photographer **Adrian Wilson** just opened the **Inutilious Retailer** (151 Orchard St.), a store that doesn’t sell anything.

If you can’t actually buy clothes, how does the store work? It’s like an indoor Burning Man—slash—Occupy Wall Street. When you walk in, you’ll see street artist Adam Cost and ENX’s wheatpaste installation



next to shirts and dresses that I bought from Urban Outfitters and Forever 21 but printed with images of eagles and South African patterns using my collection of 1880s trademark stamps. A tag might say that a skirt is \$50, but there will be no one there to take your money. I’ll say, “You can just have it, but you have to make something in return.” In the second room, I’ll have blank clothing and will teach you how to use the stamps, so that you can customize something. In exchange for your “purchase,” your creation will go “on sale” in the front.

THE LOOK BOOK

ANDREW MEDLIN,
Store Planner

Cool dress.

I love a long black dress! This one is from Maison Margiela. I started wearing dresses when I lived in the Middle East, and then when I came into my queer self, I started playing more with de-gendering clothing. When I wear this, I get a lot of "What *are* you?" And I'm like, "I don't know, what a good question!"

How was your summer?

Great—the beach is my jam. I met the two guys I'm currently dating at the beach earlier this summer: one at the nude beach in Sandy Hook, when a whole group of us young, hairy pups took a bus out there one day, and then the other on Fire Island. They're both lovely.

Are you in a throuple?

No, but I've been in one before. The throuple can work really nicely; when I was at university, I was in a throuple with a more established couple who had real things like dishware to contribute to the relationship, and I could just be the young, cute one and like, "I'm exhausted, can you make me food?"

INTERVIEW BY
ALEXIS SWERDLOFF



LIGHTNING ROUND

Neighborhood: "That awful place between Chelsea and Hell's Kitchen." **Roommates:** One. **Favorite TV show:** Downton Abbey. "Call me basic." **Taxi tip:** \$1. "More if I'm going to the airport." **Reading:** "Abhorsen, by Garth Nix, the third book in a fantasy trilogy about this necromancer named Lirael and her adventures with a demonic cat."

THE EVERYTHING GUIDE TO:

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ONE OF THE PERKS of three-dimensional printing is objects custom-produced just for you: insoles tailored to your bunions, earbuds that manage to stay in your ears, necklaces that replicate an heirloom lost on the *Titanic*. The appeal of such personalized—yet affordable and speedily available—products is one reason the 3-D-print market is projected to be worth \$16.2 billion by 2018. The Brooklyn-based 3-D brand MakerBot just opened a 17,000-square-foot manufacturing center at Industry City. And New York is suddenly hopping with stores and makers that specialize in 3-D-printed fashion, objets, and items that are actually useful, along with classes to teach you how to operate a 3-D printer of your own and spit out a pair of bespoke bike pedals or one-of-a-kind lipstick from your living room.



— ACTUAL SIZE: —

*A miniaturized
family rendered
in 3-D by the
Soho store DOOB.*

Now Anything Can Be Bespoke

Whatever your specific need (say, extra-wide earbuds), these local 3-D specialists can print to your liking.

BY EMMA WHITFORD, JASON FEIFER, AND LAUREN SCHWARTZBERG

MINI-ME FAMILY PORTRAITS



▶▶ DOOB

28 Wooster St., nr. Grand St.
347-688-4365; doob3d.com
Düsseldorf-founded DOOB aims to reinvent the family portrait, using TSA-size 3-D scanners: The technology, equipped to capture squirming babies and dogs, employs 54 cameras to snap subjects inside the scanner from every angle. The images are then converted into files and printed in DOOB's headquarters at Industry City. Shipping takes up to three weeks, and figurines come in five sizes—a four-inch mini-me starts at \$95; a 14-inch-tall likeness, down to your pant creases, is \$695.

SNEAKERS THAT FIT BOTH FEET



▶▶ Francis Bitonti for Feetz

feetz.com
Lucy Beard quit her Silicon Valley tech job and started a “digital cobbler” that will 3-D-print shoes to the exact curves of toe and heel, after customers upload three pictures of their right and left feet to the Feetz app. And recently Feetz has partnered with New York City-based designer and 3-D-printing expert Francis Bitonti on a versatile woven-look sneaker that will hit the market come late fall (from \$150).

THREE-HOUR CERAMIC VASES



▶▶ Simplus Design

simplusdesign.com
From a company co-founded by two Pratt alumni, these studded vases (\$35) and planters (from \$22)—which can be ordered online in custom sizes and colors from black to iridescent red—are printed in Clinton Hill from biodegradable PLA. And while typical ceramists must weigh the costs and benefits of bulk clays and glazes, Simplus can print individual ceramic planters on demand (in as little as three hours) from ceramic powder. Orders are delivered in under a week.

EAR-SPECIFIC HEADPHONES



▶▶ Normal

150 W. 22nd St., nr. Seventh Ave.; nrml.com
Printed to fit perfectly into any ear, rather than slipping out with every jolt of the subway, Normal headphones (\$199) are based on photos of your specific ear taken through their app. (Just be sure to hold up a quarter to each ear for scale while you snap the pictures with your smartphone.) The glass-walled Normal storefront in Chelsea is also the company's factory: Each pair of headphones is printed in less than three hours from one of ten in-store 3-D printers.

MADE-TO-ORDER FASHION CAPS



▶▶ Heidi Lee

Patricia Field, 306 Bowery, nr. 1st St.; 212-966-4066
heidilee.bigcartel.com
Lady Gaga, Madonna, and Anne Hathaway are fans of Heidi Lee's 3-D-printed hats, which combine traditional shapes like that of a baseball cap (\$120 for the one shown) with 3-D-printed neon nylon. Lee takes the customization process a step further with her recent Echo hats, making them to order after a 3-D scan of the wearer's head.

From an iPhone Snap to Your Two Left Feet

How the customization process works.



STEP 1

Take three pictures of each foot on the Feetz app, which will then generate a 3-D model within up to 2 millimeters of accuracy in just 60 seconds.



STEP 2

Sign up on the Feetz website to fill in information about height, weight, and shoe needs, then choose your color and style.



STEP 3

Feetz's SizeMe technology uses a biomechanical algorithm to create a digital shoe, which is then converted into 3-D code.



STEP 4

Feetz designers insert the code and their durable, reusable NoogaFlex printing material into the printer and press PRINT.



STEP 5

The shoes are printed in as little as three hours and assembled, finished, and shipped to the customer within seven days.



If You Want to Do It Yourself

First take a class.

3-D PRINTING 101

This recurring free class, organized through Meetup and sponsored by the 3-D-printing company 3DPrinterOS, hits all the basics—from how a printer works to how to design your first doodad. A printer is always on hand, and students have gone on to **make prosthetic hands, skateboard holders, and tools to help dementia patients recognize their food** (various locations; learn3d.nyc).

THE MAKERY

Learn in a small group, with a printer right in front of you. This Tribeca pop-up space offers multiple workshops starting at \$50, from the broad ("3D Scan and Print Objects From the Real World") to the hyperspecific (**3-D printing your own Hot Wheels**). Attendees have walked out with everything from personalized cookie cutters to action figures with their heads atop Transformer bodies (1 Jay St.; nycmakery.com).

HCK MANHATTAN

Every Thursday, this hacking space near

Union Square opens its doors to anyone who needs a printer—just pay for the cost of materials, which is usually a few bucks for small projects like **a knife case or a prototype for a new coffemaker** (137 W. 14th St.; hackmanhattan.com).

NYU

The university's School of Professional Studies hosts a range of multiweek classes that are open to the public, where students have learned to **make lighting and decorative fixtures, computer shells, and even parts for a drone**. This fall, instruction includes sessions on rapid prototyping (four sessions, \$525) and 3-D modeling (six sessions, \$725) (scps.nyu.edu).

IMAKR

PRIVATE INSTRUCTION This 3-D-printer store offers one-on-one classes for \$75 an hour (and free demos every Wednesday). Customers have made **personalized iPhone cases, key chains, and even chess pieces** (152 Allen St.; 212-477-1930; imakr.com).

CUSTOM INSOLES AND ORTHOTICS



► Sols

sols.com
Like Normal and Feetz, Sols captures your anatomical quirks with an app: Three pictures of each foot, taken by a licensed podiatrist (make an appointment online to visit the Bowery showroom), are sent for production along with customization notes from the doctor to Sols's West Chelsea headquarters, then printed in a NASA-grade pliable plastic that cushions the ball of the foot while offering precise arch support (from \$175). In October, the company will offer a simpler version where you order insoles directly from an app, specifying your activity level and color preference.

RE-CREATED HEIRLOOMS



► American Pearl

576 Fifth Ave., nr. 47th St.
212-764-1845
americanpearl.com
Funky 3-D-printed jewelry is big these days, with emerging New York brands like Holy Faya and AEA. But for more-traditional statement pieces, second-generation Fifth Avenue jeweler American Pearl will custom-print copies of heirloom jewelry directly from grainy photographs. They make a plastic mold from that classic pearl necklace, inject it with the metal of your choice, and set the precious stones by hand—churning out a replica of your great-grandmother's favorite piece for a few hundred dollars in as little as four days.

ADJUSTABLE SUNGLASSES



► Mykita

109 Crosby St., nr. Prince St.
212-343-9100
mykita.com
Mykita's 3-D-printed frames are made via the same process that's used to print crude prototypes for cars; featherlight white polyamide is tossed in a vat of stones, ultimately producing an artfully worn patina. The material allows for hypersensitive fit adjustments in-store. And this spring, the company will introduce an even more customized line, My Very Own: Each customer will have the opportunity to undergo a 3-D head scan for the most precise fit possible.

DILDOS

► **Rival Mi** rivalmi.com Want to make a dildo replica of your or your partner's penis? Not long ago, that meant getting intimate with a cone of molding material and staying still and erect for about three minutes. But now New York Toy Collective, which operates pop-up services around the city, makes it faster than a quickie: It will scan anyone's erect penis in seconds, then 3-D-print a mold that's used to cast a silicone version (\$20 for the scan, \$250 for the dildo).

Then Try It at Home *A sweep of the latest printer models on the market, broken down by Aaron Roy*

Say You Want to Print...



A CARBON-FIBER BOAT

Mark One, by MarkForged (\$5,500)
"This industrial-grade printer can print in carbon fiber, Kevlar, and even fiberglass—making it **the go-to printer for heavy-duty manufacturing projects** like drones, wrenches, auto parts, and even a full-size boat (though you'd have to print that in multiple parts)."

LIPSTICK

Mink (\$275)
"Take a photo of a color you love—from a flower, say, or a discontinued lipstick—and this Canon printer (customized by Queens-based Grace Choi) will **spit out a stick of powder in that exact tone**. Stir it into a mixing material to create makeup. The first 250 printers will ship this September."

INTRICATE SCULPTURES

Formlabs Form 1 (\$3,300)
"It's a super-high-resolution printer that **works with many different types of resin**. Go ahead and make a World's Fair Unisphere: It'll nail every detail."

JEWELRY

Stratasys, multiple models (\$50,000-ish)
"But really: Unless you work in the Diamond District, you're not buying a metal printer. They're expensive and produce weird fumes. Better idea: Have Long Island City-based 3-D-on-demand company Shapeways **print your design in one of their metallic tones**."



SNAP-TOGETHER LAMPS

►► **Robert Debbane Studio**, 301-257-4004; workof.com; robertdebbane.com

For a light fixture extruded to your specifications, see Clinton Hill-based artist Robert Debbane, who produces table lamps, pendant lamps, and chandeliers like the *Galactica*, which is made of 176 pieces spit out from a MakerBot Replicator 2X and snapped together; thanks to its 3-D-printed polycarbonate, it is completely opaque until it's illuminated. His prices range from \$380 for a small pyramid-shaped LED desk lamp to \$9,200 for a custom chandelier.

of Brooklyn start-up 3DPrinterOS.

BIKE PEDALS

Ultimaker 2 (\$2,500) or **MakerBot Replicator 2** (\$2,000)

"Both are dynamic enough for a seasoned designer but also ideal for rookies.

They are simple to operate, embraced by robust communities that swap tips online, and can make highly detailed prints with the most popular plastic-and-metal material blends."

PANCAKES

PancakeBot (\$300)

"Why eat a circle pancake when you can now print out one that looks exactly like Donald Trump's face? The PancakeBot, which starts shipping in November, **squirts out batter in any design you draw**—and is sophisticated enough to let some parts of the pancake grill darker than others, for shadow effects."

WHAT GOES IN IT?

Three standby plastic filaments to feed your printer.

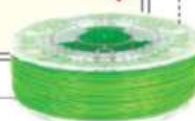
FOR AWESOME COLOR: Print in Dutch

brand **ColorFabb's** Pantone-esque choices like Traffic Red or Pale Gold.

FOR ECOFRIENDLINESS: A recycled Coke bottle could become your next 3-D project.

Year-old company **Dimension Polymers** is now selling recycled-plastic filament.

FOR WEIRDNESS: You want glow-in-the-dark material or something so flexible it's called NinjaFlex? Online retailer **MatterHackers** has it.



The Future of the Future

Experts predict what's next in 3-D.



PASTRIES

"The foods that are most 3-D friendly are confectioneries, like cookie dough and frosting. A company called 3-D Systems developed a printer for sugar; Hershey has one for chocolate. Right now, the printers don't cook the food, but the future ones will."

—Hod Lipson, professor of engineering at Columbia University specializing in robotics and 3-D printing



DRONES

"All of the components for a working drone (antennae, batteries, circuitry) have been done on a 3-D printer, so it's just a matter of getting a machine that can do all of them together. A company called Voxel8 out of Harvard is working on a desktop 3-D printer that could, theoretically, make a drone that flies right off it. In two or three years, you should be able to design your own."

—Duann Scott, manager at 3-D-printing-software platform Spark

HOMES

"Dr. Behrokh Khoshnevis, with Contour Crafting, is probably going to have a printer that he will lease to construction companies within about two years. It already can print concrete exterior walls. Ultimately, the machine should be able to print drywall and all the electrical conduits, too."

—Brian Krassenstein, co-founder and editor-in-chief of 3DPrint.com



A photograph of a stone vaulted interior, possibly a tunnel or a small room. The walls are made of large, rough-hewn stone blocks. A bright, circular light source is visible at the top of the frame, casting a strong glow. In the center, there is a small, rectangular opening or window that also lets in bright light. On the floor, there is a large, circular, colorful rug with intricate patterns in red, blue, yellow, and green. The overall atmosphere is dramatic and artistic.

SUNCLIPSE

the alchemy of light, color, and design

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Check Out This Staircase

A floating sculpture forms the spine of this West Village townhouse, where sliding walls and hidden closets make for a very functional minimalist family home.

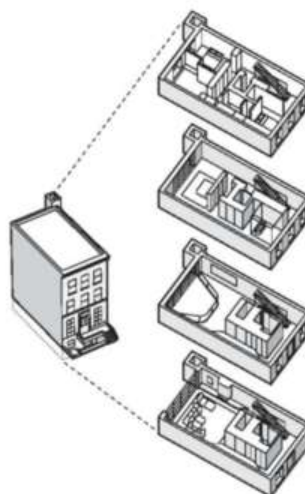
BY WENDY GOODMAN

Under the Stairs

Haute Architecture's Annie Lo and Torsten Schlauersbach designed the staircase as a three-dimensional form that channels light through the house's five stories. The floor-to-ceiling glass wall, made of low-iron glass, reflects and refracts light.



IT'S AT MIDDAY when the West Village townhouse is at its most luminous. "At lunchtime, the whole back garden becomes almost like a light shaft," explains Annie Lo, who, along with her Haute Architecture partner Torsten Schlauersbach, redid the interior architecture and design of the Robert A.M. Stern-built home. It's also when the staircase is at its most striking. Made from precast concrete treads and fiberglass and anchored by steel, it looks like a spine and serves as the building's centerpiece, "spanning like a bridge between floors," Lo says. (There's an elevator, too.) They worked out the geometry through some complicated math, which they liken to a three-dimensional puzzle, then designed models and two large-scale mock-ups (including one using the actual materials). Lo and Schlauersbach's clients have two dogs, a baby, and another child on the way, and their directive was to create as super-minimal a space as possible that could still house their growing family. "We wanted to



The Dining Room
Most of the furniture in the house was custom designed by Lo and Schlauersbach, including this marble dining table (there is a glass top, not pictured). The painting is by Richard Schur. The back of the first floor was carved away to create the double-height living room.

The Living Room

A fireplace floats on the cantilevered shelf. The room opens out to the garden; the window frames are bronze. The black-and-white graphite art piece upstairs is by Lucas Michael, and the small sculpture to the right of the fireplace is by Yves Klein.



GREAT ROOM

build a versatile home that was open and light but one that could also be made private,” Schlauersbach says as he slides out a wall partition from the client’s garden-level office. Almost all the wood paneling opens for storage space, and there are dozens of closets throughout the five floors. The clients were intent on making the structure as ecofriendly as possible, with “wellness” aspects incorporated into the design—like electromagnetic shielding to buffer radiation from wires and biophilic plantings to filter the air. There are radiant-heat concrete floors, and the living room is covered with a Carini Lang–designed silk carpet. Lo and Schlauersbach, who started their firm in 2013 after both working for Norman Foster, are known for their attention to intricate, precise detailing—and for combing the globe for the best design talent: The cabinetry was made in Switzerland, the two-ton piece of stone for the master-bath vanity was found in Portugal (it had to be hoisted through the window), and the handcrafted dinnerware was brought over from Korea. If it all seems just a little too perfect, right after the family moved in, Schlauersbach says, “they discovered that their dogs had chewed up their beautiful Loro Piana cushions.” He adds: “They were not so happy about that. But what can you do?”



The Kitchen

Deep drawers contain easy-to-access pullout shelves for maximum storage, so the Corian countertops can remain free of cooking utensils. The retractable oven hood is custom designed, and there is a remote fan on the roof to cut down on noise.



The Garden

The brick-floored backyard, designed by Buro Koray Duman, has a waterfall and pond to the left.



The Master Bedroom

The bed was designed by Lo and Schlauersbach along with Melvin Dwork and fabricated by Charles H. Beckley Inc. The art on the wall is by Heather Hansen.



The Master Bathroom

The glass-enclosed wet room has a tub and two rain showerheads by Cristina Rubinetterie.



Babu Ji

Snappy Chaat

Babu Ji's fresh take on Indian cooking arrives in the East Village via Australia and the Greenmarket.

BY ADAM PLATT

IN MANY Indian restaurants around the city, chefs tend to be ghostly, anonymous figures who rarely poke their heads out the kitchen door. But at his boisterous new Alphabet City establishment, Babu Ji, Jessi Singh, who comes to the East Village via Melbourne and Punjab, is a constant presence in his dining room, grinning, circulating among the tables, cheerfully suggesting dishes in his soft Aussie twang. As designed by Singh's wife (and co-owner), Jennifer, the room exudes a sense of conviviality too. The walls are decorated with big photos of assorted *babu-jis* ("honored father," or respected elder, in Hindi) sporting eccentric handlebar mustaches and vividly colored sequined coats. A stuffed peacock sits above the beer-and-wine cooler, and when I asked for a beer to go with my curry, the waiter instructed me in a cheerful voice to go to the cooler and choose it myself.

The one-page menu at Babu Ji has a similarly pleasing grab-bag quality to it. There are elevated versions of classic Indian street snacks to graze on (try the papadi chaat sprinkled with pomegranate

seeds, and the crispy-shelled gol gappa filled with three chutneys), fat croquettes made with thick hung yogurt ("yoghurt kebab"), and balls of crushed potato flavored with curry leaf and mustard seed and set in pools of pineapple sauce scented with cumin and mint (the excellent batata vada). Singh prepares his succulent version of tandoori chicken off the bone (it's served as an appetizer with mango salsa), and when we ordered the classic goat curry (the recipe comes from Singh's home village in Punjab), the soft, bone-in chunks of goat were garnished with bits of greenery from the Union Square market and a handful of fresh blackberries.

Staunch Indian-food traditionalists may quibble with these flowery touches, but not Ms. Platt, who gobbled down her dinner at Babu Ji like a ravenous teenager. "You'd better give this place three stars," she cried between bites of tandoori-charred rainbow trout (served whole, with a drizzling of ginger and honey) and the predictably lustrous butter chicken, which Singh and his cooks prepare with milk and fenugreek folded with fried shallots, tomatoes, and generous

chunks of free-range bird from Murray's. The Long Island scallops in my copper pot of slightly oversweet scallop coconut curry were as big and soft as marshmallows, and the spinach in the densely green, garlic-infused bowl of palak paneer, that old curry-house warhorse, tasted like it had been plucked that morning from a nearby rooftop garden and prepared in the home kitchen of some local Alphabet City nabob.

The kitchen has been under strain practically since Babu Ji opened ("It's as loud as an Indian train station here" is one of the things Singh likes to yell at his guests), and it shows in some of the dishes. The fatty Goan-style pork-belly vindaloo could have had more bite to it, and the chunks of meat in my watery lamb rogan josh were as hard as vulcanized rubber. You can cover up these occasional mishaps with baskets of buttery, crunchy-bottomed naan, however, and with the fluffy house basmati rice, which is flavored with cumin and lemon. Whatever you do, leave a little room for the desserts, of which there are only two. The wonderful pistachio-flecked condensed-milk kulfi gets all the press, but the dish we couldn't stop nattering about was the gulab jamun, which combines the softness of just-baked sponge cake with the focused, sinfully addictive qualities of a first-rate doughnut hole.

VEGETARIANS ARE supposed to be a sensitive, retiring bunch, but everything about Amanda Cohen's brassy new reboot of her seminal veggie establishment, Dirt Candy, screams out for attention. There's the glittery, sequined signage on the Allen Street façade, which reminded one of my guests of



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★★★★ EXCEPTIONAL

★★★ EXCELLENT

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★ GOOD

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Pasta + Pomodoro²

Most Italians are traditionalists when it comes to how they cook their pasta (al dente) and how they sauce it (minimally). Mulino a Vino chef Massimiliano Eandi, on the other hand, takes the sort of avant-garde approach to spaghetti al pomodoro that you might expect from a disciple of Davide Scabin, the Piedmontese modernist who's a partner and guiding culinary spirit at this Chelsea wine bar. Eandi maximizes the flavor of the tomato by using its pulpy liquid to rehydrate the dried pasta (which never sees a pot of boiling water) and its outer shell as a cooking vessel. The classic accompaniments (garlic, basil, grated cheese) take the interpretive forms of a frico slicked with basil purée and a black-garlic garnish.

R.R. & R.P.

On the menu
at **Mulino a Vino**:
\$12; 337 W. 14th St.,
nr. Ninth Ave.;
855-343-4513.

Eandi garnishes
the tomato with grated Grana
Padano and crumbled
black garlic, which he makes
by slow-cooking the
cloves for up to six weeks.



The pasta-stuffed
tomato comes on a crisp
Grana Padano frico
slicked with **basil purée**.

Eandi carves out
the innards of
a Jersey tomato.

Dried spaghetti is rehydrated in the tomato liquid—first in a sheet pan, then in a jar with basil for five days—and then stuffed into the tomato shell, seasoned with sugar, salt, and olive oil, and baked for ten minutes.

something you might see above a popular souvenir store at the mouth of a well-traveled national park. There's the Vegas-like color scheme, which includes chairs covered in white *faux* leather and a red banquette along the walls. There's the great Cheesecake Factory–size menu listing each dish in a different big-letter font and containing all sorts of dizzying information on the back, such as how many cases of broccoli are used weekly at the restaurant (16) and how many “consultants” were employed in launching it (nine).

Some veggie formulations feel more overworked than others, but after much public hand-wringing on Cohen's part, the consultants seem to have more or less done their jobs. I didn't mind the swampy green-kale matzo-ball soup (spiked with okra and galangal), or the semi-spicy mapo eggplant, or even the brightly colored monkey bread, served, for extra effect, in a small flowerpot. I won't be reordering the \$28 “corn boil” (which requires you to eat a lot of slippery roughage wearing a plastic bib), but Cohen's famous tomato cake with smoked feta is almost worth a special trip. The cocktail list is refreshingly unpretentious for a potentially pretentious vegetarian restaurant (and, at \$13 for your Dark and Stormy, refreshingly priced), and with some exceptions so are the desserts, in particular the carrot pie, which is capped with a twirling meringue top and tastes a little like oranges if you eat it with your eyes shut.

SCRATCHPAD

BABU JI: One hearty star for the cheerful vibe and another for Singh's elegant home-style cooking.

DIRT CANDY: One robust star for the best of the neo-veggie comfort-food cooking.

BITES

BABU JI: IDEAL MEAL: Batata vada, tandoori chicken, butter chicken and/or goat curry, basmati rice and naan basket, kulfi. **NOTE:** At \$50 per head, the chef's-table option (“Eat like a babu ji”) is one of the better tasting-menu deals in town. **OPEN:** Tuesday through Friday for dinner, Saturday and Sunday for brunch and dinner. **PRICES:** \$4 to \$25.

DIRT CANDY: IDEAL MEAL: Kale matzo-ball soup and/or tomato cake (with a side of hush puppies), mapo eggplant, carrot meringue pie. **NOTE:** Dirt Candy is a no-tipping establishment, and everyone (the customer, the cooks, the front-of-the-house staff) is the better for it. **OPEN:** Tuesday through Saturday for dinner. **PRICES:** \$2 to \$28.



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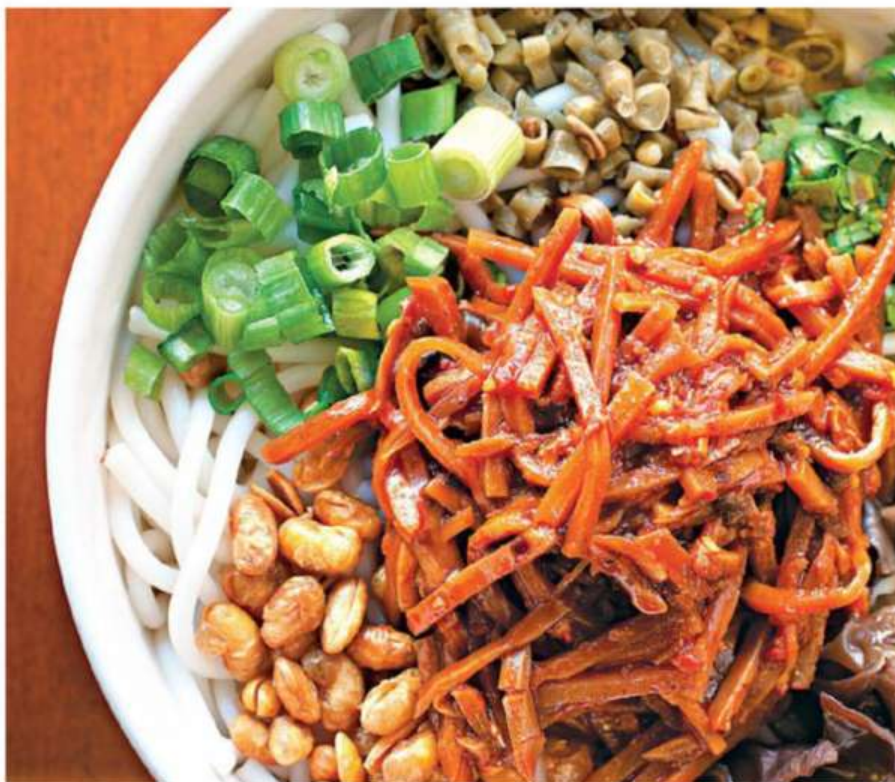
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THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET
QUICK BITE

Gui Lin Mi Fen

135-25 40th Rd., nr. Main St., Flushing; 718-939-2025

IT'S A GREAT TIME to be a noodle eater in New York. You have your pick of ramen, udon, or soba; you've got cold-skin, hand-pulled, and knife-peeled, not to mention arrowroot and mung-bean. And, in an unassuming shop on a crowded block in Flushing, Queens, you have mi fen, a traditional rice noodle from Guilin, a city in the Guangxi region of southern China. At Gui Lin Mi Fen, which opened this past winter, these rice noodles (springy, slick, and outsourced) are the core of a menu that includes a smattering of appetizers and some recently added skewers, which can't compare to the smoky masterwork of the neighborhood's street vendors. What distinguishes the noodles more than their inherent noodley-ness is the way they're served—warm, in a bowl with cold toppings, alongside a smaller bowl of meat-bone broth.

If you appear hesitant in your approach and stare blankly from one vessel to another, your server will instruct you to vigorously mix the contents of your noodle bowl, tapping the savory sauce on the bottom, and to slurp up some of these “dry” mi fen before pouring in the sidecar of soothing broth. But when it comes to Guilin mi fen, as with so much else in life, you can follow your own bliss: Alternate slurps of noodle and broth, or just save the broth until you've finished your noodles, then sip it like a digestif.

In its hometown, Guilin mi fen was traditionally topped with horse meat; in Flushing, equine is not an option. There is crispy pork, thin-sliced brisket, oxtail, and ham, among other toppings, but for the Underground Gourmet's \$7.25, the one to get is the Sour & Spicy “Good Friends” bowl, featuring strands of chile-slicked bamboo shoot, plus pickled green beans, roasted soy nuts, mushrooms, scallions, and cilantro, a compelling contrast of flavors and textures with just enough heat. If you require more, there's a pot of chopped chiles on every table.

R.R. & R.P.

URBAN FORAGER

A New Kind of Milk Chocolate. And Beer for Locavores.

SHAKE SHACK is no stranger to the culinary collaboration, having enlisted everyone from David Chang to Big Gay Ice Cream for one-off burgers, shakes, and concretes. Three years ago, **Mast Brothers** created Shake Shack's first chocolate bar, a 73 percent-cacao blend. The second bar in the series debuts September 12, and its secret ingredient, buttermilk powder, dovetails neatly with the July launch of ChickenShack, Shake Shack's sandwich made with chicken slow-cooked in buttermilk, then deep-fried and slathered with herb-butter-milk mayo. It also coincides with the chocolatier's recent foray into animal-milk bars, including sheep, goat, and cow. At 60 percent-cacao content, the buttermilk bar is darker and tangier than its dairy categorization might suggest (\$7; multiple locations).

SPEAKING OF nifty culinary collaborations, Dutchess County microbrewer—correction: nanobrewer—Jakob Cirell is making two delicious ales at his **From the Ground Brewery**: an American pale ale and a Belgian-style red ale. What's worth noting about the brewery is its location on the grounds of Migliorelli Farm, of Greenmarket broccoli-rabe fame. Migliorelli grows most of the barley that Cirell uses for the beers, and a malt house up the road malts the barley and provides some homegrown hops. In short, the work that goes into producing these beers is mostly accomplished within a three-mile radius (\$10 for a 22-ounce bottle, Friday and Saturday at Union Square Greenmarket's Migliorelli stand).

R.R. & R.P.



TRENDLET

New Flames

Why more chefs are cooking with wood.

BY ROBIN RAISFELD AND ROB PATRONITE



Faro's wood oven.

THIS FALL, it looks like just about every chef in town is going to be cooking in, over, or around a roaring wood fire. That includes Missy Robbins at Lilia, Dan Kluger at his yet-to-be-named 8th Street spot, Jonathan Waxman at Jams, Laurent Tourondel at L'Amico, and April Bloomfield at Salvation Burger, not to mention the Montreal-style bagel mavens at Black Seed. Clearly, this isn't a new technique—more like the oldest. *Homo erectus* cooking methods aside, Waxman's mesquite-fired grill at the original '80s-era Jams was a large part of its California-cuisine identity, and Frank DeCarlo paved the way for this generation of fire-starters at his pioneering Peasant 15 years ago. But the method's primal appeal continues to grow, as much a function of the Neapolitan-pizza boom as a pendulum swing from molecular gastronomy's laboratory vibe to rustic hearth cooking. Stacked-up cords of oak and hickory have become something of a restaurant-design motif, and dining rooms

are increasingly perfumed with the alluring scent of wood smoke. For chefs, wood grills and ovens provide the challenge of mastering a volatile heat source; like manual espresso machines, they require skill and constant vigilance. But they're also much more versatile than their simplicity might suggest. At Bushwick's four-month-old **Faro**, Kevin Adey uses his wood oven to cook everything from bread crumbs to beetroots. Proteins sizzle in cast-iron pans placed on the hearth; vegetables are encased in protective, disposable dough and chucked in the fire; salt-cured egg yolks are slow-smoked overnight in the embers, then shaved atop gnocchi alla Romana. Adey stacks his handmade plates low enough on the open kitchen's counter to keep the view of the oven unobstructed. He'd never feel the same way about high-tech equipment like *sous-vide* immersion circulators. "What would you rather look at?" he asks. "A plastic bag bobbing in a pot of water or a blazing fire?"

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Th CULTURE PAGES

The Age of 'Empire'

— Behind the scenes with the creators of TV's ruling hip-hop label.

PLUS: What's happening in the real-life music business.



THE BREAKOUT

Keeping Cookie Fresh

The team behind *Empire* is facing a problem the Lyons family knows all too well: How do you follow a hit?

BY CARL SWANSON

LEE DANIELS SLOUCHES down into one of the beige sofas in the lobby bar of the Beverly Hilton, warily eyeing the young man arriving for his shift behind the piano—“He better not! Or we gonna have to move”—and waiting for the margarita he is drinking to kick in. Daniels seems to be in several performative moods at once—ebullience, righteous dudgeon, and confessional intimacy—while keeping an eye on how his listener responds to each. But there is a lot distracting him these days.

He is here on this August afternoon after promoting the triumphal second season of the soapy pop juggernaut he co-created, *Empire*, before the members of the Television Critics Association, who had assembled, MacBooks open, in the hotel ballroom, to be fed the fall season by the Fox publicity team. Daniels was on a panel with *Empire*’s showrunner, Ilene Chaiken, best known for creating *The L Word*; *Empire*’s producer, Brian Grazer; and Taraji P. Henson, the actress who, by playing the indomitable ex-con ex-wife Cookie Lyons, has become one of the most famous women in America and was recently nominated for an Emmy.

The TCA event is more ritualistic than journalistic, as reporters stand and wait to be handed the mike to recite their questions. One reporter had asked, with exquisite codedness, why it was that “general-market audiences” might be so interested

in this type of show. “Do you see a little bit of Suge [Knight] in Cookie?” he’d wanted to know. Daniels had responded archly: “There’s a lot of sugar in Cookie!”

But mostly, during both the panel and our time together, Daniels kept going back to his sense of mission, of pushing boundaries, of showing things outside of the experience of “general-market audiences”: “When I’m afraid—*Oh my God, are we really going to do this?*—then I know I’m in a safe place,” he says. “We want to continue to tell tough truths.”

The panelists promised more bling, backstabbing, and celebrity cameos this season, too, with the gangsta rapper turned business titan patriarch (and Cookie’s ex) Lucious Lyon in prison for murder, and his gay son, Jamal, turning himself into, as Daniels puts it to me later, Michael Corleone.

“When I saw what they were doing” with the new season, Henson said from the stage, “I said, ‘You’re taking apart the machinery of the show.’” She looked at Chaiken. “And Ilene said...”

“I’m not going to say those words,” Chaiken demurred.

So Daniels did, with cackling defiance: “We’re going to fuck shit up!”

EMPIRE FIRST AIRED in January 2015, and its blitzkrieg conquest of the Zeitgeist was immediate. It seemed to confirm that, with the right show—Daniels framed it as a “black *Dynasty*” while his co-creator, Danny Strong, conceived of it as a “hip-

hop *Lion in Winter*”—network TV could still do something like what it used to do, when Aaron Spelling and Norman Lear ruled the airwaves. Abetted by social media and late-to-the-party streaming, it was the first show in decades to have its Nielsen ratings go up five weeks in a row; the finale attracted 17 million viewers (and generated hundreds of thousands of tweets). This past spring, *Empire* even goosed the music business it fictionally portrays (it’s really set in something more like the ’90s music business, Chaiken admits to me later) when its soundtrack debuted at the top of “The Billboard 200” and songs like “Drip Drop” and “Good Enough” each earned north of 10 million streams. (Chaiken says a streaming story line will be added this season to try to make the music-business side of the show feel more up-to-date.)

The trick is how to keep it popping—for 18 episodes, up from the first season’s dozen, each packed with lunatic plot twists. To help inspire him, Daniels, 55, has been rewatching *Dynasty* with his boyfriend, who’s 33 and had never seen it before. “*Dynasty* is a motherfucking *beast*,” he declares at the bar, where the boyfriend, who has a fantastic, blown-out pompadour, is sitting nearby. “It’s fierce. It’s beyond. I’m watching it and thinking, *Oh my God, we’re not as good as Dynasty*. It upped my game.”

Henson had swung by the lobby bar earlier, wearing Alaïa studded black stilettos and elaborate Cookie nails that coordinated well with her tasteful, un-Cookie-like green Cushnie et Ochs dress. She knew the show was a hit by the second episode. “Because I’m an avid social-media user,” she says, ordering a vodka-and-grapefruit juice. “I saw that the word is spreading. And when I started seeing more faces like yours”—she waved her manicure at me, and I’m without a doubt quite white—“on my timeline, I knew we’d crossed over.”

Part of the thrill of the show for those involved is that it redefined the concept of what a term like *general-market audiences* means. Celebrity skirmishes over representation and identity between the likes of Nicki Minaj, Kanye West, and Taylor Swift aside, pop music has moved far more quickly than film and television toward understanding this shift; for those under 30, no matter what race they are, hip-hop has always been the power center of pop culture.

Empire’s success helped incentivize Hollywood to—for bottom-line reasons, if nothing else—abruptly switch casting priorities, opening up many more roles to

nonwhite actors. In June, Daniels declared, during *The Hollywood Reporter's* "Drama Showrunner Roundtable," "Black people hate white people writing for black people. It's so offensive," which set off alarm bells in a reliably liberal industry that continued to see itself as something of a meritocracy even as it continued to be overwhelmingly undiverse.

"People thought I was racist for what I said," Daniels tells me. "And I was like, 'My boyfriend is white. My ex-boyfriend is white. I have a white showrunner, a white writing partner.'"

That morning, Fox had announced it'd picked up the pilot for his second show, *Star*, about a girl group trying to make it in Atlanta. And casting was about to be announced for a project Strong was co-writing with him: his long-gestating Richard Pryor biopic (Mike Epps plays the lead; Oprah is his grandmother, Eddie Murphy his dad). But more recently, he'd been playing around in a short video on Instagram (@theoriginalbigdaddy) with one of the stars of *Empire*, Jussie Smollett, who plays the gay son, Jamal, and he'd jokingly reacted to the Emmys' snubbing the show for Best Drama by saying of the voters: "Fuck these motherfuckers."

"You know," he says, as the piano player noodles out a rendition of Pharrell's "Happy," "I'm always in trouble for telling the truth."

Daniels grew up watching *Spelling's* and *Lear's* shows, which are "etched in my brain. Imprinted in my brain," he says. "I am a product of that. And so I don't like television now." He has his eyes on becoming a curious hybrid of *Spelling*, a Jew from the South who grew up poor and turned himself into a mind-candy tycoon richer than the Carringtons, and *Lear*, the social-consciousness entertainment powerhouse.

I'm watching it and thinking, "Oh my God, we're not as good as 'Dynasty.' " It upped my game.

"Look, my life is what my life is. It's an open book," he says. Everything Daniels does comes out of that book—yes, even *Precious* was, he says, in certain ways, about him. He tells me *Star* was inspired by what he had to do to succeed in showbiz. (It's based on *Lear's Good Times*, which was set in a housing project.) When I ask if he's ever worried that he'll run out of source material, he laughs. "I can just draw on a year of my life and we got five years right there."

He'd arrived in Los Angeles as a college dropout and the son of a police officer. Daniels's father once put him in the garbage can after seeing him wearing his mother's pumps—as Lucious did to Jamal on *Empire*. He wanted to be a screenwriter but ended up running his own hospice-care agency. Eventually, he sold that and started managing actors, which led to his producing films.

He started out making what he calls "niche films." Then *Precious* made him famous and friends with Oprah.

Things were going well, but Daniels says two things happened. One day, comedienne Whitney Cummings came over to his house and, when he opened an envelope with a massive paycheck, she told

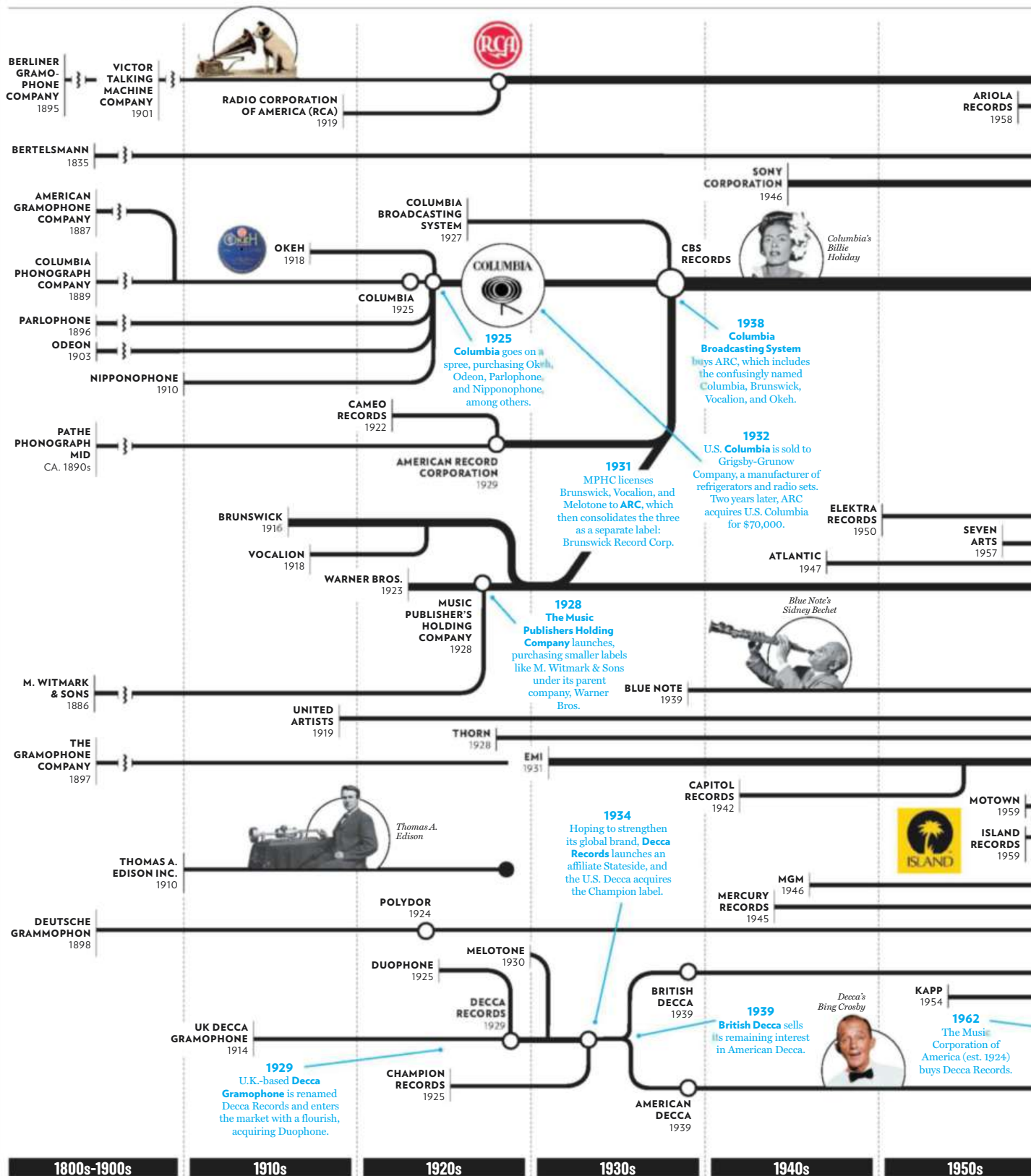
Taraji P. Henson and Terrence Howard in season two of Empire.





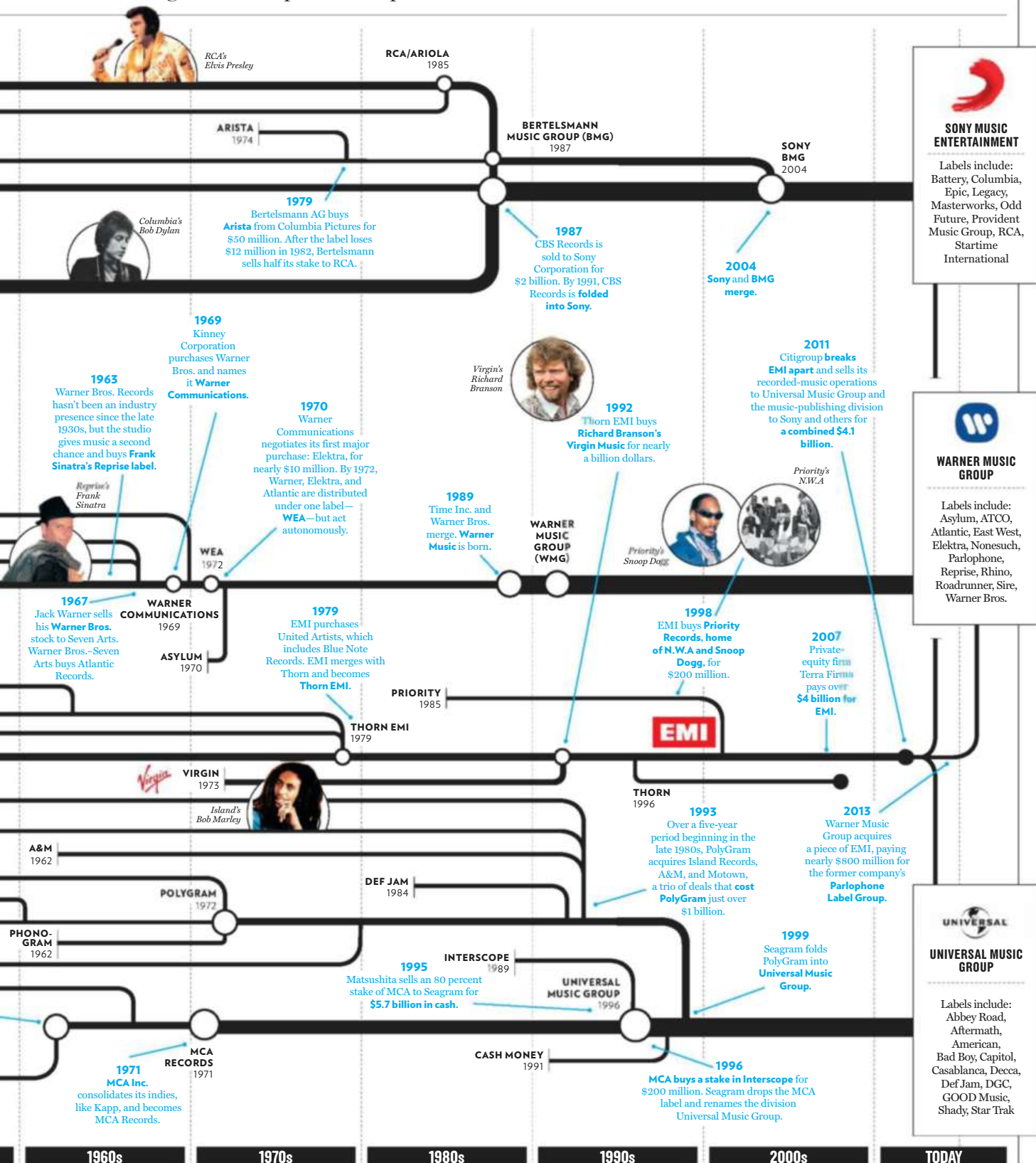
M & A

Buying In and Selling Out: The Record



PHOTOGRAPHS: EMI GROUP; ARCHIVE/MIKICOMMONS (VICTOR MACHINE COMPANY); MATTHEW BRADY/WIKICOMMONS (EDISON); WILLIAM P. GOTT/LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (HOLIDAY); LIPNITZ/ROGER VIOLET/GETTY IMAGES (BECHET); AF ARCHIVE/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO (SINATRA); MARLEY; TRINITY MIRROR/MIRRORPIX/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO (BRANSON); RON GALELLA, LTD/GETTY IMAGES (SHOOP); RAYMOND BOYD/MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES (NWA)

The era of wax cylinders and sheet music only seems to have been a simpler one. As you can see here, before it became the consolidated behemoth it is today, the music business was a tangled web of partnerships, sales, and sell-offs. BY MATT GILES



him, “Lee, you have to do television,” since, as the star of a sitcom, *Whitney*, and co-creator of *2 Broke Girls*, she got a check like that every week.

But the real change came with working on 2013’s *The Butler* with Strong, who had gone from acting on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* to co-writing the final two *Hunger Games* movies. “We really became close in postproduction on *The Butler*,” Strong tells me when we meet up at the Soho House in New York. Customarily, writers aren’t involved in how the film is edited, but Daniels liked Strong’s input. “I would give him notes on cut after cut after cut, and he would use them,” Strong recalls.

And then one day Strong was driving through L.A.’s Chinatown, intrigued by a story on the radio about hip-hop mogul Sean “Puffy” Combs. He wondered what sort of film he could write set in Puffy’s world. Not that he knew much about hip-hop. “I try to go to mythological or Shakespearean archetypes.” So Strong thought: *Maybe I could do a hip-hop King Lear*. “Then literally the whole thing flooded into my head in 60 seconds. And I thought, *I should pitch this to Lee*.”

But before Strong did that, he massaged the idea a bit. “I really hit that the middle son who’s gay is the one who should inherit the empire, but his father is so homophobic he hates him for it,” he says. “I knew that was Lee’s relationship with his father. I purposely put stuff in that I knew was personal to him in that original pitch.” It worked.

Daniels called back the next day and said he thought it should be a TV show, and they ended up talking about *Dallas* and, naturally, Daniels’s beloved *Dynasty*. “Lee and I like working with each other because we like things that are dramatic and funny at the same time and also that have depth,” says Strong.

Brian Grazer calls Daniels and Strong an “odd couple.” “You should have been with us when we pitched the show to all four networks,” he says. “Lee would start off—I think maybe he was wearing pajamas, as he likes to—and spurt out some kind of brilliance and then he’d say,

‘Danny, finish,’ and then Danny would have to kind of invent what was behind that fragment of a sentence.”

“The two of us together,” says Daniels about his working relationship with Strong, “it’s like having sex with a straight man without the sex. He’s helped me understand story and commercialness.”

For his part, Strong says, “I’m constantly being asked, ‘How does a white writer write an African-American show?’ I always say the same thing: I don’t write about myself.” He wrote the HBO adaptations of *Game Change* and *Recount*, but “I have no background in politics. If I want to write about myself, it would all be about an actor annoyed that he didn’t get the audition.”

One result of the partnership of these two seemingly disparate personalities’ creating their first TV series is a show that’s unusually trusting of its talent. Henson is known for her ad libs, which have

now become iconic (see “Boo Boo Kitty”). “I’m telling you, you *do not* get to do that on television,” Henson says. “You *cannot* go off that script.” But *Empire* believes in her, in her ability to channel Cookie. Sometimes, the cameras roll, and “I literally don’t know what I’m going to say. I have no control over Cookie. Once I have on that hair and makeup, she takes over.”

WHEN I ARRIVE at the *Empire* HQ, in a rather generic and underpopulated-feeling Fox office building in Beverly Hills, Daniels is one of the first people I run into. He is barefoot, in sweatpants, and in the middle of editing the season premiere, which he directed and which will air September 23.

I ask him what I should ask Chaiken, with whom I have an appointment. “Ask her why,” at the TCA panel, “she pussied out on saying that she was going to fuck things up this season,” he says. Then he ducks back into the editing room.

“This was the original MySpace office,” says Chaiken, who is wearing denim culottes, when she shows me in. “So we’re like living in the bones of one of the corporation’s biggest failures.”

And so, once Chaiken, who worked

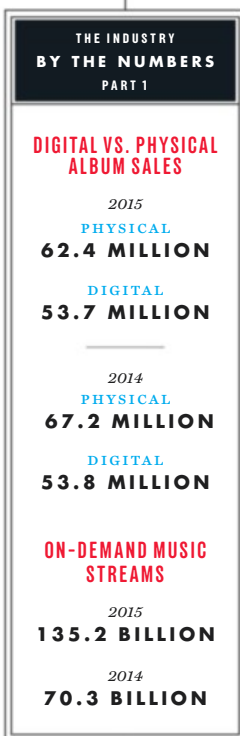
under Aaron Spelling for five years, and I settle down in her office, she in a brown leather beanbag chair, I ask her Daniels’s question. “It’s a total performance,” she answers. “As we were walking onto the stage, Taraji told me she was going to say that, and I thought, *When I’m sitting there with Lee and Taraji, I should just play like I’m the conservative white lady who never says fuck*.” Which, she assures me, she does, and often.

I ask her about Daniels’s obsession with the idea of something being “true,” and the idea that he is always “in trouble.” “That’s an important starting point for Lee,” Chaiken says. “That my truth exposes something that other people don’t expose.” As for being “in trouble,” “I think that his world would not be any good if he didn’t have that feeling. Lee doesn’t want the world to change to where he can do whatever he wants. It’s important for him to feel like he’s defying someone.”

I tell Chaiken that Daniels thought *Dynasty* might be better than *Empire*, and she shrugs. She wasn’t convinced when Daniels said that to her, too. “I told Lee, ‘You’re doing yourself a disservice, because this show owes a huge debt to those shows, but it’s also so much better and about so much more.’ You know, those shows were great fantasies. They were fantasies for white people, I mean loads of folks who aren’t white, you know—everybody watched them, watched them in the way that gay people watched old movies and we transpose and we just put ourselves into those stories and make them our own, and that’s what we all did for years and years because we had nothing of our own.” *Empire* is a soap that people who aren’t black, or aren’t gay, still get lost in, which might be progress.

The writers’ room, adjacent to Chaiken’s office, is staffed by a diverse and cheerful group, and I hear singing and giggling while she and I talk. The walls are covered with colored papers and Post-it notes, with reminders of plot beats and the current motivations of various characters, and a whiteboard reminding the writers of Lucious’s many past misdeeds. There’s also a complicated poster titled “The Grand Taxonomy of Rap Names.” On the sofa, there’s a pillow emblazoned with *LEVITICUS*, the subtle name of the show’s nightclub.

There are 12 writers employed by *Empire* this season, a significant increase over the number it had last season. This is in order to maintain the pace of a show densely plotted with OMG moments, but



it also comes out of Daniels's desire to keep things feeling authentic and give people a chance to prove their talents. So they hired some less experienced writers from the world in which the show is set. It's little things like last season's inclusion of very of-the-moment slang like THOT ("that ho over there") that keep the show feeling engaged.

"They have all of that language," says Chaiken. "When THOT got into a script, I didn't even know what it meant."

Increasingly, and for good reason, *Empire* can't be just the Daniels-and-Strong show anymore. (Strong is not involved in *Star*.)

PART OF THE IDEA of *Empire* is to plug into fantasies of the American Dream, and those dreams tend not to be humble. "One of Lee's ideas," says Grazer, "was that black people will be excited to see a show about black people who aren't in poverty the entire time." This is the mythic power of hip-hop: as an on-ramp to affluence. As Grazer puts it, the Lyons' rise "makes you feel like you can do anything." As Lucious noted, in a monologue Strong wrote for the end of the first season's second episode, the role of the rapper in society is akin to that of the folk hero. The music business is captivating because, as a generator of class aspiration, its promised success is seemingly attainable. "We've seen a drug dealer become a rap superstar who has access to the president," says Grazer. This culturally familiar narrative, this Jay-Z-Alger-esque tale, is probably why the show has been targeted by people claiming that their narratives were co-opted by *Empire*, like a Detroit woman named Sophia Eggleston, who has filed suit against Daniels and Fox, seeking \$300 million in damages on the grounds that she's the "real" Cookie.

And yet the ever-restless Daniels has lately started to worry that the world of *Empire* can be too uniformly luxe—and not just because the record labels aren't Jacuzzi full of cash these days. "It's not just about the glamour," he says sharply.

At the Beverly Hilton, he returns to that general-market-audiences question. When I ask him if he thinks the assembled entertainment bloggers had understood what he meant when he talked about *Empire*'s goal of "simply telling the truth"—about what people want, and the lengths to which they'll go to get it—for the first time he deflates a bit. "Isn't that sad?" he says. "They don't know what the fuck I am talking about." ■



STREAMING

Why Majors Still Matter

Despite the trend toward DIY and digital releases, old-guard record labels still have some advantages that their newer counterparts don't.

BY ANNIE LOWREY

REPORTS OF THE MUSIC industry's death have been greatly—or at least slightly—exaggerated. Yes, album sales are down from their peak of 785 million in 2000 to 476 million in 2014; and global music sales have fallen by \$5 billion over the past decade; and, in theory, technology has given artists the tools to create, distribute, and promote their music without interference from traditional record companies. But the major labels have stubbornly continued to exist, even as old business models erode and listeners embrace streaming services like Spotify, Tidal, and Apple Music.

How is this possible? Though the occasional upstart manages to hit it big without a label (e.g., Rebecca Black), record companies still provide services for the majority of artists streamed on Spotify, and, given the chance, most musicians are still eager to sign with one. "These people are professionals," says Russ Crupnick, founder of MusicWatch, an industry-analysis group. "Even assuming that you're a good musician and have the time and interest to actually make a record, doing it yourself is the equivalent of sitting with a pencil and trying to do your own taxes."

The three major labels—Sony, Universal, and Warner—remain deeply involved in deciding who hears what, often carefully engineering successes that seem viral or organic. Just this summer, *Billboard* blew the whistle on a Spotify payola pseudo-scandal: Labels were spending tens of thousands of dollars to get their songs on the service's popular playlists. Spotify banned the practice, but the Big Three have other ways to get their artists heard. Each owns a playlist-curation service—Filtr (Sony), Digster (Universal), and Topsyfy (Warner)—that works within Spotify's app and churns out mixes, featuring its artists, designed for driving, workouts, and other activities.

But what's in this for the labels? Artists like Taylor Swift and Thom Yorke have complained about the meager royalties they receive from streaming—but their record companies actually make out pretty well on the deal. With Spotify, for example, labels get paid three different ways: First, they collect a lump-sum advance payment when they license their catalogue to the service. (Sony's 2011 three-year deal with Spotify reportedly netted it an advance of \$42.5 million, which it was not obligated to split with artists.) Second, a label gets a small payment every time one of its songs is streamed, a portion of which goes to the artists. (Spotify pays about 70 percent of its revenues to music owners.) And third, since Sony, Warner, and Universal are all investors in Spotify, they'll cash in if Spotify should ever become profitable.

All of which is giving record labels hope, for the first time in a while, that digital revenues might someday make up some of what they lost when downloading overtook sales of physical media. The real-life music business won't look like the one on *Empire* anytime soon—in 2002, more than 150 million Americans bought at least one CD; currently, only 8 million have a paid Spotify subscription—but it's a start. "We've only scratched the surface in terms of monetizing streaming," says Crupnick. ■



VENUES

A Start-up With Cellos

National Sawdust's wild ambitions—artistic and financial—to shake up classical music's business-as-usual.

BY JUSTIN DAVIDSON

ON A PERFECT summer night in 2012, the keening of a clarinet ricocheted off the century-old walls of a roofless sawdust factory and plumed out into the streets of Williamsburg. It was the first audible intimation of an unlikely dream: a tiny high-tech clubhouse where composers, musical adventurers, and classical-music performers could make as much noise as they wanted 24 hours a day. Three years, \$16 million, and untold sleepless nights later, that brick shell enfolds a new hall and a new organization: National Sawdust. It's the sort of place that makes a new-music aficionado want to bring a sleeping bag and move in for a few weeks.

There's nothing else quite like it in New York. Establishment venues like Zankel Hall have welcomed composers, the 28-year-old organization Bang on a Can has colonized virtually every concert space in the city, and (Le) Poisson Rouge has found a winning combination of eclectic programming, casual atmosphere, and poor acoustics. But new music has never had its own miniature Carnegie Hall, a space explicitly designed for musical experimentation.

Google the phrase "classical music is ..." and you get a neurotic series of choices: "... dying," "... the best," and "... dead." Options 1 and 3 are demonstrably false, but even so, plenty of music lovers feel the same mixed response, whipsawing between affection and pessimism. They don't all have the energy of Kevin Dolan, a 63-year-old ama-



*Standing, from left:
Miranda Cuckson, Helga
Davis, Andy Akiho, Paola
Prestini, Rinde Eckert,
Jeffrey Zeigler, Anthony
Roth Costanzo. On floor:
Imogene Strauss, Reggie
Gray, Magos Herrera.*



teur organist, aspiring composer, and tax lawyer living in Washington, D.C. He could have simply written annual checks to the Kennedy Center and hoped the business would take care of itself. Instead, he says, he realized that young musicians “needed a place to record and rehearse—a platform where they could help develop a broader, younger audience.”

At first, thinking he could simply convert a townhouse he owned in Brooklyn, Dolan started hunting for architects who were young enough to be both adventurous and cheap. He settled on Peter Zuspan, Laura Trevino, and Stella Lee of Bureau V. It quickly became clear that Dolan’s fantasy would not fit within his property or his budget. “He had three requirements,” Zuspan says. “The space had to be acoustically strong. Audiences shouldn’t have to subject themselves to discomfort. And there would be good food.”

Zuspan started biking around Williamsburg, looking for a commercial-size lot, at least 40-by-100 feet, close to a subway station. Once he located the empty sawdust factory, the architects figured out how to insert an acoustically insulated, visually exciting womb while leaving room for a small restaurant. “Kevin said we have to do this well or not at all,” Zuspan recalls, marveling at the amount of responsibility that Dolan entrusted to newbie designers. “He wanted us to get involved in honing the mission for the nonprofit, in fund-raising, and in coming up with the identity of the place. He only wanted people who were under 40 to vote on all decisions.” Some of the money, almost inevitably, was raised through a Kickstarter campaign; the rest, through conventional donations and patronage.

Building a hall is one thing; creating an institution is another, and for that Dolan turned to the young composer Paola Prestini, who had already developed a reputation as a formidable impresario even before she graduated from Juilliard. Rather than wait around for an opera company to call with a commission, she co-founded the production collaborative

VisionIntoArt, which presents other composers’ work as well as her own. “I see it as a responsibility of every composer and musician to create dialogue between arts and opportunities for their peers,” she says. That reciprocity paid off: By the time she started booking National Sawdust, she had built up large stores of gratitude in the new-music world.

Prestini also turned out to be a networking virtuoso. She got a handful of governments to cover their artists’ travel expenses. She brokered partnerships with other organizations, like the Choir of Trinity Wall Street, the mini-opera festival Prototype, and a clutch of music ensembles. She roped in generous elders (Terry Riley, Philip Glass) and her own cohort (David T. Little, Nico Muhly) to help with programming. Even before the plumbing was in, the New York Philharmonic decided to move its roving Contact! series to National Sawdust, starting what the orchestra’s artistic planner Ed Yim describes as “emotionally and strategically a long-term commitment.”

There is some irony to opening a scrappy new-music venue in a neighborhood where most musicians can no longer afford to live. Williamsburg provides a steady stream of tourists, ticket-buyers with cultural curiosity and disposable income, and the kind of cred that the Philharmonic craves. But it’s clear that Prestini is hoping to establish an organization with a long, even global reach. Part of its power will lie in the volume of programming: After an opening frenzy, it’ll host two sets

a night, every Wednesday through Sunday—more than 500 shows in the first year. (The place will be closed but not quiet on Mondays and Tuesdays, when musicians can rehearse and record.)

Prestini is determined that National Sawdust not be merely a showcase for her predilections. She’s lined up 27 “curators” with carte blanche to program whatever they can. So, for example, the season opens with a mini-festival devoted to Schubert’s *Winterreise*, including a multilingual rewrite by the jazz pianist Uri

Caine and the vocalist Theo Bleckmann. For now, Prestini is leaning heavily on her friends—one curator is her husband, the former Kronos Quartet cellist Jeffrey Zeigler—but that will change as National Sawdust acquires its own identity.

The organization’s range mirrors Prestini’s experience. Born in Trento, Italy, she moved with her family to Nogales, Arizona; her father opened a woodwind factory just across the border in Mexico. After her parents split, she and her mother spent summers in Italy, leaving Prestini with a sense of half-belonging in several different worlds. “I didn’t find my Italy until I traveled to the south,” she says. “I did field recordings in a foster-care home in Lecce and asked the kids to sing a song from their childhood, which I used in a piece called *Body Maps*.”

For Prestini, organizing sounds and organizing people have never been entirely separate activities. “I see it as a really fluid interaction. The creativity of composing informs the creativity of running an organization.” She sets aside Mondays and Tuesdays, plus a few hours on weekends, for composing, and gives the rest of the week to National Sawdust. Until their offices are ready, she and her tiny staff have been working in a café down the street, sustained on caffeine, free Wi-Fi, and start-up adrenaline.

“Raising money doesn’t scare me,” Prestini says. “Still ... I didn’t understand the magnitude.” Even Dolan was caught by surprise by the amount of energy National Sawdust continues to suck up. “It was going to be my post-retirement project,” he says, chuckling. As his vision has enlarged, he’s had to keep working to keep the money spigots open. Determined to keep ticket prices around \$25, Prestini and her team spent the summer frantically raising the last of the \$2.5 million in operating expenses that they needed.

As performing-arts start-ups go, this one has a spectacular collection of advantages. Dolan has significantly upped the institution’s chances by ensuring that it won’t need to pay rent for five years, and possibly not ever. In a scheme that only a tax lawyer could have thought up, he persuaded patrons to buy shares in the building. Five years from now, when its value has (almost assuredly) risen, his gang of philanthropists can donate the venue to the nonprofit that runs it—and write off more than they invested. Everybody wins.

“I never wanted it to be just my baby,” Dolan says. “The whole idea was to create an institution that has a life of its own and that will be around 100 years from now.” ■

THE INDUSTRY
BY THE NUMBERS
PART 2

TOP DIGITAL SONGS
BY SALES, 2015

1. Mark Ronson, feat.
Bruno Mars,
“**UPTOWN
FUNK!**”
4,883,000

2. Ed Sheeran,
“**THINKING
OUT LOUD**”
3,450,000

3. Wiz Khalifa
feat. Charlie Puth,
“**SEE YOU
AGAIN**”
3,073,000

TOP ON-DEMAND
STREAMS, 2015

1. Mark Ronson, feat.
Bruno Mars,
“**UPTOWN
FUNK!**”
367,987,000

2. Fetty Wap,
“**TRAP QUEEN**”
289,531,000

3. Wiz Khalifa
feat. Charlie Puth,
“**SEE YOU
AGAIN**”
250,958,000

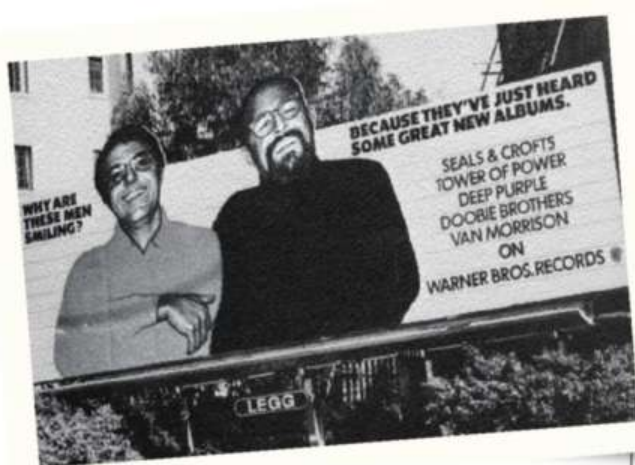


THE GOLDEN AGE

When Bling Was King

Very expensive highlights from music-business memoirs.

BY KENNY HERZOG



Warner Bros. Records execs Joe Smith and Mo Ostin on a billboard on Sunset Boulevard, 1970s.

“‘One of the things I did at Elektra when I was working there was little promotional items,’ says [former Elektra staffer Sally] Stevens. ‘And for Carly Simon’s “You’re So Vain,” I did little coke mirrors. It was very socially acceptable.’ At Elektra’s recording studio ... it was considered great sport to take one of the framed gold records ... lay it on the grand piano, spread a gram or so on the glass, and spin it until the coke arrayed itself in a giant spiral. Straws would be distributed and six or so hangers-on would snort until the spiral was gone.”

—Laurel Canyon: *The Inside Story of Rock and Roll’s Legendary Neighborhood*, by Michael Walker (Faber & Faber, 2006)



Stevens’s coke mirror produced for Carly Simon’s “You’re So Vain” on Elektra Records.

“I called [Tom Jones’s manager] Gordon Mills and told him I had an idea, a sure-fire moneymaker. I got on a plane and flew over. Gordon Mills lived in a mansion outside London. He had his own zoo. We talked in his garden. Giraffes wandered by, zebras, and tigers. A lion cub pissed in my lap!”

—*When I Stop Talking, You’ll Know I’m Dead: Useful Stories From a Persuasive Man*, by Jerry Weintraub with Rich Cohen (Twelve, 2010)

Gordon Mills, center, and two of his singers (Tom Jones, left, and Engelbert Humperdinck) sit on Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow cars, 1969.



“Interior decorator to the stars Frank Austin did a \$125,000 makeover of the Ruthless offices—Eazy’s in black leather, mine in tasteful pastels, Dre’s with a big red leather desk chair. Eazy’s enormous couch got a lot of action. We had an official couch cleaner come in once a week, just to mop up all the spilled genetic material. The same thing happened with Eazy’s \$8,600 burled walnut desk from Smania.”

Ruthless: A Memoir, by Jerry Heller with Gil Reavill (Simon Spotlight Entertainment, 2006)

“[Warner Bros. Records CEO] Mo [Ostin] moved me next to him into the executive end of our building. I got to redecorate my new place, which, with its 15-foot ceiling, was big enough for indoor volleyball. My ‘executive’ vice presidency allowed me perks like two secretaries, black leather couches, a fully mirrored wall, a customized Cadillac convertible (our company handyman, Jimmy Rowe, called it ‘the pimpmobile’), and no job description.”

—*Exploding: The Highs, Hits, Hype, Heroes, and Hustlers of the Warner Music Group*, by Stan Cornyn with Paul Scanlon (Rolling Stone Press, 2002)

“One of my first clients at my PR firm was Don Arden. Determined to exude wealth and power, Arden rented a mansion in Beverly Hills formerly owned by Howard Hughes, the living room of which had a retractable roof. Once when he took me along on a shopping trip to Tiffany in Beverly Hills, he walked out and told me dismissively, ‘Van Cleef and Arpels craps all over this place.’”

—*Bumping Into Geniuses: My Life Inside the Rock and Roll Business*, by Danny Goldberg (Gotham Books, 2008)

“I had lunch daily at the Playboy Club two blocks away from my office at Mercury ... I had a friend who worked at the club, Chuck Childers, who was the manager in charge of 129 bunnies ... Chuck was my main man and our guide, because Playboy Clubs had a lot of serious rules—no notes to the girls, no dog talk, no target practices, no nothing. Ritualistically we’d pick out four or five and Chuck would run down the status—available or not—and let them know that we were interested ... Then we’d meet the girls two blocks away at a place called the Pussycat, where anything went.”

The Autobiography of Quincy Jones, by Quincy Jones (Doubleday, 2002)

PARTY LINES

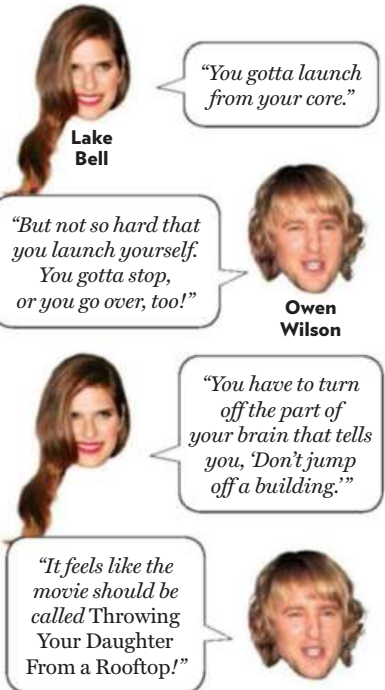
Edited by Jennifer Vineyard

2015 MTV VIDEO MUSIC AWARDS
MICROSOFT THEATER, LOS ANGELES. AUGUST 30.

“Fashion Week, everyone sees you looking fabulous, nobody sees you changing in the Uber or Porta-Potty bathroom stalls. It stinks, you get out, and everyone’s like, ‘Can I have a photo?’” —Kat Graham



How did you do that scene where you throw your daughter to safety?



SCREENING OF NO ESCAPE
DOLBY 88 SCREENING ROOM. AUGUST 24.

TANGENT

“I would use my fake ID to get into alternative-comedy night at Luna Lounge or the Knitting Factory to see John Zorn. I didn’t sneak out and do anything sexy or cool. In no way was I making out with somebody under the bleachers. John Zorn never put out, the son of a bitch.” —Julie Klausner



SCREENING OF GRANDMA HOSTED BY THE CINEMA SOCIETY AND KATE SPADE
LANDMARK SUNSHINE CINEMA AND JIMMY AT THE JAMES HOTEL. AUGUST 18.

SECOND ANNUAL DELTA OPEN MIC
ARENA IN TIMES SQUARE. AUGUST 26.

“I don’t do karaoke, but I love watching my friends do it. I love to see them think they can rap. It’s like, ‘Okay, remind me never to have you onstage, ever.’ Like, stop.” —Estelle



PHOTOGRAPHS OF BELL, WILSON: CRAIG BARRITT/GETTY IMAGES/COURTESY OF WEINSTEIN

"JUST AS COMPELLING AS EVER"

—THE NEW YORK TIMES

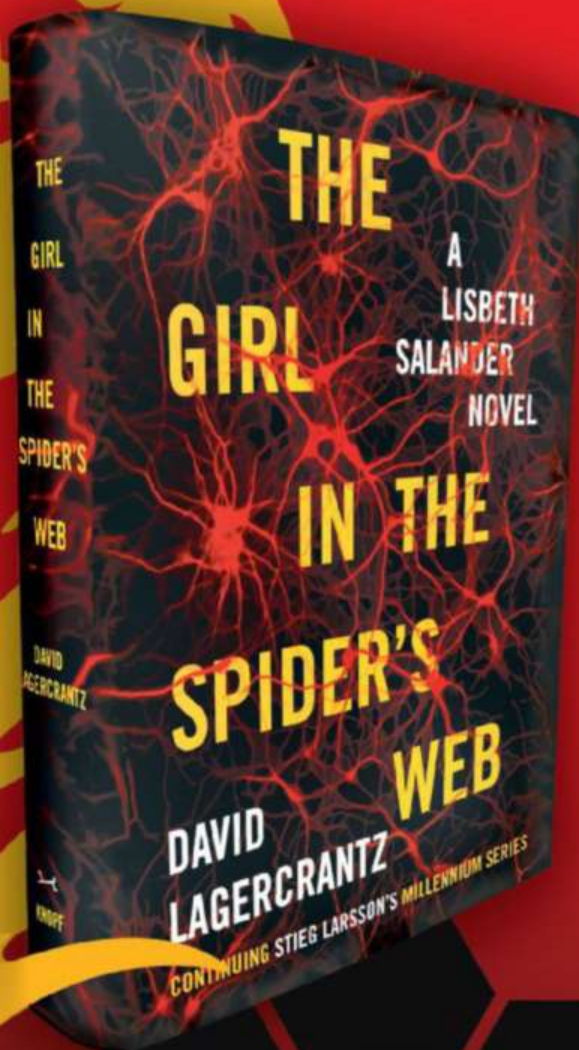


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CRITICS

David Edelstein on *Sleeping With Other People* and *Time Out of Mind* ... Lindsay Zoladz on Miley Cyrus's *Miley Cyrus & Her Dead Petz* ... Christian Lorentzen on Gary Indiana's *I Can Give You Anything But Love*.



MOVIES / DAVID EDELSTEIN

Friends Without Benefits

Alison Brie and Jason Sudeikis play each other's sex coaches in *Sleeping With Other People*.



THERE'S A KIND of headlong artist who works quickly, in an agitated state, not always knowing what he or she is going for but knowing when it's gotten. That's how I think of Leslye Headlong—sorry, Headland—writing the romantic comedy *Sleeping With Other People*. The story of a nonsexual but sexually charged friendship between a woman and a man, it feels as if it were streaming from the brain of

someone who has seen *When Harry Met Sally* more than twice and is furiously reworking it to fit her own reality—adding lots more casual sex and emotional weirdness and roughening up the edges. *Sleeping With Other People* is a rare American non-homogenized rom-com, and it's delightful even when you're not sure what you're watching.

You are sure, however, that Alison Brie and Jason Sudeikis are adorable together. The movie's first big departure from convention is having them take each other's virginity in the prologue—in college, as strangers, on a whim when a drunken Lainey (Brie) can't find the teaching assistant she has a crush on. Thirteen years later, Headland reintroduces

duces Lainey in a restaurant telling her boyfriend that she cheated on him—16 times, but with the same person. Sudeikis's Jake, meanwhile, is enduring the wrath of a woman who has just discovered that he cheated on her with her best friend. Neither, it appears, is capable of monogamy. Lainey will always rush back to the same teaching assistant, now an exceedingly twerpy doctor (Adam Scott) who happens to float her boat sexually. And Jake—well, who knows why he feels compelled to sabotage every relationship?

This is a dissonant, fits-and-starts movie without the usual metronomical rom-com perkiness. Lainey and Jake stumble on each other at a 12-step sexual-addiction meeting that nothing more comes of—they continue to dysfunction as they always have. Oddly nervous, they take awhile to decide to be friends instead of lovers, even coining a safe word—*mousetrap*—for when one thinks the other is edging too close to the sexual line. Of course, almost all they talk about is sex—with other people. The film's big Katz's Deli set piece is when Jake teaches Lainey how to give herself pleasure, the phrase *Mind the gap* acquiring a tantalizing new meaning. They're both such smart people: What, we wonder, do they have to push through to be together? I'm not convinced Headland knows, apart from the fact that they must be, eventually. Mustn't they?

Sudeikis has never been so appealing onscreen. His Jake is just the sort of sharp, funny, attentive guy whose vibe suggests he really, really likes women even if he doesn't—or doesn't know what he likes or doesn't like, which is what makes him dangerous. Brie's Lainey is more visibly unhinged, acting just as Jake describes her—a waif so sexily vulnerable she makes men want to say, "I can solve your problems with my penis."

Headland—whose first film was the scabrous ensemble comedy *Bachelorette*—supplies a great group of friends and confidants. Jason Mantzoukas is the family man with whom Jake invents a piece of software that will make them millions, and he and Andrea Savage as his wife are such a funny Greek chorus that Headland gives them almost the entire closing-credit sequence to riff. (It's one of the best things in the movie.) Natasha Lyonne is Brie's gal pal and sounds so much like Marge Simpson she makes you giggle more at what she might say than what she does.

SLEEPING WITH OTHER PEOPLE
DIRECTED BY
LESLIE HEADLAND
IFC FILMS. R.

TIME OUT OF MIND
DIRECTED BY
OREN MOVERMAN
IFC FILMS. PG.

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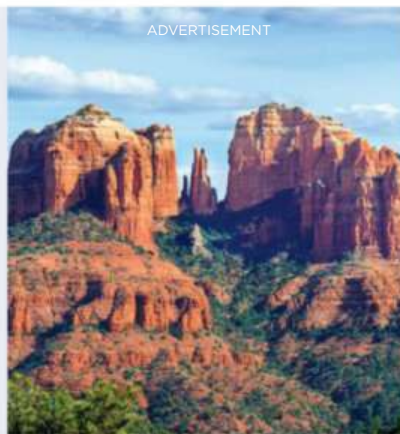
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Adam Scott performs a charisma-rectomy on himself to make the doctor dull in every way—which is why Brie’s attraction to him is so weirdly fascinating. Amanda Peet is the head of the company that makes Jake rich and the object of his romantic attentions. She knows enough to keep him at bay—until she yields, because she trusts him. Her final scene doesn’t fit into the standard rom-com template. Good.

Trailers don’t begin to convey the charm of *Sleeping With Other People*, because the people who create them look for the kind of conventional beats that Headland means to subvert—hence the oft-misused adjective (that in this case really does apply) *offbeat*. The film is not quite a screwball comedy, but the emotions are screwball—zigzaggy and unpin-downable. No big Hollywood studio reportedly wanted to make it, which is enough to keep talented directors (and film lovers) up at night. Can’t studios hire people who don’t just want to sleep with superheroes or *shudder* Judd Apatow?

RICHARD GERE PLAYS a homeless man in Oren Moverman’s arty odyssey *Time Out of Mind*, though it takes him half the movie to admit that he’s homeless, and he bridles whenever he hears his name, George Hammond. He tells people he’s with someone called Sheila who’s nowhere to be seen, and when social workers ask for an I.D. or birth certificate, he looks bewildered. Moving blank-faced from nowhere to nowhere, using any money he can get to buy beer or hooch, Hammond exists out of time—if he can even be said to exist.

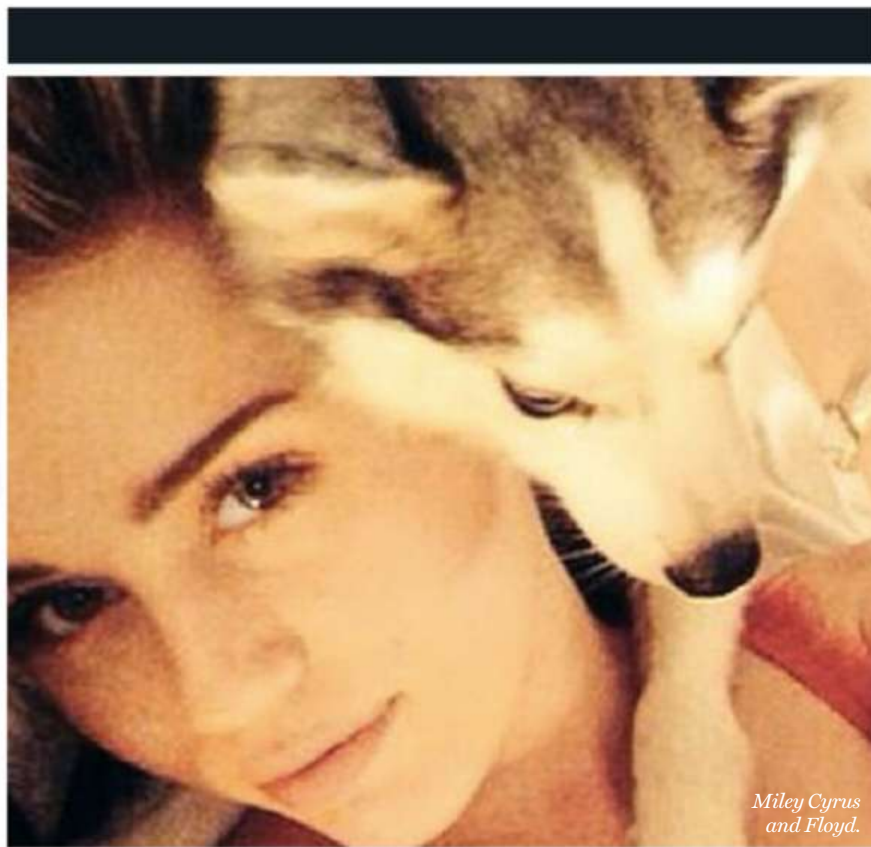
No movie has ever looked like this. Cinematographer Bobby Bukowski’s frames are rigorously decentered, with key objects pushed to the periphery or semi-seen via reflections or through glass. The soundtrack maintains a constant low drone and babble: The dialogue rarely comes from someone whose mouth you see move. (This is often the case with films that need to be post-synched for financial reasons, but here it’s a choice.) When Hammond goes in search of his daughter (Jena Malone), who works at a seedy-hip bar, he hovers far away, like a phantom, always at the edge of the screen—though she’s far away and at the edge of the screen, too.

Co-produced by Gere, *Time Out of Mind* is plainly the product of years of research and commitment. Some well-known actors—Steve Buscemi, Kyra Sedgwick, Michael Kenneth Williams—float through, always at a distance. Malone is very fine in her brief scenes,

and there’s a delicate turn by Geraldine Hughes as a hospital’s social worker. Ben Vereen gives a spirited performance as a garrulous homeless man, but a closer camera would have helped—I wanted to see his face.

Moverman is attempting something hugely ambitious with *Time Out of Mind*: a socially conscious, existential-displacement art movie. I think it would have worked better with a little less rigor

and a little more intimacy. Gere is a very likable actor, but he abstracts himself and turns his face into a mask. Whatever is happening inside his character doesn’t read. I know that the look and sound of the film are meant to evoke what’s in his head, but two hours is a long time to spend with your eyes roaming the frame for something to fix on. Can a humanist movie afford to be so relentlessly alienating? ■



Miley Cyrus
and Floyd.

POP / LINDSAY ZOLADZ

Miley Battles the Pink Robots

Cyrus eulogizes her late dog, with help from the Flaming Lips.



LAST SPRING, WHILE she was off touring the world, Miley Cyrus’s beloved husky, Floyd, was eaten by coyotes. I caught the tour a few nights later, at Izod Center, and was transfixed by what I saw: Something about this misfortune seemed to have broken Cyrus open—made her stranger, sadder, and less inhibited than your typical pop star at the helm of a giant, well-oiled arena show. The performance was alive with messy emotion. She actually cried when she sang her love songs, like the slurry, Mike Will–made ballad “My Darlin’” ... partially because she was singing them to her dead dog. At best, last year’s *Bangerz* tour had the feel of

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a Dada performance co-sponsored by American Express—where wild imagination (or, at least, truckloads of weed) met a blockbuster budget. It was a blast. When it was all over, which is to say after Cyrus rode into the rafters straddling a giant “scream-activated” hot dog, I left the venue feeling energized, inspired, and convinced that, with her avant-garde take on female sexuality and her gleeful, absurdist humor, Miley Cyrus was rewriting the script for the modern pop star.

But after listening to her latest album, *Miley Cyrus & Her Dead Petz* (R.I.P. Floyd, as well as her late blowfish, Pablow), I am less enthusiastic. Or maybe I am just tired—this 23-track album is 92 minutes long, and it feels twice that. Songs meander and build to nothing. Melodies sag. Themes (weed; sex; the universe, man) recur so frequently that it’s often hard to distinguish one track from the next. A song called “Space Bootz” comes right after a song called “Something About Space Dude.”

Because she released it without a traditional promotional campaign, announcing its existence at the end of her awkward hosting gig at the VMAs, *Miley Cyrus & Her Dead Petz* is what I guess we are still insisting on calling a “surprise album.” Except that if you are one of the 28 million people who follow Cyrus on Instagram, very little about this album is surprising. (We’ve known for a long time that she’s been in the studio with some of its collaborators, and in a recent *Marie Claire* profile, she even spoke about some of the new material. *Beyoncé* this was not, exactly.) Sure, the lo-fi indie-rock sound of *Dead Petz* is a far cry from the expensive pop-polish of *Bangerz*—the album that spawned radio and YouTube megahits “We Can’t Stop” and “Wrecking Ball”—but over the past two years, Cyrus has been taking her public image in a decidedly more psychedelic direction, with the Flaming Lips front man Wayne Coyne playing a sort of dystopian version of what the Maharishi was to the Beatles. Some of the left turns Cyrus has taken since *Bangerz* have been quite fruitful: Her advocacy work for homeless and LGBTQ youth, bolstered by her Happy Hippie Foundation, feels refreshingly genuine; her musical web series *Backyard Sessions* has featured great collaborative performances with the likes of Joan Jett and Laura Jane Grace from Against Me!, showcasing the rockish grit that was always lying dormant in Cyrus’s voice.

Miley Cyrus & Her Dead Petz is the logical result of all these transformations. Released outside her label deal with RCA and produced largely by Coyne and his band of merry pranksters, *Dead Petz* seems to have been envisioned as a bold declaration of creative independence from the pop game—a handwritten, doodled-upon love letter to freedom in all its forms. Unfortunately, Cyrus too often sounds like she’s recycling the old, generic signifiers of freedom and rebellion, rather than rebelling against anything specific and identifiable. “Yeah, I smoke pot! Yeah, I love peace!” she chants on the album’s garish opening track, “Dooo It.” The whole thing feels like a missed opportunity to actually make a statement. A friend pointed out that we should cut Cyrus some slack because she made this record during the years that, had the former *Hannah Montana* star had anything resembling a normal childhood, she would have spent in college, ripping bong hits and musing about the cosmos. That makes sense. *Dead*

Petz often feels like the sonic equivalent of a John Lennon dorm-room poster, purchased from the campus store with a parent’s (or perhaps, in this case, an eccentric uncle’s) credit card.

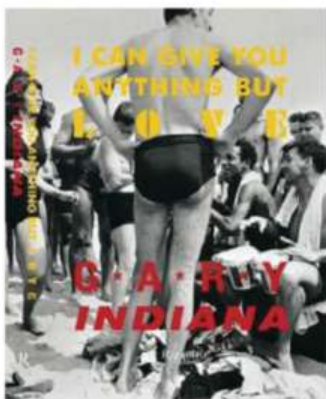
Maybe that’s too harsh. I don’t want to write the whole project off, because there are moments where Coyne’s influence benefits Cyrus. A few of these songs, taken out of context, are lovely. “Karen Don’t Be Sad” is simple, glum, and sweet—a Beatles-esque ballad that sounds like the Lips had Miley fronted them circa *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots* (you know, back when she was 9). “Slab of Butter (Scorpion),” which features Sarah Barthel from NYC electronic duo Phantogram, recalls the spacey, collagelike funk of Beck’s *Midnite Vultures*. But one of the record’s highest points (do I even need to say “pun intended”) is “Lighter,” a collaboration with her *Bangerz* producer Mike Will Made It. It’s a shape-shifting, atmospheric take on an ’80s power ballad—think Berlin’s “Take My Breath Away” with a body high—that contains some of the record’s sharpest (only?) emotional insight. “I heard we never truly see ourselves,” Cyrus sings over pulsing synths. “You gotta leave it up to someone else to know how beautiful you really are.”

But on the whole, *Dead Petz* is a difficult record to enjoy—or even endure. This is not so much because of its willfully amateurish sound (which, on songs like the scrappy-pop “I Forgive Yiew,”

has a certain charm) but because of a strange conservatism it projects onto the listener, whom Cyrus presumes to be offended by her “adversarial” identity of weed-smoking, acid-dropping, sexually active “fweak” (her spelling). But unintentionally, this conservatism reflects back onto her. *Dead Petz* is a record that presents “liking to get fucked up” as an unchangeable facet of identity rather than a transient phase that almost every young-adult human goes through; it treats sex and drugs as things to giggle about (Cyrus lets no opportunity to make a weed joke pass her by: “You take me higher than I’ve been before/ Don’t laugh when I say that ’cuz we just smoked a bowl”) rather than pretty mundane aspects of adult life. There’s an unchecked impulse toward juvenilia running through this record. The song “BB Talk”—a weird, overshare-y ballad making fun of a lover who likes to indulge in baby talk—is deeply ironic, because Cyrus is often guilty of just that: Look no further than “Milky Milky Milk,” a borderline-unlistenable song about sucking somebody’s nipples, which slows down the title phrase to an embarrassingly goofy repeated refrain. And with all due respect for the soul of Floyd Cyrus, *Dead Petz*’s musings on spirituality are equally puerile—about as deep as a freshly knotted Kabbalah bracelet. There is a song called “Miley Tibetan Bowlzzz” (get it?!), which features Cyrus chanting “om” and someone playing Tibetan bowls. The sun is just a giant spaceship tangerine, we are informed at one point. An unfaithful lover is warned: “You’re lucky I’m doing my yoga or you might be dead.” At nearly every stretch, *Miley Cyrus & Her Dead Petz* sounds like Madonna’s *Ray of Light* would have had it been made by a 14-year-old who just downloaded Audacity.

In a New York Times interview about the making of *Dead Petz*, Cyrus said her team of advisers “said they’d never seen someone at my level, especially a woman, have this much freedom. I literally can do whatever I want.” Absolute creative freedom is appealing in theory, but in practice it often leads to unlistenable self-indulgence, the kind into which *Dead Petz* too often slips. Still, I don’t think it’s exactly the career-killer some people will want to label it; I suspect it’s something Cyrus had to get out of her system before finding a more mature middle ground between shapelessness and structure. Maybe next time she’ll take what she’s found out there in the cosmos and turn it into something we can all enjoy. ■





BOOKS / CHRISTIAN LORENTZEN

Gary Indiana's Material

A memoir, minus nostalgia, from the drifter punk savage.



WRITERS HAVE A HARD time controlling what they're known for: It could be the wrong book, or no book at all, but instead some provocation, feud, love affair, scandal, or autopsy. In his new memoir, *I Can Give You Anything But Love*, Gary Indiana laments that a younger reporter profiling him seems mostly interested in "the art criticism I wrote for three years in the mid-1980s ... a bunch of yellowing newspaper columns I never republished and haven't cared about for a second since writing them a quarter century ago." A memoir, of course, is an opportunity to shift the emphasis. But it's no surprise that a crucial player in the East Village art scene of the '80s—an era that's attracted acute nostalgia as one of the last gasps of downtown authenticity and a phase when there were still giants in the pages of *The Village Voice*—would be identified with that time. The cultural appetite for the bygone Manhattan is evident in the laurels and big advances for touristic historical novels like Rachel Kushner's *The Flamethrowers* and Garth Risk Hallberg's upcoming *City on Fire*.

Indiana, by contrast, is the real animal. But nostalgia isn't part of his equation. He's the author of seven novels and a prolific essayist and critic; he's been a playwright, stage director, and film actor; he's been exhibiting his visual art for a decade or so. You don't need a complete knowledge of his works to see that his novels

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mark him as an inheritor of the Burroughs strain in American fiction. That's the strain that breaks or simply ignores middle-class taboos; embraces narcotics and all kinds of sex; takes an interest in the uglier emotions, like disgust, shame, and hatred; applies actual pressure to American myths (the Western, the P.I., the gangster); has recourse to science fiction and narrative fracture; keeps its eye on the varieties of societal control (family, state, corporation, media); and doesn't shy away from anything that might be mistaken for sin. Indiana's also a writer of significant stylistic range. There's miles between the baroque paranoid pastiche of his most recent novel, *The Shanghai Gesture* (2009), a heady reimagining of Fu Manchu in a seaside town afflicted by an epidemic of narcolepsy, and the speedy realism of *Resentment: A Comedy* (1997), a Dos Passos-goes-to-Hollywood panorama of the Menendez brothers, faded starlets, the AIDS plague, and the dawn of sex on the internet. The sturdy prose of *I Can Give You Anything But Love*, a mosaic of a nascent writer's worldly education with occasional outings to the pistol range of memory, falls somewhere in between. "People like us are lucky because every shitty thing that happens to us is just more material," Indiana has recalled Burroughs telling him, and plenty of shitty things happened to Indiana as a boy in backwoods New Hampshire: "In the 1950s ... where I came from, if something awful happened to you, you sucked it up, regardless what 'it' was."

Formally, *I Can Give You Anything But Love* runs mostly on two tracks. Each of its 16 chapters opens with Indiana at work on the book in Cuba, where he's lived intermittently for the past decade and a half, then shifts to his youth. He writes about Havana ("built for giant people with histrionic lives, the bygone lives portrayed in the Brazilian telenovelas everybody watches here"); its nightlife, beaches, and sex workers; his friends and lovers on the island. Like Indiana's other books, the memoir takes sex as an essential part of life, and his writing about it has a matter-of-fact directness that pays the reader the compliment of being treated like a confidant.

Indiana's account of his early life picks up in California, "in the long rancid afterglow of the summer of love ... The hippie saturnalia had continued as a sinister Halloween parody of itself, featuring overdoses and rip-offs and sudden flashes of violence." Indiana dropped out of Berkeley and passed through a series of communes flavored with Trotskyites, lectures by Herbert Marcuse, scream therapy, and peyote, until he fell in with Ferd Eggan, a former civil-rights activist and future AIDS activist who at the time was directing a narrative porn film, *The*

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Straight Banana. Indiana moved into the commune where Ferd lived with his girlfriend, Carol. Ferd was the scene's charismatic bisexual ringmaster who "shot smack more as a fashion statement than to quell an actual addiction"; Carol "had the vibe of somebody who'd lived the nightmare in a big expensive way ... implacable enough to launch a military coup in South America ... a vulpine den mother to a shifting cast of acolytes and hangers-on." The 19-year-old Indiana found himself enthralled with their mix of experience, intellectualism, and avant-garde connections—Carol supposedly knew Kenneth Anger and Andy Warhol and might have been Lenny Bruce's ex. But some shitty things happened, and after he was raped brutally by a biker in the commune's basement, he shipped back East.

He didn't stay long: "Boston. A mean, provincial town with a heart of shit." It was soon back to California, this time Los Angeles. In his mid-20s, Indiana moved between the punk scene, the gay bars, the piano-bar circuit, a day job at a grim Legal Aid office in Watts, and a night job at a Westwood art cinema.

I live in a goulash of stalled creative yearnings, surges of paranoia, fits of depression, frequent spells of drugged euphoria. "I" is a blur, something like photo paper in a

developing tray. I swallow speed each morning in place of a vitamin pill. I hear voices. I talk into a tape recorder driving to work, preserving logorrheic routines in my head. I'm inhabited by a cast of characters sucked from outer space by amphetamines.

In L.A., Indiana lived on the fourth floor of the Bryson Apartments, then owned by Fred MacMurray and possessed of "the seedy desuetude of a James M. Cain novel." His fellow tenants could have been escapees from the Manson Family or a Tennessee Williams play; one expressed a practitioner's interest in necrophilia; everyone seemed to want to bum a ride. His sometime boyfriend was an emotionally unavailable exterminator. Ferd and Carol turned up in town, and Ferd talked Indiana into holding a trunk that might have held his radical gay commune's weapons cache.

After flipping over his VW off the 101, he came to the East Village, where he's lived for most of the past 36 years and made his career, a phase almost entirely elided in *I Can Give You Anything But Love* (but drawn on as a fictional landscape in early novels like *Horse Crazy* and recalled in stray essays). The exceptions are spiky portraits of his late friends Susan Sontag and Kathy Acker. Of a preening novelist he and Acker appear with on a PEN panel, she says,

"He's going to pull an American flag out of his ass and fart 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in a minute." Indiana mentions a couple of his and Acker's "little skirmishes" but concludes: "Ultimately we were against the same things and up against the same clubby establishment."

Sontag was a creature of that Establishment, its voracious (usually distant) star-making mascot: "On one hand, I was grateful for a friend whose appetite for reading was even larger than my own," Indiana writes. "On the other, I found her mentoring urge, expressed in the pushy demand that I absorb any arcane cultural phenomenon she happened to think of, an oppressive generosity." His catalogue of her flaws is in the end a sympathetic one: After all, it was her "misfortune to live in a country that cares less about intellectuals than it does about the ash content of dog food."

Or the sort of country that lets Gary Indiana's novels go out of print. (Semiotext[e] is bringing them back, starting next month with *Resentment*.) But so it goes. The places in this book have vanished, too. Even Havana, as he writes, is going the way of the iPad and the credit card. Indiana isn't particularly nostalgic or particularly proud of his youth: "Like everything irreversible and embarrassing, I'd like to remember it differently." ■

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TWENTY-FIVE
THINGS TO SEE,
HEAR, WATCH,
AND READ.

SEPTEMBER 9-23

POP

1. See Madonna

Her music still makes the people come together.

Madison Square Garden, September 16 and 17.

Is this year's *Rebel Heart* the best Madonna album? No way. Is her live show so consistently spectacular that it doesn't even matter which record she's touring? Duh. LINDSAY ZOLADZ

MOVIES

2. See Z for Zachariah

Not the end of the world.

In theaters.

Even if you're burned out from too many post-apocalypse movies, make room for this delicately calibrated, pointedly unsensational drama anchored by Chiwetel Ejiofor, in a frighteningly complex, award-caliber performance. He plays an engineer who stumbles onto the mysteriously un-poisoned farmstead of a religious young woman (a miscast Margot Robbie, who nonetheless pulls it off) whose family has disappeared. Prepare to have your sympathies upended—shatteringly.

DAVID EDELSTEIN

ART

3. See Mike Kelley

Imagining imaginary realms.

Hauser & Wirth, through October 24.

This is the first exhibition in New York to concentrate solely on Kelley's glorious *Kandors* (named for Superman's birthplace, the capital of Krypton). These eerily lit sculptures and wild videos glow with surreal wonder and material wisdom—once you see them, you'll understand why Kelley is among the most influential artists of the last 25 years.

JERRY SALTZ

BOOKS

4. Read The Last Love Song: A Biography of Joan Didion

Revisiting all that.

St. Martin's Press.

Tracy Daugherty has the confidence to write an unauthorized book on a living person that trawls not just for gossip (though there's plenty on Didion's mostly charmed life and its late unraveling) but for connection and, ultimately, meaning. He gets friends talking, and he nails the ways in which history and culture shaped a writer who returned the favor. BORIS KACHKA

TV

5. Watch The Mindy Project

A heroic rescue.

Hulu, September 15.

Mindy lives! *The Mindy Project* got the ax from Fox at the end of last season, but Hulu swooped in to save the sartorial queen, and thank God. The fate of Baby Lahiri-Castellano rests in Hulu's hands now.

MARGARET LYONS

CLASSICAL MUSIC

6. Hear The New York Philharmonic

Like the fanciest drive-in.

Avery Fisher Hall, September 18, 19, and 21.

There's no fidelity higher than live, and until you've experienced Bernstein's music for *On the Waterfront* or Rota's for *The Godfather* played by a high-caliber orchestra sitting beneath the screen, those scores remain mere soundtracks. The Phil's "Art of the Score" Hollywood festival brings that music into three dimensions.

JUSTIN DAVIDSON

THEATER

7. Listen to Patti LuPone's Matters of the Heart

Real Emotional Girl.

Broadway Records, September 18.

Patti LuPone's studio recordings swing between demure and explosive; *Matters of the Heart*, her 1999 album of love songs from Rodgers to Sondheim to Newman, is, thrillingly, both. It gets a crystalline reissue from new-label-on-the-block Broadway Records.

JESSE GREEN

MULTIMEDIA EXTRAVAGANZA

8. See Tree of Codes

Branching out.

Park Avenue Armory, September 14 through 21.

Throwing a slew of creative minds together for a collaborative work doesn't always make for a cohesive result, but this multifaceted piece of dance-music-theater seems better conceived than most: Based on Jonathan Safran Foer's novel-as-sculpture, it'll blend contemporary ballet by Wayne McGregor with Jamie xx's woozily atmospheric music and a dreamy stage environment by Olafur Eliasson.

REBECCA MILZOFF

BOOKS

9. Go to Brooklyn Book Festival

Page-turners all around the borough.

Various venues, September 14 through 21;

see brooklynbookfestival.org.

Bibliophiles won't know where to turn first at the annual literary lovefest ("bookend" events range from a chat with city restaurateurs to a tribute to a Harlem Renaissance poet), but the main event on September 20 is a must: a day chock-full of readings and conversations, featuring the likes of Dennis Lehane talking about families and crime and Joyce Carol Oates reading from her most recent work.

CABARET

10. Hear Brandon Victor Dixon

Stepping center stage.

Joe's Pub, September 21.

Dixon may have matinee-idol looks, but he's no spotlight-hogging traditional star: His silky voice and sensual presence seem to casually sneak up on audiences before charming them. He'll own the stage here, singing original songs and the kind of soulful tunes that won him a Tony nom for *The Color Purple*.

OPERA

11. Hear Otello

Sans face paint.

Metropolitan Opera, opens September 21.

The Met's strategy of recruiting Broadway talent doesn't always pay off, but Bartlett Sher has become a regular. For the season opener, he pivots from Rodgers and Hammerstein's racial musical comedy *The King and I* to Verdi's racial musical drama, with tenor Aleksandrs Antonenko playing the title role in his natural paleface—a novelty at the Met.

J.D.

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ART/BOOKS

12. **Read** **Every Person in New York**

You might be in there too.

Chronicle Books.

Jason Polan's idiosyncratic drawn catalogue gives us modern life on the streets of the big city: wee, twee sketches with a jittery hand, jerky line, and teeny scale. He captures the manic oversaturation of detail on sidewalks and subways with the observational skills of a savant (and, it turns out, he's drawn me on more than one occasion). **J.S.**



WHAT TO SEE: FALL BROADWAY WEEK

NYC & Company's annual fall-doldrums deal offers two-for-one tickets to 22 shows; Jesse Green recommends five to catch.

SHOW	IT'S...	BRING...
Hand to God	A dark comedy about a possessed sock puppet.	Your clergyman.
Spring Awakening	Deaf West Theatre's reimagining of the 2006 teen-angst musical.	Someone fluent in American Sign Language.
Beautiful	The 2014 Tony-winning musical about Carole King.	Someone over 50.
Fun Home	The 2015 Tony-winning musical about coming out.	Your bachelor uncle.
The Lion King	The eye-popping 1997 Disney warhorse.	Your own little Simba.

September 7 through 20; go to nycgo.com/broadwayweek for details.

THEATER

13. & 14. **See** **Mamma Mia!** **and Hedwig and the Angry Inch**

Farewell to the dancing queens.

Broadhurst Theatre, through September 12;
Belasco Theatre, through September 13.

One came from Sweden via London; one from Berlin via Off-Off Broadway. Both close this month. Catch the super-trouser *Mamma Mia!* (more than 6,000 performances) and the wicked little *Hedwig* (about 500, and ending with Taye Diggs in the title role) on their way out the door. **J.G.**

POP

15. **Go to** **Basilica Soundscape**

Worth the trip.

Basilica Hudson, September 11 through 13.

Consider this always smartly curated "anti-festival" a welcome upstate respite from the kind of sensory overload most music fests generate: One band plays at a time, so you're free to discover new favorites, whether it's enchanting singer Lydia Ainsworth, pummeling noise-rockers Health, or haunted crooner Perfume Genius. **L.Z.**

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE



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CLASSICAL MUSIC

16. **Hear** Arvo Pärt at 80

Transcendental music.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, September 11.

No living composer has made more poetic use of reverberant spaces than the Estonian guru of holy minimalism. The Met celebrates his 80th birthday in its stoniest, glassiest, most high-ceilinged space: the Temple of Dendur, an ideal setting to absorb Pärt's open chords and sacramental pace. **J.D.**

MOVIES

17. **Watch** The Mend

A fascinating first feature.

VOD, September 22.

John Magary's wild, riveting tale of two brothers—one a carefree and careless screwup, the other a buttoned-up lawyer—is one of the year's most infectiously watchable films: What it leaves out is as fascinating as what it leaves in. **BILGE EBIRI**

THEATER

18. **See** The Ignite Series

They write the songs.

The TimesCenter, September 12 at 8 p.m.

Prospect Theater Company, which already does so much for new musicals, turns its attention to emerging musical writers Jeff Blumenkrantz, Marcy Heisler and Zina Goldrich, Peter Mills, and more. **J.G.**

MOVIES

19. **See** Cooley High

Looking back at a landmark film.

Museum of the Moving Image, September 13.

In 1975, when black mainstream cinema meant blaxploitation, Michael Schultz's *Cooley High* (set in 1964) was a complex tragicomedy about two Near North Side Chicago high-school kids (Glynn Turman and Lawrence Hilton-Jacobs) hanging out, partying, looking to meet girls—and becoming suspects in a car theft. With its infectious Motown soundtrack, the film meant so much to so many—and director Schultz will be on hand to say how and why at this 40th-anniversary celebration. **D.E.**

ART

20. **See** Keltie Ferris

Vibrating with psychic verve.

Mitchell-Innes & Nash,
September 10 through October 17.

Ferris's large paintings wow with vibrant psychedelic color that looks like it comes from a Popsicle factory. These abstract compositions morph between splotches, pockmarks, and aberrant shapes, suggesting this artist is bound for big things. **J.S.**

POP

21. **Listen** to Maddie & Tae

An auspicious beginning.

Dot Records.

Last year, Maddie Marlow and Tae Dye broke through with "Girl in a Country Song," slyly lampooning bro-country. Their debut album, *Start Here*, full of earnest tunes about balancing teenage dreams with adult expectations, makes a very real bid to fill Taylor Swift's cowboy boots with some of the year's best vocal harmonies.

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MOVIES

22. See Vittorio De Sica

A maestro on- and offscreen.

Film Forum, September 9 through October 8.

Known mainly for transforming world cinema with the neorealist classics *Bicycle Thieves* and *Shoeshine*, director Vittorio De Sica had a staggeringly diverse career, making everything from bubbly, star-studded comedies to sweaty melodramas to lush period pieces. This retrospective takes in his full range, including his work as an actor. **B.E.**



HOW TO LISTEN TO: CARLY RAE JEPSEN'S 'EMOTION'

Lindsay Zoladz guides you through key tracks.

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| 1. Get swept up by ... | ➡ | Dreamy, sax-kissed anthem "Run Away With Me" |
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| 3. Exorcise resulting heartbreak with ... | ➡ | Robyn-esque "Your Type" |
| 4. Laugh it off with ... | ➡ | Sassy, knowing "Boy Problems" |

TV

23. Watch The 67th Primetime Emmy Awards

Will Don Draper be remembered?

Fox, September 20 at 8 p.m.

It's *Mad Men*'s last hurrah at the Emmys, and while the show has won for best drama, none of its performers has ever won an acting Emmy. C'mon, Television Academy! Give Jon Hamm his due! (Andy Samberg hosts.) **M.L.**

NEW MUSIC

24. Hear Sarah Kirkland Snider's *Unremembered*

Pretty memorable.

New Amsterdam Records.

The composer Sarah Kirkland Snider is a refreshingly slow worker: She spent four years weaving the richly textured polychrome tapestry of this new recording. Silver threads of medievalish counterpoint twist together with twinkling electronics, *faux* folk tunes, vintage pop melodies, and avant-garde choral techniques to create an intricately magical landscape. **J.D.**

BOOKS

25. Read Elisabeth Egan's *A Window Opens*

A timely tome.

Simon & Schuster.

Diving headfirst into the territory where the having-it-all quandary meets the roman à clef, Egan draws on her suburban life, her former job at *Self*, and her brief stint at Amazon for a funny and surprisingly wise work, favoring cleverness and precision over cartoon villainy and keeping her heart tucked under her sleeve. **B.K.**



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

to move its peak-emissions date up to 2025 by the Paris conference.

When the Chinese government announced its participation in the bilateral agreement, American conservatives rolled their eyes. Their skepticism that China would curtail its emissions rested upon the premise that maintaining its prosperity required it to burn ever-increasing amounts of dirty energy, forever. “China almost certainly won’t take significant steps to reduce carbon emission,” explained *National Review*. “That’s because the legitimacy of the Chinese Communist party’s government rests squarely on economic development. Energy—often produced by dirty coal—allows that economic development to occur, lifting millions out of hand-to-mouth poverty.” This analysis relied upon a fatally flawed assumption: that producing more energy required producing more carbon emissions. China is finding ways to produce more energy with less carbon. The ratio of carbon emissions to energy produced is called “carbon intensity,” and China’s carbon-intensity ratio has dropped precipitously. In 2009, China promised to reduce its carbon intensity by 45 percent from its 2005 level by 2020. It is well on track to achieve this (it’s already down 34 percent), and is now promising to deepen the cut to 60 or 65 percent—evidence that China has begun thinking seriously and practically about what it will mean to steward the majority of the world’s future population.

The energy revolution in China has laid the groundwork for a future scarcely anybody could have imagined just a few years ago. For most of the 1.3 billion people globally without access to electricity, building new solar power is already cheaper than fossil-fuel generation. And so, the possibility has come into view that, just as the developing world is skipping landlines and moving straight into cellular communication, it will forgo the dirty-energy path and follow a clean one. The global poor can create a future of economic growth for themselves without burning the world.

That is the achievable—truly achievable!—task now before the world as its leaders gather in Paris. For the first time,

countries are negotiating an agreement while both revolutions, political and technological, are under way and mutually reinforcing. The plummeting financial cost of renewable energy has decreased the political cost for leaders of the developing world. And the agreement between the U.S. and China—the respective leaders of the developed and the developing worlds—has set a template whose particulars can be strengthened over time.

In advance of the conference, the outlines of a rough global consensus have come into view. Brazil has pledged to ramp up its renewable-energy production and to prevent further destruction of its rain forests, which help trap carbon. South Korea has promised a 37 percent cut in its emissions by 2030. India, a poorer country than China that emits one-tenth as much carbon per person as the U.S., has not yet committed to a firm date when its carbon emissions will peak. But it quintupled its target for installing new solar power, and its political leaders have embraced progressive climate views.

The West has responded in kind. The European Union has pledged to cut 40 percent (from its 1990 level). Pope Francis’s public embrace of climate change as a life-or-death issue has affirmed its place as a shared global vision. No government in the world has challenged either the existence of anthropogenic global warming or the urgent need to bring the world together to halt it. And Obama’s increasingly visible crusading for action, including his recent trip to Alaska, is the action of a president who realizes his legacy could not be rescued from a failure in Paris and who has the conviction that failure cannot and will not happen. Almost one century ago, a conference in Paris (Versailles, actually) doomed the world to its darkest moment. The stage is now set for a conference in Paris that will alter the course of human history for the better.

IF THIS SOUNDS surprisingly optimistic, that may be because you reside in a highly peculiar place: the United States of America. If there is a single vantage point from which the new global consensus on climate change is least evident, other than perhaps Saudi Arabia, it is the U.S. In a survey last year of 20 countries, the U.S. had the highest proportion of citizens who disagree that climate change is the result of human activity. And that is not because the U.S. is especially abundant in fossil fuels, or unusually removed from the effects of a changing climate, but because one of our two major parties is completely *sui generis*. From 2001 to 2010, a period when the scientific community grew more certain that heat-

trapping gases were warming the atmosphere, the proportion of Republicans who believe the effects of climate change had already set in actually declined from 50 percent to 30 percent.

The unique quality of the Republican Party’s climate doctrine can be found not in its Donald Trumps and its Ted Cruzes but in their putatively sane competitors in the 2016 presidential primary. “I do not believe that human activity is causing these dramatic changes to our climate the way these scientists are portraying it,” said Marco Rubio last year. A spokesman for Scott Walker asserted recently that the governor “believes facts have shown that there has not been any measurable warming in the last 15 or 20 years.” Even John Kasich, who has carved a niche on the far-left wing of his party’s presidential field for refusing to boycott the Medicaid expansion in Obamacare, has dismissed the scientific consensus as “some theory that’s not proven.” Jeb Bush has tried to dodge. “I’m a skeptic. I’m not a scientist. I think the science has been politicized,” he scoffed in 2009. His view has since hardened. “For the people to say the science is decided on this is really arrogant,” he asserted earlier this year.

And the tenor of Republican thinking below the level of presidential candidates is cruder still. Dana Rohrabacher, a member of the House Committee on Science and Technology, has claimed “global warming is a total fraud.” Lamar Smith, the chairman of that committee, has mocked the “malfunctioning climate models” designed by “climate alarmists.” James Inhofe, chairman of the Senate Committee on Environment and Public Works, is the author of a 2012 book titled *The Greatest Hoax: How the Global Warming Conspiracy Threatens Your Future*. Conservative states have refused to entertain plans for the inevitable disappearance of their coastlines; some have even banned the use of the term “climate change.” Prestigious intellectuals in the conservative movement, like George Will, preach conspiratorial pseudoscientific theories.

The U.S. is the only democracy in which such a consensus can be found. (Even the conservative ruling party in coal-rich Australia is submitting proposals to reduce its carbon emissions.) Eileen Claussen, former president of the Pew Center on Global Climate Change, told *National Journal* that, while some individuals in other countries question climate science, there is “no party-wide view like this anywhere in the world that I am aware of.” The Republican Party’s complete refusal to accept any limits on greenhouse-gas emissions whatsoever is an unspoken force shaping the Paris negotia-

tions. The outcome cannot be written as a formal treaty, since treaties require approval by the Senate, and Senate approval requires Republicans. Instead, the agreement will take the form of legally nonbinding pledges, which the U.N. is calling “intended nationally determined contributions,” enforced by international diplomatic pressure. The entire world is, in essence, tiptoeing gingerly around the unhinged second-largest political party in the world’s second-largest greenhouse-gas emitter, in hopes of saving the world behind its back.

Of course, it is unfortunate for the future of mankind that climate-change denialism has surfaced as a regional quirk in the most powerful country on Earth. The fossil-fuel industry has invested heavily in U.S. politics and can surely take some credit for the Republican Party’s positions, but conservative resentment of climate science is more deeply rooted and pathological than economic influence can fully explain. Conservative distrust of the scientific community has steadily increased over the last four decades. Even as the coal industry has collapsed, and American solar firms now employ twice as many people, the Republican affiliation with coal as a cherished way of life has deepened. Conservatives’ association of science with the liberal agenda has hardened Republican resolve to do nothing to limit climate change, which has, in turn, deepened the association of science with the liberal agenda. Increasing evidence of climate change does not halt this vicious cycle. It may actually accelerate it by fomenting resentment. An alarming social study from June found that climate skeptics who read reports about natural disasters were less likely to favor helping the victims if the story connected the disaster to climate change.

The Republican view that climate change is uncertain, overblown, or nonexistent has run alongside a long-standing skepticism about international diplomacy. Conservatives treat the prospect of a global agreement to limit emissions as not merely a challenge (which it is) but a conceptual impossibility. The presumed impossibility of getting other countries in general, and China in particular, to cut back on greenhouse gases featured heavily in Republican denunciations of cap and trade during Obama’s first two years. They have greeted China’s agreement to do this very thing with scorn. When Obama negotiated his bilateral pledge with China last year, conservatives howled, predicting disaster. But they were unable to thwart the deal, and now they dismiss China’s emissions pledges as too easy to fulfill. (Senate Majority Leader Mitch McConnell scoffed that last November’s deal “requires the Chinese to do nothing at all for 16 years.”) Or else, too

difficult. (“China’s commitment to reduce carbon emissions is unattainable and unrealistic,” wrote Inhofe.) Or they have simply carried on as if China had made no changes to its behavior at all. (Marco Rubio, this summer: “As far as I can see, China and India and other developing countries are going to continue to burn anything they can get their hands on.”)

Republicans have set out to induce the result they predict, warning foreign leaders that Obama will not be able to carry out his promises. After Obama formally submitted the U.S.’s proposed emission reductions to the United Nations, McConnell drafted a letter urging the world not to believe him. “Considering that two-thirds of the U.S. federal government hasn’t even signed off on the Clean Power Plan and 13 states have already pledged to fight it,” he wrote, “our international partners should proceed with caution before entering into a binding, unattainable deal.” This was an American official warning other countries to “proceed with caution” before *negotiating with the U.S.*

The Republican plan to destroy the global climate accord involves domestic sabotage as well. The congressional wing will attach to budget bills to fund the government new rules forbidding the EPA from carrying out its regulations. (Obama will veto any such bills, making them a futile symbolic gesture.) Conservatives have also filed suit to block the EPA’s regulations, a somewhat more dangerous possibility, but—given that the Supreme Court has already ordered the White House to regulate carbon—not likely to inflict fatal damage.

By far the most effective weapon at the GOP’s disposal is its prospect of winning the 2016 election. Jeffrey Holmstead, formerly the chief air regulator at the EPA under the Bush administration and now an energy lobbyist, boasts, “Any Republican candidate that I can imagine would very quickly just rescind the Clean Power Plan.” Jeb Bush has called it “irresponsible” and “overreaching”; Rubio called it “catastrophic.” They are the relative moderates on the issue—Scott Walker has not only rejected the plan but also promised to eliminate all federal regulation of the environment, except for a small handful of intrastate disputes.

And so the world is racing to decarbonize before the Republican Party—as constituted in its current, delirious form—can regain power over the U.S. With the GOP as unpopular as ever, the rest of the planet has a tenuous upper hand. At some point, perhaps only a few years from now, decarbonization will have gained irreversible momentum, strengthening the economic power of the green-energy lobby and weakening the power of the fossil-fuel lobby. And maybe, eventually, the Republican Party will

give up its affinity for unlimited carbon emissions, just as it is surrendering on gay marriage. In the meantime, the 2016 election threatens to ruin the new global consensus on climate change. The concentration of American climate policy in the Executive branch, the GOP’s descent into madness, and the sudden attainability of international cooperation have all raised the planetary stakes of the presidential election beyond anything in previous experience.

IF THE PARIS talks succeed, will the world have acted fully and promptly to limit climate change before it’s too late? The atmosphere has already warmed by one degree Celsius since the end of the 19th century. Climate change has already begun. Even if the world could eliminate all fossil-fuel use tomorrow, the amount of carbon already in the atmosphere will create, and is already creating, disruption, havoc, and death. Even if the world halted all greenhouse-gas emissions *today*, it would be, by the standard of perfection, too late.

Besides, the target the world has set for measuring success—holding increased global temperature to no more than two degrees Celsius—is merely a guess at salvation. Exactly how much carbon dioxide can we pump into the air and stay under two degrees? Scientists estimate that figure is 450 parts per million, but that is only an estimate; 450 parts per million could produce less warming or more.

And is under two degrees the safety zone? That is also a guess, and it’s an even less precise one. Projecting how human life would change in a world of two-degree warming imagines a vast and complex calculation of natural events that can be predicted hazily: heat waves, drought, animal-species extinctions, and extreme weather. Then you have possible human responses that can only be guessed at wildly, like an increase in refugees, political instability, resource wars. Climate change is not a risk like the danger of wandering up to the edge of a cliff in the darkness, where you either remain safe or plunge to your demise. A rise of 1.9 degrees does not mean salvation, and 2.1 degrees does not mean doom. It is a problem of gradations of suffering and expense—but remaining on the lowest possible point on that terrifying, unknowable scale is a question literally of life or death.

Yet misleading metaphors have dominated our thinking about the problem. Is it too late? Have we reached a point of no return? All-or-nothing thinking can be a useful tool for communicating urgency to the public, just as one would communicate the urgency of a war or a clarifying indication of

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political commitment. But it has also become a trap into which many of us—especially environmentalists—have fallen. In truth, the fight to save the Earth from climate change is not something that will be “won” or “lost.” Climate change is a problem of risk management, albeit on a planetary scope.

The most pressing danger is not the likely scenario of what unabated emissions would do—which is bad enough—but the less likely, yet far from impossible, versions, if it turns out that a given level of atmospheric carbon produces more warming than scientists estimate. Unabated, greenhouse-gas emissions could easily produce a much higher spike than forecast. Warmer temperatures might create new effects of their own, like the melting of the permafrost in the Siberian tundra, releasing vast stores of carbon and creating still more heat. The predictions of what happens if humanity cooks the planet entail high levels of uncertainty. Scientists guess that failing to control emissions poses about a 10 percent chance of creating a rise in global temperatures that would make human life as we know it unrecognizable. Americans would rightly consider a 10 percent chance of nuclear war unacceptably

large. Even if all the Paris talks do is simply eliminate the risk of the all-too-thinkable worst-case scenario, it would constitute a monumental achievement in the history of human civilization, like the development of modern medicine.

The danger of black-and-white moralism is that it can be paralyzing. Ironically, the despair of the left has one quality in common with the denial of the right: They are both coping mechanisms. Denial is conservatism’s way of avoiding the collision between its belief that governmental power over the economy must not be extended and the likely truth that climate change is a problem that can only be solved through more government. Despair is a means of coping with the contradiction between the awesome scale of the climate crisis and the paucity of political tools to solve it. Both render us passive bystanders to history and, by hiding our agency, distort our vision of the world. An inability to parse degrees of too little and too late can blind you to something revolutionary and historic taking place.

Perhaps this is the best way to judge the world’s efforts in Paris: How does the outcome stack up against where the world

stood a few years ago? After the 2010 collapse of Obama’s attempt to pass a cap-and-trade bill, the world appeared well and truly doomed. China was burning everything, the rest of the developed world was ready to follow along, and the U.S. had no obvious path to get its emissions under control.

Since that point, the long-awaited green revolution has finally arrived. Both energy technology and cooperative international willpower, mired for years in stasis, have been set into furious motion. The negotiators have constructed a different dynamic this time. Rather than set overall limits and require reductions of every country, they will get individual countries to set their own targets. The opening bids by the U.S., China, and Brazil have been an encouraging start.

The limits agreed to at Paris will not be enough to spare the world mass devastation. But they are the beginning of a framework upon which progressively stronger requirements can be built over time. The willpower and innovation that have begun to work in tandem can continue to churn. Eventually the world will wean itself almost completely off carbon-based energy. There is, suddenly, hope. ■



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

served as a “spiritual adviser” to Michael Jackson but who now devotes much of his considerable energy to pro-Israel advocacy. In the past two years, Adelson has also given more than \$20 million to a group called the Israeli American Council (IAC), which was founded in 2007 in Los Angeles as an apolitical cultural organization for West Coast Israeli expats. Adelson, according to a person familiar with his thinking, intends to make IAC “a counterweight to AIPAC.” Thanks to Adelson’s donations, IAC has opened offices in Boston, Miami, New York, and Las Vegas; last November, the group held its inaugural Washington, D.C., conference, headlined by Mitt Romney, who had flown back from Alaska the previous week aboard one of Adelson’s private planes.

None of these organizations matches AIPAC’s pretense of bipartisanship, which suits some Jewish conservatives just fine. “You can be quote-unquote pro-Israel in AIPAC’s eyes without really doing a lot to be pro-Israel at moments of risk,” says Kristol. “At some point, you’re preserving bipartisanship at the expense of promoting the right policies.” This has been especially apparent, according to AIPAC’s conservative critics, in the fight over the Iran deal.

From the outside, it would seem that AIPAC has been as committed to defeating the Iran deal as any of the American Jewish groups to its right. AIPAC budgeted \$25 million for television ads attacking the deal and has flown in nearly a thousand of its members to Washington to lobby members of Congress to vote against it. Obama himself seemed to single out AIPAC when he complained to Jon Stewart about “the lobbyists” and “the money” opposing the deal. And yet, among some Jewish Republicans, there are complaints that AIPAC has still not done enough—most of all by not threatening to rescind its support of any Democrat who votes for the deal. “On their most important issue,” complains one prominent Jewish Republican, “you can make promises to them and break them, you can take their money and speak at their events and say

pro-Israel things and go around with the AIPAC stamp of approval and then totally fuck them—and it’s fine.” AIPAC’s apparent failure to scuttle the Iran deal is considered by some the greatest defeat in the group’s 60-year history.

But AIPAC’s struggles don’t necessarily mean Adelson has won. While its more conservative rival groups obviously benefit from the ideological space—to say nothing of the financial largesse—Adelson helped create when he broke with AIPAC, there’s a growing sense in the conservative pro-Israel world that the casino mogul’s political activities are ultimately counterproductive. The RJC, says one prominent Jewish conservative, “is like a tragedy. There should be a serious Republican Jewish organization, especially now, and it’s not serious. It’s basically become the vehicle for the Sheldon Adelson primary.” The IAC, meanwhile, remains a shadow of AIPAC. And Shmuley Boteach’s Adelson-backed political efforts are viewed by some as embarrassing, if not harmful. On the eve of AIPAC’s annual Washington conference in March, for instance, Boteach bought—with Adelson’s money, according to people familiar with the matter—a full-page advertisement in the *New York Times* accusing Obama’s national-security

adviser, Susan Rice, of seeking genocide against Israel by supporting an Iranian nuclear deal. The ad was subsequently denounced by multiple Jewish groups. “If anything, it backfired,” complains one prominent Jewish Republican. “It did something the Obama people haven’t been able to do, which is get every Jewish organization to defend them.”

It’s enough that some pro-Israel activists are ghoulishly counting the days until the octogenarian Adelson is no longer around, and Miriam, who won’t turn 70 until next year, controls the family’s purse strings. “Miriam may seek to build a more substantial institution,” predicts one political operative, who cites the Adelsons’ medical philanthropy, which Miriam spearheads, as a model of effective giving. “She’s a formidable person. The smart people are already courting her.” Another operative who has worked with the Adelsons is more succinct: “She’ll be alive a lot longer than he will, and she’ll have all that dough and she’s a lot more sane.”

ALREADY, IN THE 2016 race, Adelson is not the only donor at the GOP table. One relatively recent development is a new class of Orthodox Jews who, while not as wealthy as some of their less devout counterparts, are willing to part with a greater share of their fortunes. “There are a number of people who are writing \$50,000, \$100,000, \$250,000 checks to super-PACs,” explains Ronn Torossian, a New York public-relations consultant who is friendly with some of these Orthodox donors. “The concept of donating money to charity is one that they understand.”

The candidate who’s been most aggressive at tapping this new pool of money is Cruz. Earlier this year, Nick Muzin, a top Cruz aide who himself is Orthodox, arranged for his boss to be a featured guest at the Prime Passover Experience—a ten-day vacation package for observant Jews priced at up to \$11,000 per person at the St. Regis resort near Laguna Beach, California. There, Cruz gave an impassioned speech about Israel over a breakfast of smoked salmon and matzo brei, and he gamely played along when one of Prime Passover’s other featured guests, a mentalist, made Cruz part of his act. “I guessed the name of his first girlfriend,” recalls the mentalist, Lior Suchard. “He was blown away.”

And then there is Paul Singer, the New York hedge-fund billionaire whose support in this presidential campaign may be even more coveted than Adelson’s. Although Singer is best known in political circles for his efforts to get Republicans to

back gay marriage, Israel has taken on increasing importance for him in recent years. “He thinks Israel is under siege,” says one person close to Singer. The hedge funder’s net worth, at \$2.1 billion, pales in comparison with Adelson’s, but Singer has one thing Adelson lacks: lots of friends—very rich friends. A Republican operative explains, “He’s able to bring other major donors along with him who say to themselves, ‘Singer’s got this whole thing worked out. I trust him.’”

So, at the same time that the Adelson primary glitzy plays out in Las Vegas, the Singer primary is being held, more discreetly, in Manhattan. He has already hosted a series of private, off-the-record lunches at venues like the Metropolitan Club—attended by 50 to 100 of his wealthy and ideologically simpatico friends—for various Republican presidential candidates including Bush, Walker, Rubio, Chris Christie, and John Kasich. In fact, it was at one of Singer’s lunches that Bush made his remarks that his brother was his closest adviser on Israel.

Singer and Adelson are said to be personally friendly. Singer sits on the board of the RJC (although he doesn’t attend its Las Vegas confabs); when Adelson visits New York, he occasionally pays a visit to the offices of Singer’s hedge fund. They often support the same politicians. Like Adelson, Singer is said to be enamored of Rubio—who, along with Bush, is considered a favorite in the Singer primary—but there remains a gulf between them. Part of it is characterological. “Don’t forget, Paul Singer is a graduate of Harvard Law School,” says Elliott Abrams, the former State Department official who is friendly with both men. Unlike Adelson, Abrams says, Singer “is not a gunslinger.” Nor is he a fan of the spotlight. According to another Singer friend, the billionaire was unnerved this past summer when, after being in the news as a result of the Supreme Court’s gay-marriage ruling, he was recognized by a fellow patron in a New York City pizza parlor, who thanked him for his advocacy.

But the distance between Singer and Adelson is geographical as well. In New York, Singer is part of a community of megarich individuals who, in addition to donating to pro-Israel causes, also contribute to Juilliard and various cultural institutions. It’s a scene that’s a couple thousand miles—and a world away—from Adelson’s desert redoubt. “Sheldon’s just not part of a peer group,” says one person who knows both men. “He’s out in Vegas. I mean, who’s out there? Steve Wynn?”

In June, Adelson was joined at the Venetian by representatives of 50 Ameri-

can Jewish groups who’d been summoned to a two-day secret confab to present their ideas to Adelson, and a host of other wealthy Jewish donors, about how to combat the anti-Israel Boycott, Divestment, and Sanctions (BDS) movement on American college campuses. Adelson dubbed his effort the “Campus Maccabees”—in honor of the Jewish army in the Hanukkah story—and promised to bundle as much as \$50 million to the anti-BDS cause.

American Jewish groups have been working on campus-based anti-BDS efforts for several years, but Adelson’s interest is relatively new. According to one person who attended the Campus Maccabees event, Adelson’s interest is also intensely personal. This fall, Sheldon and Miriam’s son is heading off to college. “They’re completely panicked,” this person says. “They’ve protected this kid from toxic anti-Israel stuff, so they think, *We’ve got to fix BDS because our son is going to college*, and they’re scrambling to quote-unquote do something before he shows up at school.” The problem, argue some anti-BDS activists, is that Adelson’s approach will actually set back the anti-BDS cause. “You need a big tent,” says one activist who attended the conference, “and limiting it to students who want to call themselves Maccabees and who are being sponsored by a controversial right-wing billionaire is not going to be a successful approach on college campuses.”

Still, that view didn’t prevent several speakers at the conference from comparing Adelson to Judah Maccabee. When it was the modern-day Judah’s turn to address the gathering, shortly before he and Boteach hosted a Shabbat dinner, he walked onstage with the aid of a cane. He tried to sit down on a stool behind the podium, but the stool was too short for him to reach the microphone, so Adelson stood and spoke for several minutes, appearing increasingly uncomfortable, until an aide brought him a taller stool. At one point, according to one attendee, Adelson told the gathering, “Finally, donors are going to have a voice in how Jewish organizations are run.” The line was the subject of much discussion and ridicule among the attendees afterward. “The No. 1 complaint you hear from people in the Jewish world is that donors are too involved in the organizations,” says one attendee. “The reason organizations exist is to hire professionals to do the work donors can’t do themselves. You’d think that Sheldon, one of the great philanthropists in human history, would know that.” During Adelson’s speech, however, the line was greeted with silence. Everyone was too polite to laugh. ■

NEW YORK

EVENT

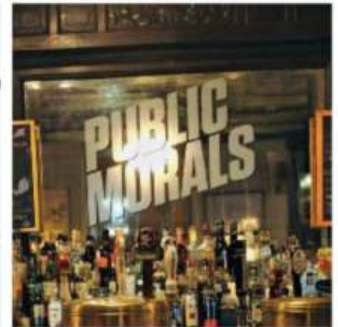
New York, Vulture, and TNT Celebrate the Premiere of *Public Morals*

On August 12, *New York* and Vulture celebrated the premiere of TNT's new '60s-era drama *Public Morals*. Held at the Tribeca Grand Hotel, the screening was attended by the entire cast, as well as writer, director, and star Edward Burns. A Q&A followed with *New York* and Vulture TV critic Matt Zoller Seitz. An after-party was held at longtime Tribeca establishment Walker's. Other notable attendees included Christy Turlington, Tony Danza, and Nina Dobrev.

► TNTdrama.com/shows/Public-Morals.html



PUBLIC MORALS



EVENT

Chandon and The Cut Pop Off Summer

On August 5, The Cut and Chandon caught up with friends at a pool party held at the Dream Downtown Hotel. Guests enjoyed Chandon Limited-Edition American Summer minis, bites, and Chandon-branded coconuts from CoCo & Co poolside while listening to the tunes of DJ Hesta Prynn.

► chandon.com



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EVENT

Shinnyo Lantern Floating for Peace

September 20, Hearst Plaza, Lincoln Center

Ballet luminary Misty Copeland will perform at the 2015 Shinnyo Lantern Floating for Peace on September 20 at Hearst Plaza, Lincoln Center. Float a lantern and share your personal message for peace. The free event begins at 1 p.m., with performances throughout the day, and a special closing ceremony at 7 p.m. with Her Holiness Shinso Ito, one of the highest-ranking female Buddhist leaders in the world.

► bealightforpeace.org



Shinnyo
Lantern
Floating
for Peace



EVENT

Singapore: Inside Out

September 23–27, Madison Square Park

Singapore: Inside Out is an international showcase featuring a collection of multidisciplinary experiences by the country's creative talents. It has traveled the world—Beijing in April and London in June—and will make its New York debut September 23–27. Admission is free, so make sure you catch the installation in Madison Square Park.

► singaporeinsideout.com
► singapore50usa.com



SINGAPORE:
INSIDE OUT



EVENT

Tough Mudder New Jersey Tri-State 2015

November 7–8, Liberty State Park

Located on the Jersey waterfront overlooking the Statue of Liberty and Manhattan skyline, Liberty State Park has some of the most amazing views any Tough Mudder venue has to offer. This is your chance to end your year strong with teamwork, fun, and adventure. Join Tough Mudder New Jersey Tri-State on November 7 or 8, and crush 2015. Get 15% off when you sign up with code NYMAGTRISTATE (expires November 1).

► toughmudder.com/events



ENTERTAINMENT

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► nycgo.com/broadwayweek



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Spotlight on Fall

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Fall has always been the best season for arts and culture in New York. Fall in love with the city all over again with these bold performances, thrilling shows, and exciting events.

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IN 1991, JAMES HOUGHTON founded **Signature Theatre** to honor and celebrate the playwright. After presenting the work of more than 30 resident playwrights, serving countless audiences, and winning numerous awards—including a Pulitzer Prize and the 2014 Regional Theatre Tony Award—Signature celebrates its 25th anniversary.

The 25th Anniversary Season features world premieres by Annie Baker, Quiara Alegría Hudes, Naomi Wallace, and A.R. Gurney. It also

includes revivals by Arthur Miller, Martha Clarke, and a trio of one-act plays by Edward Albee, María Irene Fornés, and Adrienne Kennedy.

Tickets to the initial runs of all Signature productions at The Pershing Square Signature Center are \$25, part of the groundbreaking Signature Ticket Initiative: A Generation of Access, a program that guarantees affordable and accessible tickets to every Signature production through 2031.

In addition, this year Signature will welcome back the Drama Desk- and Lucille Lortel Award-winning *Old Hats* (featured in the 2012-13 Season), created and performed by Bill Irwin and David Shiner, for a special return engagement. Signature is also hosting a variety of exciting events to celebrate this milestone year, including champagne toasts



©David Sundberg/Estu

at the first preview of every show, artist panels, and the launch of the Sig Socials program, featuring free parties at The Pershing Square Signature Center. The Center features a café and bar that are open to the public during the day. For more information on the shows, events, and more, visit signaturetheatre.org.



Bill Irwin and David Shiner. Photo by Joan Marcus

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ALADDIN

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Over his brilliant career, Tony Award®-winning director and choreographer Casey Nicholaw has made his mark with the stage sensations *Spamalot*, *The Drowsy Chaperone* and currently *The Book of Mormon* and *Something Rotten!* His signature comedic style results in a standing ovation every night, and a show that is truly "musical comedy wish-fulfillment!" (*New York* magazine).



See Two Luminaries Burn Bright

CHINA DOLL

Schoenfeld Theatre
236 W. 45th St. | chinadollbroadway.com

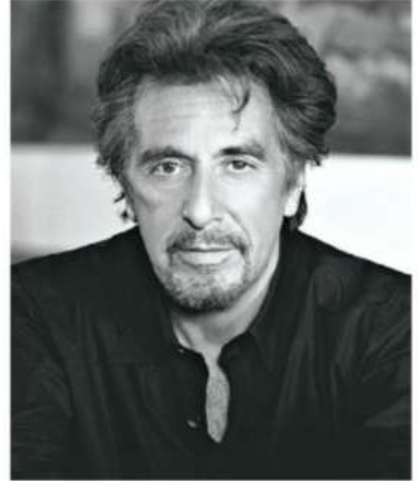
TWO POWERHOUSES of American theater and film team up this fall to deliver **China Doll**. The new play by David Mamet starring Al Pacino and Christopher Denham (*Master Harold and the Boys*) is the story of a rich man who is ready to walk away from it all and start a new life with his young fiancée...until one phone call changes everything.

Pacino and Mamet are no strangers to the Broadway stage, having worked together in the award-winning revivals of *American*

Buffalo and *Glengarry Glen Ross*. But this fall, the famed writer and iconic actor join forces on a wholly original work for the very first time. *China Doll* is directed by Tony Award® winner Pam MacKinnon (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, *Clybourne Park*).

Mamet, winner of the Tony Award and Pulitzer Prize and known for his riveting and funny dramas including *Race*, *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, and *Speed-the-Plow*, brings his newest work to Broadway. You will not want to miss Pacino, who has racked up every award possible—Oscar, Tony, Emmy, Golden Globes—for his unforgettable roles in classics like *The Godfather*, *Glengarry Glen Ross*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Serpico*, *Angels in America*, and *Scent of a Woman*.

Designed by the award-winning team of Derek McLane (*Beautiful*), Jess Goldstein (*The Merchant of*



Venice), and Russell H. Champa (*In the Next Room*), *China Doll* is a little dark, a little dangerous, a little mysterious—and it all unfolds this fall for 97 performances only at Broadway's Schoenfeld Theatre.





Face the Suspense

MISERY

Broadhurst Theatre | Broadway at 44th St. | miserybroadway.com

EVER SINCE *Dial M for Murder* and *Deathtrap* brought theater audiences to the edge of their seats, Broadway has been on the hunt for another spine-tingling play that provides chills and thrills. Get ready for **Misery**.

An international bestseller by Stephen King, then a blockbuster Academy Award®-winning film, *Misery* is now adapted for the Broadway

stage by the legendary William Goldman, whose Oscar®-winning career includes the screenplays for *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Stepford Wives*, *All the President's Men*, and *The Princess Bride*. *Misery* is the chilling story of one famous man and one obsessive woman spiraling out of control from a dangerous game of cat-and-mouse

into a battle of wits and survival in an isolated house in the snows of Maine.

This fall, two-time Emmy® Award and Golden Globe® Award winner Bruce Willis makes his Broadway debut alongside three-time Emmy Award winner Laurie Metcalf in what promises to be 16 weeks of true suspense. With a story and cast like this, there's nothing to fear...except missing out.

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PHnyc.org

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In *The Christians*, Pastor Paul preaches a sermon that shakes the foundation of his congregation's beliefs. Backed by a live choir, Lucas Hnath's play is an unflinching look at faith in America—and its power to unite or divide (through October 11). Next, the legendary Taylor Mac brings us *Hir*, a sly, subversive comedy



featuring a revolutionary mother—played by powerhouse Kristine Nielsen—on a crusade to dismantle the patriarchy alongside her newly out transgender child (October 16–November 29).

A finalist for the 2015 Pulitzer Prize for Drama, Jordan Harrison's wondrous *Marjorie Prime*—featuring the beloved Lois Smith—explores the limits of what artificial intelligence

can replace (November 20–January 3). Finally, Danai Gurira (who plays Michonne on *The Walking Dead*) pens *Familiar*, an affectionate family drama about Zimbabwean immigrants, the customs they keep, and the secrets they bury (February 12–March 27).

Season ticket packages offer the best value, priority booking, and unlimited exchanges. Reserve yours today at PHnyc.org.

Engage With the Brightest

LIVE FROM THE NYPL

The New York Public Library

Stephen A. Schwarzman Building | Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. | 888-718-4253 | nypl.org/live2015

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY'S premier cultural series celebrates its 10th anniversary this fall with a star-studded lineup featuring conversations with notable writers, artists, and leaders. **LIVE from the NYPL** takes place at the iconic 42nd Street location and is hosted by Paul Holdengräber.

Don't miss Ta-Nehisi Coates discussing his powerhouse new book *Between the World and Me*. Patti Smith talks about her new memoir, *M Train*; Shaquille O'Neal discusses his new children's book, *Little Shag*; and Elvis Costello reflects on a life in rock-and-roll in his memoir, *Unfaithful Music & Disappearing Ink*. Also, catch famed champion of women's rights Gloria Steinem in conversation with Roberta Kaplan, who successfully argued the repeal of the Defense of Marriage Act.

All events begin at 7p.m. unless indicated otherwise. Tickets range



Patti Smith. Photo by Jesse Dittmar

from \$25-40 with discounts for students, seniors, and Friends of the Library. Visit nypl.org/live2015 for the full lineup and event dates, and be sure to download NYPL podcasts to listen to past LIVE events.



Ta-Nehisi Coates. Photo by Nina Subin

Take Home a Great Work

AFFORDABLE ART FAIR

Metropolitan Pavilion
125 W. 18th St. | 212-255-2003
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THE AFFORDABLE ART FAIR celebrates its 20th edition in New York season with more than 70 local, national, and international galleries offering an array of original artwork from more than 1,000 contemporary artists. Maintaining its mission to democratize art, Affordable Fair makes sure every piece of art is priced between \$100-\$10,000, with more than half priced under \$5,000. At the fair, you will find thousands of original paintings, prints, sculptures, and photographs all under one roof. Returning to the Metropolitan Pavilion from September 9-13, the fall edition includes an immersive art experience with internationally acclaimed visual artist Shantell Martin. The friendly and welcoming atmosphere of the fair invites visitors to participate in a variety of talks, tours, and children's workshops. Purchase a general admission ticket (\$18 online; \$20 at the door) or receive exclusive access to the Private View on Wednesday, September 9 (\$70 online; \$80 at the door). If you want to make a night of it, come to AAF Happy Hours on Thursday, September 10 from 6-8pm and enjoy the art with complimentary cocktails (\$30 online/at door). With a plethora of new galleries, fresh artwork, and engaging programs, the Affordable Art Fair is the perfect place to find and fall in love with a new piece of art.





Revel in Art

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

11 W. 53rd St. | 212-708-9400 | MoMA.org

THIS FALL, investigate Pablo Picasso's rule-breaking sculptures—works he adored and loved living with—and the surprising techniques he used, which constantly reinvented form, materials, and process, in the exhibition *Picasso Sculpture*, opening at **The Museum of Modern Art** (MoMA) on September 14.

Also on view this fall, *Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960–1980* focuses on the parallels and connections among an international scene of artists during a vibrant and experimental period of technological

innovation and political tension. The first survey of contemporary artist Walid Raad opens October 12 and explores the veracity of photographic and video documents in the public realm, the role of memory and narrative within discourses of conflict, and the construction of histories of art in the Arab world. A major retrospective of Joaquín Torres García, one of the most complex and emblematic modern masters from the first half of the 20th century, opens on October 25. And on November 7, the 30th anniversary

of MoMA's annual series celebrating contemporary photography opens. This year's exhibition, *Ocean of Images: New Photography 2015*, probes the effects that our image-based culture has on the ways we experience the world.

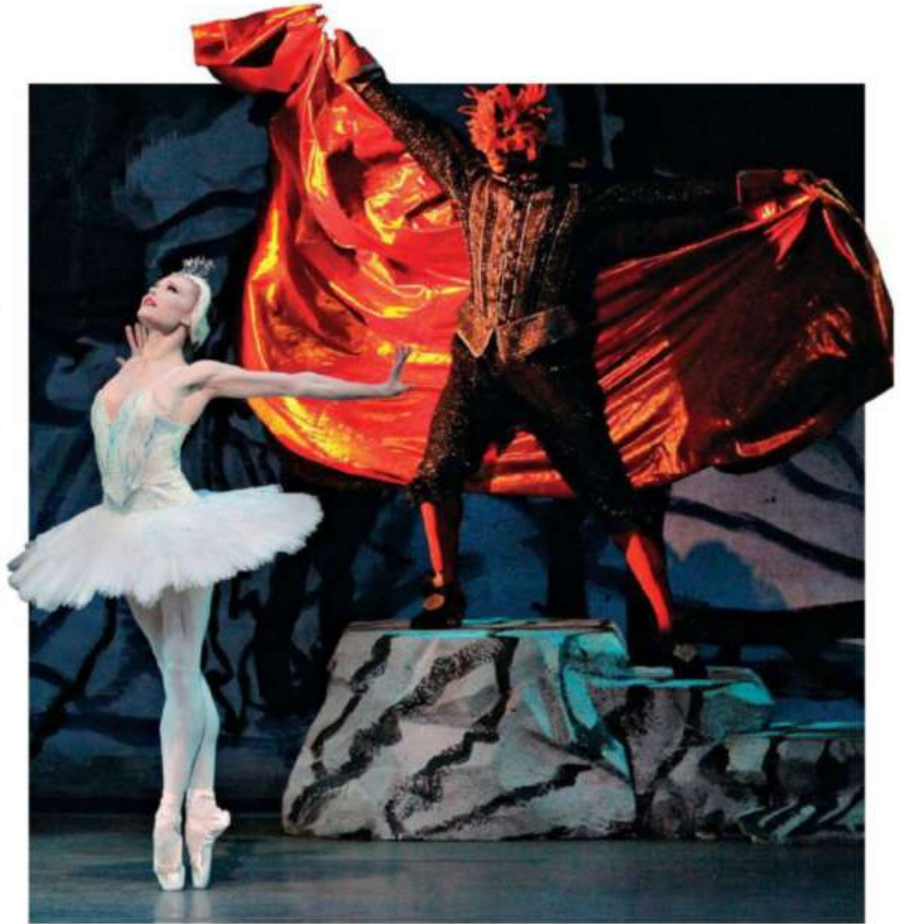
MoMA members get access to exciting exhibitions like *Picasso Sculpture* before the crowds, as well as free film tickets, \$5 guest passes, discounts at MoMA stores, and much more. Visit moma.org/join to become a member and see everything first during Member Previews.

See the Classic

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

New York City Ballet
212-496-0600 | nycballet.com

A MUST-SEE full-length event, Pete Martins's staging of *Swan Lake* infuses the preeminent story ballet with **New York City Ballet's** signature musicality, speed, and sharpness of attack. Last performed in 2013 to sold out houses, this seminal work features Tchaikovsky's heartbreakingly beautiful score with turbulent, abstract set and costume designs by acclaimed Danish artist Per Kirkeby. Each performance is shaped by the central role of Odette/Odile, an interpretation that is both technically and emotionally demanding. See this stunning and powerfully romantic tragedy, running September 22-29.



Paul Kunk

Expand Your Palette

NEW YORK CITY

nycgo.com/seeyourcity

THIS FALL, the only thing standing between you and the meal of a lifetime is a bridge. We all know New York is the food capital of the world, right? With so many restaurants and such a diverse range to choose from, it can be overwhelming knowing where to start. With the **See Your City: Eats Edition** you can take your own food adventure this fall. Make a date, grab some friends, and explore the cuisine in your neighborhood, or wander a new locale. From Chinese in Flushing to Italian on Arthur Avenue in the Bronx to Greek Astoria and beyond, New York has something for everyone. And don't forget to snap some pics and post to Instagram with #seeyourcity. To further encourage



locals to explore new and authentic restaurants, presenting sponsor American Express is offering a Card Member promotion at thousands of restaurants in the five boroughs. Eligible American Express Card Members can use their Card to spend

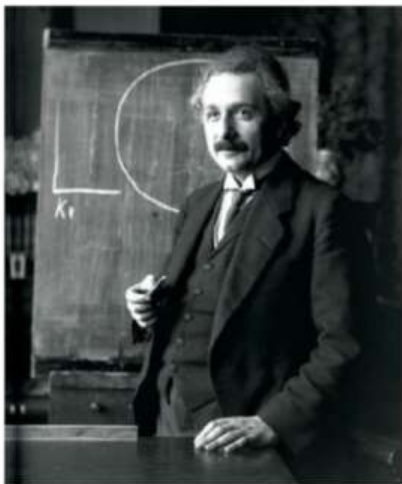
\$50 or more at any participating restaurant and get a one-time \$10 statement credit. To learn more and enroll in this offer with an eligible American Express Card, visit americanexpress.com/seeyourcityeats. Terms apply.

Listen to the Greats

SYMPHONY SPACE

2537 Broadway at 95th St.

212-864-5400 | symphonyspace.org



THE 2015-16 SEASON at **Symphony Space** kicks off with Project Fifteen, an innovative multimedia exploration of the art, artists, thinkers, events, and stories of the past 100 years, including the 100th birthday of Symphony Space's building. (Fun fact: The property was built in 1915 by Vincent Astor as an indoor market and has direct ties to the sinking of the Titanic.)

On October 17, hear the songs of your favorite crooner at "Frank Sinatra at 100." Curated by WNYC's Jonathan Schwartz, the set features a starry roster of performers singing 100 of Sinatra's greatest hits. Catch the comedy debate series "Uptown Showdown" on October 20 as it takes on the subject of Old New York vs. New New York with two teams of comedians, writers, and performers drawing from historical fact and personal opinion in equal measure. Past performers include Michael Ian Black, Kristen Schaal, Wyatt Cenac, Jon Glaser, Ilana Glazer, and Julie



Klausner. On October 27, Secret Science Club North invites NASA astrophysicist Jason Kalirai to discuss where Einstein's Theory of Relativity has led us since it was published in 1915. Cosmic cocktails will be served for this night of science with a twist.

The Project Fifteen program runs October 14-28. For tickets and full schedule, visit the events calendar at symphonyspace.org.

**PROJECT
FIFTEEN**

Awaken to a New Production

SPRING AWAKENING

Brooks Atkinson Theatre | 256 W. 47th St.
877-250-2929 | springawakeningthemusical.com

WHEN IT DEBUTED on Broadway, ***Spring Awakening***'s raw and honest portrayal of youth in revolt shattered expectations of what a musical could do, earning it 8 Tony Awards®, including Best Musical, Best Book (for writer Steven Sater), and Best Score (for composer Duncan Sheik and lyricist Steven Sater).

Now, the Los Angeles company Deaf West Theatre revisits the work with a truly innovative new production that takes this revolutionary musical to electrifying new heights by choreographing sign language into the performance, intensifying the rift between the lost and longing teenagers and the adults who refuse to hear them. Deaf West Theatre's production floored the critics when it premiered in California, prompting the *Los Angeles Times* to write, "Deaf West Theatre's *Spring Awakening* awakens us to the dormant possibilities of this musical, with all the goosebumps and teardrops to prove it." This fall, the unapologetically brilliant new production comes to New York and it is unlike anything you've ever seen, heard, or imagined. Directed by Michael Arden, Deaf West Theatre's *Spring Awakening* is full of knockout performances, explosive music, and soul-stirring emotion—but it's only on Broadway through January 9, so get your tickets while you can.





Photo by Taliana Sloan

Meditate on a Great Performer

PARK AVENUE ARMORY

643 Park Ave. btw. 66&67th St. | 212-933-5812 | armoryonpark.org

AT THE **PARK AVENUE ARMORY**, iconic performance artist Laurie Anderson expands upon her work with storytelling and technology in her latest artwork, creating a site-specific environment that uses telepresence to examine memory, monuments, and prohibited space. Open to the public during the day, the installation serves as a meditation on time, identity, surveillance, and freedom. The evocative setting is also

activated at night with a celebratory performance and dance party with Syrian singer Omar Souleyman, including a new sonic composition created by Merrill Garbus of tUnE-yArDs with Anderson. The result is a groundbreaking new work that spans the worlds of visual art, performance, and experimental music as created by one of America's most renowned and daring artistic pioneers.

Two additional three-dimensional

film installations will also be on display, including "From the Air," a story from her film *Heart of a Dog*, which will be released in the fall. *The New Yorker* says, "Anderson continues to imbue her work with a singular perspective that is both haunting and timeless."

The installation *Laurie Anderson: Habeus Corpus* runs October 2-4 from 12-7pm with performances at 8pm. Tickets are \$15 for the installation and \$45 for both the performance and installation.



Join the Circle of Life

THE LION KING

Minskoff Theatre | 200 W. 45th St. | 866-870-2717 | lionking.com

FEEL THE JOY. Feel the thrill. Feel alive...at ***The Lion King***.

Experience the stunning artistry, unforgettable music and exhilarating choreography of this musical theater phenomenon—one of the most awe-inspiring productions ever brought to life on stage.

Winner of six Tony Awards® including Best Musical, Disney's *The Lion King* showcases the talents of one of the most

acclaimed creative teams on Broadway. Tony Award®-winning director Julie Taymor reimagines the popular story using some of theater's most extraordinary stagecraft. *The Lion King* also features the exceptional work of Tony Award®-winning choreographer Garth Fagan and a magnificent score crafted by the Tony Award®-winning songwriting team of Elton John and Tim Rice.

Now is the time to join the circle of life at *The Lion King*, the award-winning best musical, playing on Broadway eight times a week at the Minskoff Theatre.



Head Into the Unpredictable

BAM (BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC)

BAM Fisher | 321 Ashland Place, Brooklyn | BAM.org/NextWave

NEARLY HALF THE SHOWS in **BAM's Next Wave Festival** (September 16–December 20) take place in the intimate 250-seat Fishman Space—a venue that might just represent BAM at its most unpredictable. In prior seasons, inner tubes and rocking chairs replaced proscenium seating, laser-pointer shooting was openly encouraged, and 1,000 pounds of salt covered the stage.

The innovative offerings this fall follow suit: Labyrinthine video tunnels that induce existential ecstasy, featuring music by Paola Prestini and others; interactive

voyeurism with drummer Jim White and dancer Claudia de Serpa Soares; and crowd-sourced utopia with Miranda July.

There's also dance inspired by duct tape from Kenneth Kvarnström; Royal Shakespeare Company alum Paterson Joseph's paean to British-African suffrage icon Charles "Sancho" Ignatius; Los Angeles band Timur and the Dime Museum's glam-rock skewering of the Anthropocene epoch; Karin Coonrod's deconstructive dive into the writings of Queen Elizabeth I; and John Jahnke's psychosexual dithyramb to the Greek myth of



Hylas, featuring electronic music by Fennesz. All shows are \$25. Visit BAM.org/NextWave to explore the entire eclectic lineup.

Photo: Mats Becker

Feel the Rhythm

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

1000 Fifth Ave. | 212-570-3949
metmuseum.org

MET MUSEUM PRESENTS, the live arts series at **The Metropolitan Museum of Art**, begins its 2015-16 season this month, and on September 30 award-winning dancer/choreographers Patricia Ibáñez and Abel Harana perform *Memoria Antigua* ("Ancient Memory"), a program of fiery flamenco straight from the heart of Spain.

The Met's virtuoso exploration of Malian music continues with the majestic vocalist Kassé Mady Diabaté, who takes the stage with his supergroup of Malian traditional acoustic musicians—Ballaké Sissoko on *kora*, Lansiné Kouyaté on *balafon*, and Badjé Tounkara on *ngoni*—on October 1. On October 2, the 2015-16 Quartet in Residence, Chiara, will begin a year-long series of performances with Brahms' Complete String Quartets. All events start at 7:00pm. To purchase tickets or for more information about the full Met Museum Presents season, visit metmuseum.org/tickets, call 212-570-3949, or visit the Great Hall Box Office, is open Monday through Saturday, 11am to 3:30pm. All tickets include admission to the Museum on day of performance. And this season, the popular Bring the Kids for \$1 (for children age 7-16) are available for most performances.



Kassé Mady Diabaté. Courtesy of World Music Institute.

Rediscover the Joy of Tradition

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

Broadway Theatre | 1681 Broadway
fiddlermusical.com

TONY AWARD®-WINNING director Bartlett Sher and the team behind *South Pacific* and *The King and I* bring a fresh and authentic vision to the beloved theatrical masterpiece

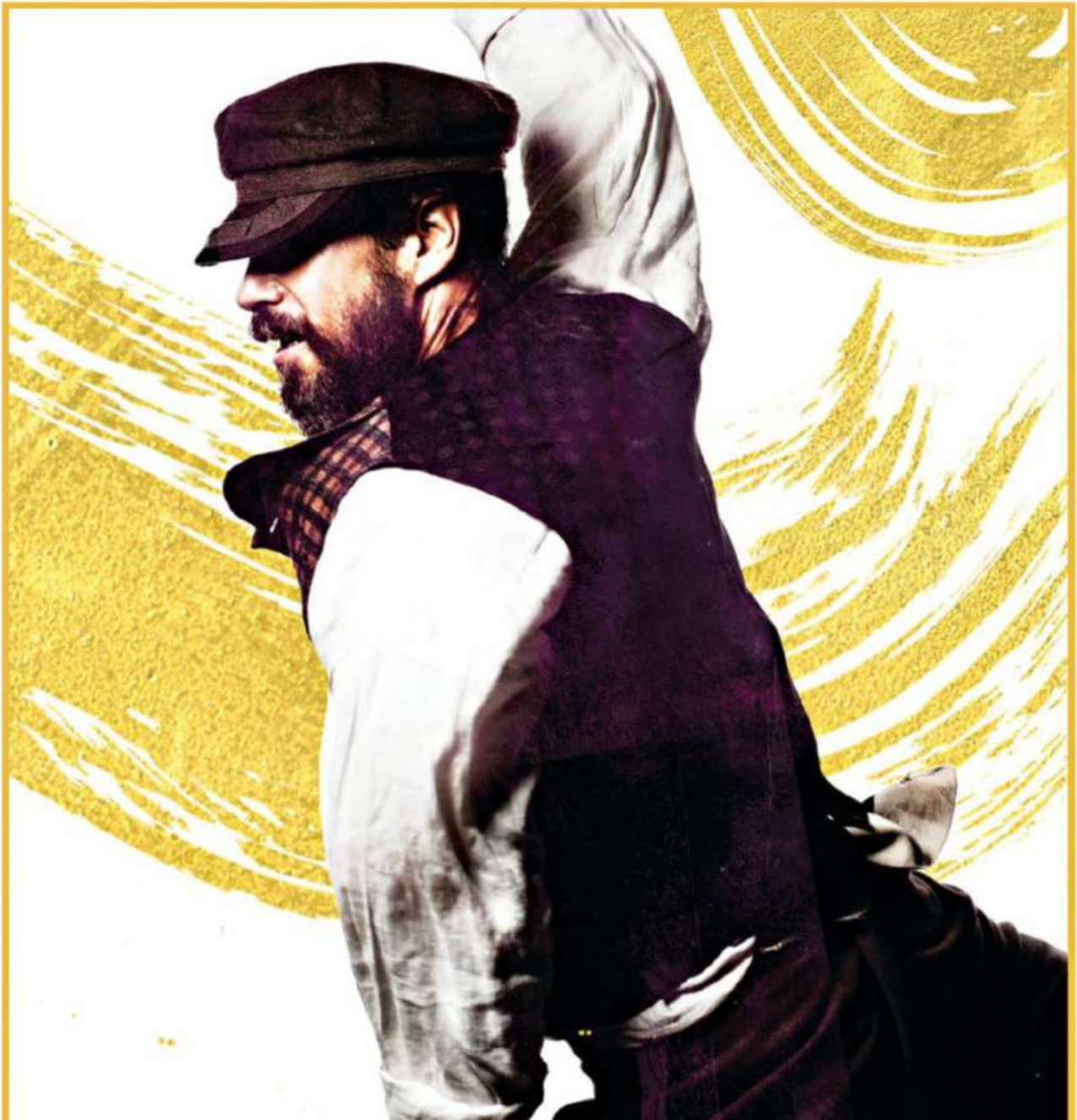
Fiddler on the Roof from Tony winner Joseph Stein and Pulitzer Prize winners Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick.

The original production won ten Tony Awards including a special award for the longest-running Broadway musical of all time—and now you can be there when the sun rises on this new production starring Tony nominees Danny Burstein and Jessica Hecht with stunning movement and dance from acclaimed Israeli choreographer Hofesh Shechter based on the original staging by Jerome Robbins.

A wonderful cast and a lavish orchestra tell this heartwarming story of fathers and daughters, husbands and wives, and the timeless traditions that define faith and family.

Featuring the Broadway classics “To Life (L’Chaim!),” “If I Were A Rich Man,” “Sunrise Sunset,” “Matchmaker, Matchmaker,” and “Tradition,” *Fiddler on the Roof* will introduce a new generation to this uplifting celebration that raises its cup to joy! To love! To life!

Previews begin November 12 and opening night is December 17 at the Broadway Theatre.





Laugh Yourself Rotten

SOMETHING ROTTEN!

St. James Theatre | 246 W. 44th St. | rottenbroadway.com

“ A BIG FAT HIT! ”
—New York Post

SOMETHING ROTTEN! is Broadway's smash-hit musical comedy drawing cheers from audiences and critics alike. Director and choreographer Casey Nicholaw seems to be the man with the Midas touch when it comes to Broadway musicals. The director of *Aladdin* and *The Drowsy Chaperone* and co-director of *The Book of Mormon* teamed up with

Kevin McCollum, producer of *Avenue Q* and *In the Heights*, to deliver this irresistible ode to musicals that *Variety* calls “ingenious, outrageous, and irresistible.”

Set in the '90s—the 1590s, that is—*Something Rotten!* is the story of Nick and Nigel Bottom, two brothers who are desperate to write a hit play but are stuck in the shadow of that

Renaissance rock star known as “The Bard.” Christian Borle is brilliant in the role of Shakespeare, for which he won the 2015 Tony Award® for Best Performance by an Actor in a Featured Role in a Musical. When the local soothsayer foretells that the future of theater involves singing, dancing, and acting all together at once, Nick and Nigel set out to write the world's very first musical!

Broadway lovers will thoroughly enjoy the riotous send-up of the musical theater genre, starring Brian d'Arcy James as Nick Bottom. Everything you love about musical comedy is on grand display in *Something Rotten!* With



pitch-perfect comedic timing and merriment and mirth, *Something Rotten!* is “Broadway’s funniest musical comedy in at least 400 years!” says *Time Out New York*. Nicholaw keeps the songs and sounds coming and the plot moving along at a good clip.

It’s pure musical comedy fun, filled with surprising laugh-out-loud moments. The show is chock-full of outsize characters and boisterous song and dance numbers. See the “irreverent valentine to Broadway” (Associated Press) this fall. It’s sure to keep you laughing long after you’ve left the theater.

Talk to the Hand

HAND TO GOD

Booth Theatre | 222 W. 45th St. | 212-239-6200 | HandToGodBroadway.com

DEEP IN THE HEART of Broadway, there lurks a creature so outrageous, so scandalous, so surprising, so... fuzzy? Meet Tyrone, the scene-stealing hand puppet who springs hilariously to life in ***Hand to God***, the hysterical new play that has critics raving and celebrities singing its praises. Billy Crystal says, "*Hand to God* is hilarious. Go see it!" With side-splitting laughs and breathtaking performances, this show is sure to please both comedy fans and drama buffs (but leave the little ones at home!).

Written by up-and-coming playwright Robert Askins, *Hand to God*, is the story of a shy teenager named Jason (played by Tony Award® nominee Steven Boyer), who is surprised when his Bible school project—a puppet named Tyrone—takes on a shocking, truth-telling personality all its own, forcing everyone in his path, especially Jason's mother, Margery (Tony nominee Geneva Carr), to confront their own demons as they search for redemption through a mix



of riotous laughter and genuinely shocking twists. Called "Broadway's most thrilling roller coaster ride" (VH-1),

Hand to God proves that it's both sinfulness and saintliness that make us all truly human ... and utterly alive.



Make Every Night Saturday Night

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE: THE EXHIBITION

Premier Exhibitions 5th Avenue | 417 Fifth Ave. (btw. 37 & 38th St.) | snltheexhibition.com

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE (SNL) is the longest-running comedy program in U.S. history. We all have our favorite casts, our favorite eras, and our favorite breakout stars. To celebrate its 40th anniversary, the iconic show that has defined and shaped pop culture since its debut on October 11, 1975, is finally receiving its first-ever full-scale exhibition a dozen blocks from the legendary Studio 8H location from which all episodes have been broadcast.

Walk through full-scale sets like the Celebrity Jeopardy game, the Church Lady set, and the show's Home Base main stage. See some of the greatest wardrobe items in television history, including Dan Aykroyd's Coneheads costume and Goat Boy. Have a look at behind-the-scenes notes, scripts, cue cards, and video clips, and snap some selfies at the Weekend Update desk and the couch in Wayne and Garth's basement!

Start your trip in a mock-up of Lorne Michaels's office and journey through a week in the life of the legendary program with notes, props, videos, photos, and tons more from SNL stars, including Billy Crystal, Jimmy Fallon, Tina Fey, Eddie Murphy, Bill Murray, Chris Rock, Adam Sandler, Harry Shearer, and Ben Stiller. It's a long-overdue celebration of 40 years of the comedy and cultural juggernaut.



Wind Your Way Through Great Art

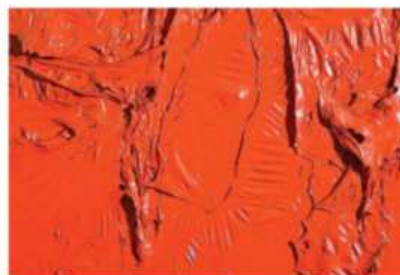
THE GUGGENHEIM

1071 Fifth Ave. | guggenheim.org

VISIT **THE GUGGENHEIM** this fall to see a major retrospective showcasing the pioneering work of Italian artist Alberto Burri (1915–1995), whose use of unconventional materials and experimental techniques blurred boundaries between painting and relief sculpture. Wind your way up the museum's Frank Lloyd Wright-designed rotunda to encounter 100

works by the former army medic and prisoner of war, and discover how Burri stitched, melded, and burned surfaces of pictures that position him as a central figure in post-World War II art.

Guggenheim members enjoy unlimited access to "Burri," starting with the opening party on October 9. Join by October 1 for an exclusive invitation at guggenheim.org/nymag.



Feel the Joy

KINKY BOOTS

The Al Hirschfeld Theatre | 302 W. 45th St.
212-239-6200 | kinkybootsthemusical.com

THERE'S NO BETTER time to see Broadway's big, fab, fun show. Experience the uplifting power of ***Kinky Boots***, the Tony Award®-winning Best Musical now in its third smash year on Broadway. Inspired by true events, *Kinky Boots* is the story of Charlie Price, a young man who inherits his father's shoe factory. Looking to save the family business, Charlie turns to a fabulously fashionable new friend, cabaret star Lola, who gives him an outrageous idea that could change both of their destinies. Soon, this unlikely duo creates the most sensational footwear that's ever rocked the runways of Milan—giving the factory and its hardworking family a sparkling new future.

This high-heeled, sequined sensation features music by Tony- and Grammy®-winning pop icon Cyndi Lauper, a book by Tony-winning theater legend



Photo by Matthew Murphy

Harvey Fierstein, and direction and choreography by Tony winner Jerry Mitchell. With a life-affirming message about finding friendship, inspiration, and passion where you least expect,

Kinky Boots proves that you change the world when you change your mind. Winner of six Tony Awards, this dazzling and joyous show is perfect for the whole family, and not to be missed.



See a Star Soar

LES MISÉRABLES

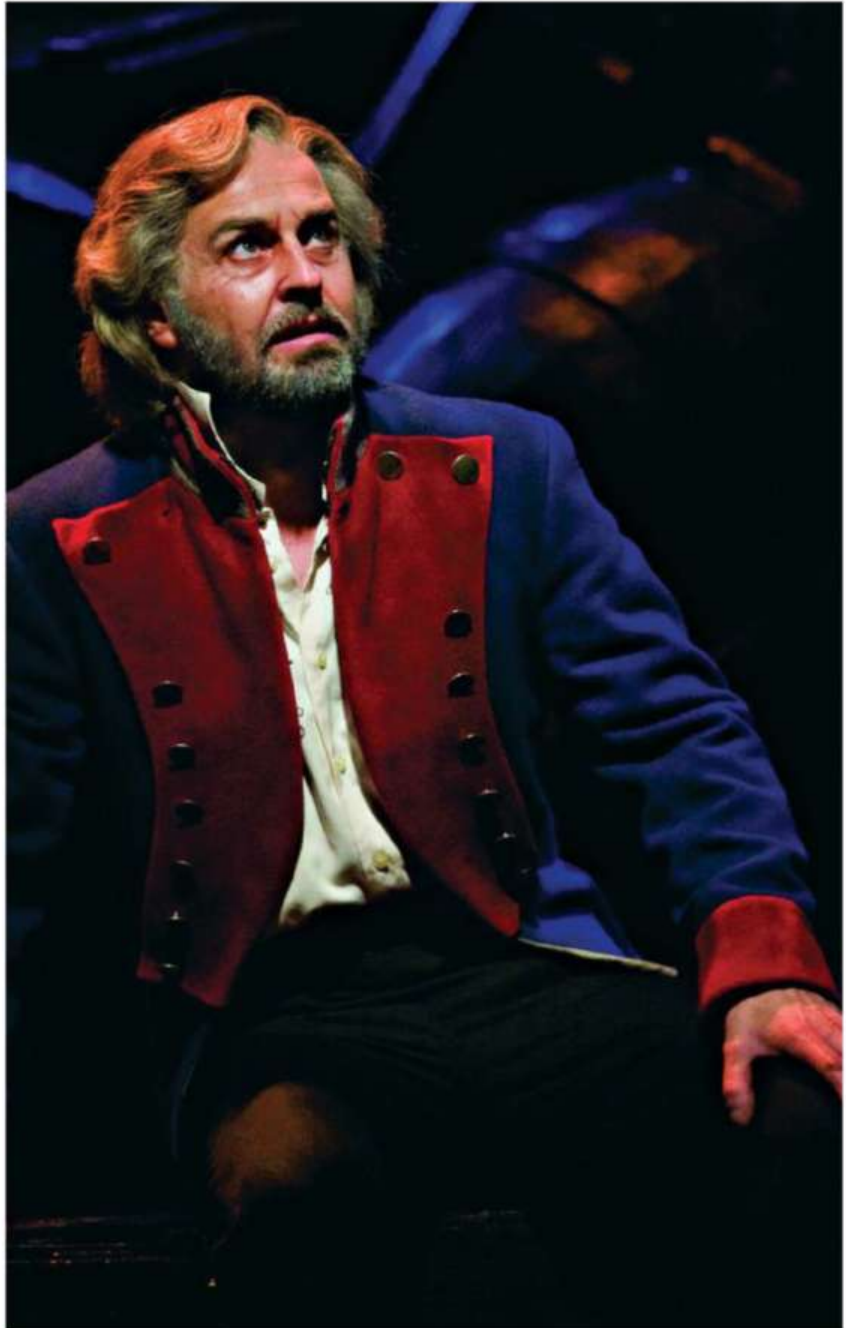
Imperial Theatre

249 W. 45th St.

212-239-6200 | tickets.lesmiz.com

A STAR WAS BORN in October 2010 when legendary British tenor Alfie Boe performed as Jean Valjean in the renowned **Les Misérables** 25th Anniversary Concert held at London's O2 Arena. He brought 32,000 people to their feet as they watched live in the arena, and moved hundreds of thousands more who viewed the concert live in cinemas around the world. The *Evening Standard* proclaimed Alfie Boe "a stunning Valjean" and the concert has since sold millions of copies worldwide on DVD and Blu-Ray.

One of the people watching that night was theater producer Cameron Mackintosh, who says he first had the idea of asking Alfie Boe to play the role of Valjean while watching him in a production of *Kismet* at the English National Opera. And when Mackintosh saw the then unknown operatic tenor transfix the audience at the 25th Anniversary concert he knew he had to bring Boe to Broadway.



Now, as the original London production celebrates its 30th anniversary, Boe joins a blockbuster Broadway cast in a riveting production of the powerful classic that the Associated Press calls "Glorious!" and

The Huffington Post proclaims "a *Les Misérables* for the 21st century! It stirs the audience and rocks the rafters." You will not want to miss your chance to see this powerhouse performer in the famed role this fall.

Get Dizzy on Jazz

JAZZ AT LINCOLN CENTER

Broadway at 60th St., 5th floor
212-258-9595 | jazz.org/dizzys



THROUGHOUT SEPTEMBER, **Jazz at Lincoln Center's Dizzy's Club Coca-Cola** hosts the sixth annual Generations in Jazz Festival, featuring extraordinary artists spanning three generations with programming that honors both iconic musicians and composers while celebrating emerging artists of today—from the genius of Ray Charles and Gil Scott-Heron to the artistry of legends Jimmy Cobb, Jimmy Heath, Kenny Barron, and Gary Bartz.

The festival kicks off on September 1 when dynamic vocalist and Late Night Sessions host Michael Mwenso joins rising star vocalist Brianna Thomas on the stage. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the popular Late Night Sessions will also feature some of jazz's most talented up-and-coming artists, including ensembles led by Joel Ross, Eddie Barbash, Sammy Miller, and Gabe Schnider.

Vocalist and Jazz at Lincoln Center curator Michael Mwenso says, "At the Coca-Cola Generations in Jazz Festival, we not only celebrate our living jazz masters, but we also give our rising stars an opportunity to join them on stage." The thrilling event runs through the month of September with 7:30 and 9:30pm sets and full dinner and drink service available nightly. Swing by tonight.

Explore Greek Culture

ONASSIS CULTURAL CENTER NY

645 Fifth Ave. at 51st St. | 212-486-4448
onassisfestivalny.org

THE **ONASSIS CULTURAL CENTER NY** launches its fall season with the Onassis Festival NY 2015. *Narcissus Now: The Myth Reimagined* is a festival of arts and ideas, taking place in the newly renovated space in the Olympic Tower. The Festival features a kaleidoscopic view of the myth through music, visual art, science, literature, choreography, culinary arts, fashion, film, and digital media for curious minds. Free and open to the public, *Narcissus Now* includes more than 40 events for audiences of all ages. The festival's online presence makes the program available globally. The Inaugural Season continues following the Festival with the World Citizens Symposium on October 23 and musical performances in November and December.

Highlights of the festival, presenting internationally renowned artists, performers, and scholars, include



Artwork by Konstantin Kolesnikov

commissioned works by Greek and American artists, a new art installation in the Olympic Tower Atrium, and Family Day on October 11 exploring myths, moons, and mirrors. View the full season schedule at onassisusa.org and festival schedule at onassisfestivalny.org.

Discover the Secret of Happiness

DADDY LONG LEGS

Davenport Theatre | 354 W. 45th St.
800-447-7400 | daddylonglegsmusical.com



BROADWAY VETERANS Paul Nolan (*Once*, *Doctor Zhivago*) and Megan McGinnis (*Les Misérables*, *Little Women*) star in a new musical from the Tony® Award-winning director of *Les Misérables* and the Tony-nominated composer of *Jane Eyre*. This heartwarming Cinderella story about a witty and winsome young woman and her mysterious benefactor has charmed audiences of all ages from Los Angeles to London. Critics are calling **Daddy Long Legs** "an exquisite gem of a musical" and "one of the most enthralling, entertaining, and moving love stories on the American musical theater stage" (*Stage Scene LA*).

You won't want to miss this blockbuster team of Broadway veterans as they come together to produce a moving and charming production offered in limited engagement in the intimate Davenport Theatre. Previews begin September 10 and run through January 10 only.



Step Into the Light

LINCOLN CENTER

Broadway at 65th St.
212-721-6500 | lincolncenter.org

LINCOLN CENTER kicks off its sixth annual White Light Festival, a series designed to illuminate the many dimensions of our interior lives. Unlike most other performing arts festivals, White Light is truly unique in that it transcends genres altogether, spanning speech, story, song, and movement in dozens of unforgettable events throughout New York City.

This year, White Light Festival explores the myriad shades of the human condition, beginning with the immortal song cycles of Franz

Schubert, performed by tenor Mark Padmore and pianist Paul Lewis, and continuing with a collection of short prose works from the avant-garde Irish writer Samuel Beckett. On the dance front, the festival includes cutting-edge pieces by Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker, Aakash Odedra, and a collaboration from four choreographers, including Wayne McGregor, set to the music of Thomas Adès. Jazz will be introduced to the festival this year with a 50th anniversary presentation of John Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*, performed by the Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra with Wynton Marsalis.

Speaking of anniversaries, Lincoln Center's Great Performers also turns 50 this year. Celebrate a half-century of New York's premier classical music series with its finest lineup yet: storied orchestras, acclaimed conductors, virtuosic soloists, and exciting new debuts, including



the U.S. stage premiere of Gerald Barry's opera *The Importance of Being Earnest*. And that's only a snippet! Visit LCGreatPerformers.org and WhiteLightFestival.org for full details on what to do at Lincoln Center this fall.

See *America* Now

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

99 Gansevoort St. | whitney.org | [#NewWhitney](https://twitter.com/NewWhitney)

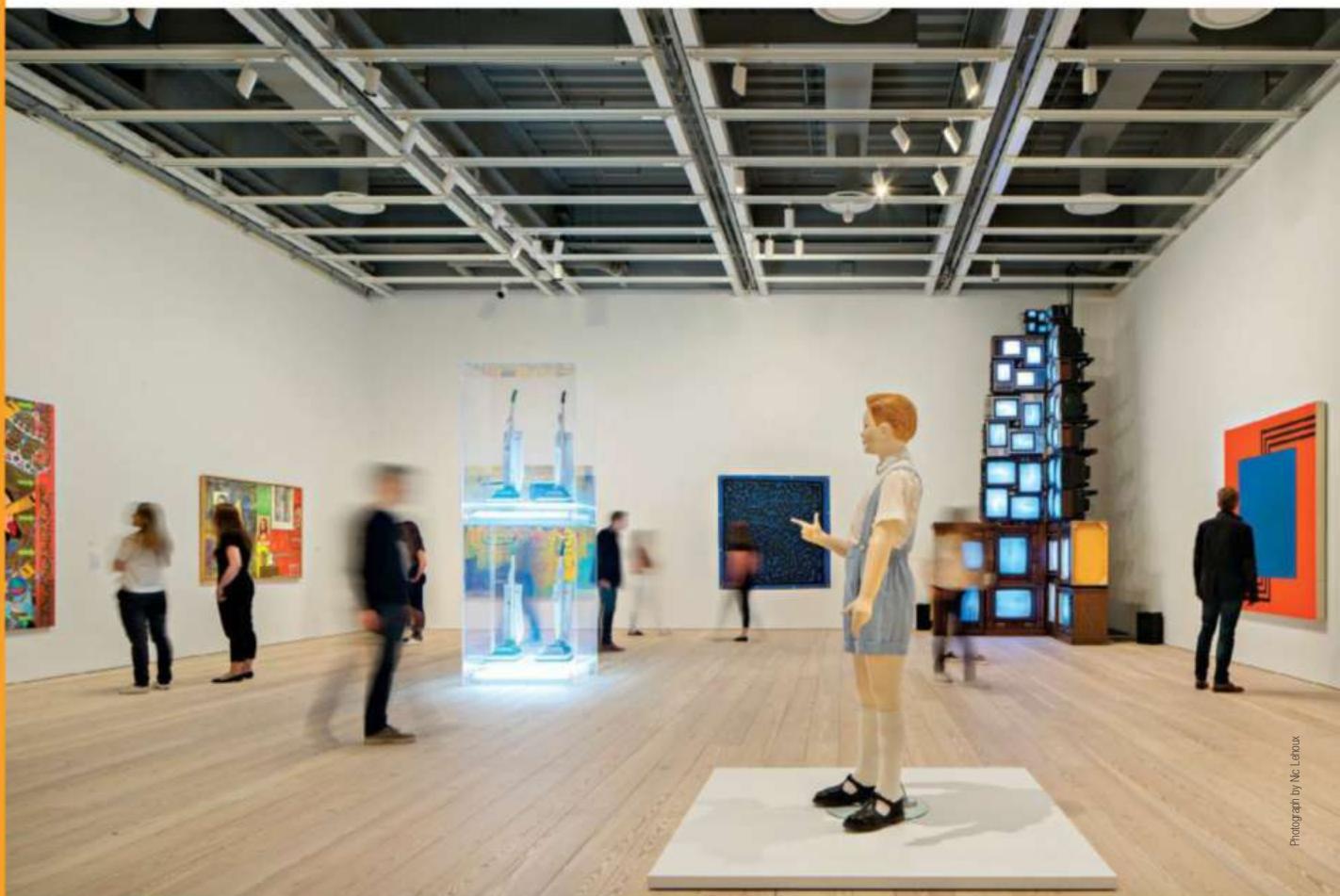
AMERICA IS HARD TO SEE, the inaugural exhibition at the new **Whitney**, is closing September 27, so make sure to see it before it goes. The show spans the entire building and features more than 600 works by 400 artists, including Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe, Andy Warhol, Cindy Sherman, and Jean-Michel Basquiat.

The exhibition reexamines the history of art in the United States from the beginning of the 20th century to the present and elaborates the themes, ideas, beliefs, and passions

that have galvanized American artists in their work. Numerous pieces that have rarely, if ever, been shown appear alongside iconic works in a conscious effort to unsettle assumptions about the American art canon. The show is the perfect way to experience the new Whitney building—designed by renowned architect Renzo Piano and situated between the High Line and the Hudson River—for the first time. The Whitney also boasts over 13,000 square feet of outdoor exhibition space in balconies and terraces with

amazing views of Manhattan and the Hudson River. The fifth-floor outdoor gallery features a site-specific installation by artist Mary Heilmann; and a ground-floor restaurant and top-floor cafe are operated by Danny Meyer and his Union Square Hospitality Group.

Upcoming fall highlights include groundbreaking exhibitions devoted to the work of Harlem Renaissance master Archibald Motley, pioneering abstract painter Frank Stella, and more. For more information, visit whitney.org.





Explore the Good

THE SHEEN CENTER

18 Bleecker St. | 212-219-3132
sheencenter.org

THE SHEEN CENTER FOR THOUGHT & CULTURE is the newest performing arts center to open in the city. Affiliated with the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, the Center is celebrating its grand opening with a three-week festival of thought-provoking theater, film, dance, music, poetry,

art, discussion, and more from September 14–October 4.

The inaugural programming includes an evening with comedian Jim Gaffigan; the New York premiere of the Paramount Pictures film *Captive*, starring Golden Globe® nominee David Oyelowo and Kate Mara; a performance by internationally renowned concert pianist Elaine Kwon; “Step Into the Light,” a showcase of the fastest rising talent on Broadway directed by Ted Sperling, featuring Aaron Lazar

(*The Last Ship*), Alysha Umphress (*On the Town*) and Analisa Leaming (*The King and I*); a production of The Amish Project, a one-woman play about the 2006 West Nickel Mines Schoolhouse shooting; a series of thought-provoking panels with special guests like Michael Bloomberg and Cardinal Timothy Dolan; and much more. Seven of the events are free and the first 100 tickets for all other events are only \$10. Visit sheencenter.org for full schedule and tickets.

Watch Your Back

RUTHLESS!

St. Luke's Theatre | 308 W. 46th St. | 212-239-6200 | RuthlessTheMusical.com

BROADWAY LOVERS (and haters!) rejoice—the funniest and bloodiest musical about what it takes to make a child star has returned to Off-Broadway! With book and lyrics by Joel Paley and music by Marvin Laird, *Ruthless!* opened this summer to unanimous rave reviews.

Tina Denmark is a pretty, charming, diabolical 8-year-old who was “born to entertain.” With the encouragement of slick and overbearing agent Sylvia St. Croix, Tina will do anything to play the lead in her school play, and we mean *Anything*. The question is, Where did she get such remarkable talent and

unstoppable ambition? The answer may shock you when you see this award-winning musical. It's *The Bad Seed* meets *Gypsy*, and fun for the whole dysfunctional family.

Ruthless! first appeared Off-Broadway 23 years ago at the Players Theatre—but make no mistake, this is no mere revival. It's a newly imagined meditation on narcissism, talented tykes, and stage mothers in a world that has since been introduced to *Toddlers & Tiaras* and *Honey Boo Boo*. See the show that Regis Philbin called a “totally enjoyable evening of theater!”



Get to Work

WORKS & PROCESS AT THE GUGGENHEIM

1071 Fifth Ave. | 212-423-3575 | worksandprocess.org

SEE, HEAR, AND MEET some of the most acclaimed artists in the world in a setting unlike any other at **Works & Process at the Guggenheim**.

A unique performing-arts series, Works & Process explores artistic creation through stimulating conversation and performance in the Guggenheim's Frank Lloyd Wright-designed Peter B. Lewis Theater. The series commissions and champions new works and offers unprecedented access to some of the world's leading creators and performers. After most performances, you can continue the conversation with the artists during an intimate reception in the museum rotunda.

This fall, Works & Process goes behind the scenes with Philip Glass, Marcelo Gomes, Peter Serkin, Bartlett Sher, Wendy Whelan, Charles Wuorinen, and others. The season kicks off on September 15 with a preview performance of director Bartlett Sher's new production of Giuseppe Verdi's *Otello* with the Met Opera. Additional highlights include a preview of the revised *Appomattox* by Philip Glass (October 5); the New York premiere of Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Charles Wuorinen's *Megalith* performed by pianist Peter Serkin and an ensemble of 15 musicians (November 2); an intimate look at *Marjorie Prime*—a finalist for the 2015 Pulitzer Prize for Drama—with playwright Jordan Harrison (November 9); and the first look at a new series of commissions for the Paul Taylor Dance Company (November 21-22). An annual family highlight, *Peter & the Wolf* with Isaac Mizrahi returns with ten performances on December 5, 6, 11, 12, and 13. For the full season schedule, visit worksandprocess.org.



Get On Your Feet

ON YOUR FEET!

Marquis Theatre | 1535 Broadway at 46th St.
OnYourFeetMusical.com

WINNING THE LOTTERY, owning a house in the suburbs, even becoming President of the United States. These are all symbols of the American Dream. But for two young people from Cuba, the dream runs much deeper than that. And this October their remarkable story comes to the Marquis Theatre.

On Your Feet!, the Emilio and Gloria Estefan story, is the new Broadway musical about two people who believed in their talent—and each other—enough to make it to the top.

Featuring some of the most iconic songs of the past quarter century, including “Rhythm Is Gonna Get You,” “Conga,” “Don’t

Want to Lose You Now,” and “Coming Out of the Dark,” this new musical boasts a creative team to match its incomparable songlist. Two-time Tony Award® winner Jerry Mitchell (*Kinky Boots*) directs the cast of twenty, with choreography by Olivier Award winner Sergio Trujillo (*Jersey Boys*) and an original book by Academy Award® winner Alexander Dinelaris (*Birdman*).

In its pre-Broadway world premiere this summer in Chicago, audiences roared and critics raved, with the Huffington Post cheering “*On Your Feet!* will renew your faith in the American Dream! It’s an evening of exhilarating dancing, invigorating



music and a truly inspirational story!”

This October, the Emilio and Gloria Estefan musical arrives on Broadway. As history has shown, bet against them at your own risk.



Check Out What's New

THE NEW GROUP

The Pershing Square Signature Center
480 W. 42nd St. | 212-279-4200
thenewgroup.org

THE NEW GROUP—a vital New York theater company that produces provocative and intimate theatrical experiences—opens its 2015-2016 season with two smashing performances.

The off-Broadway premiere of *Mercury Fur*, written by Philip Ridley and directed by Scott Elliott, runs through September 27. A *New York Times* Critics' Pick, *Mercury Fur* has been hailed by Ben Brantley as "sensational in every sense of the word." Set in a futuristic, dystopian New York City, *Mercury Fur* is a terrifying, yet tender, look at just how far people will go to protect those they love the most.

The world premiere of Mark Gerrard's



Steve starts performances November 3 and runs through December 27. Directed by Cynthia Nixon—who returns to The New Group after directing the acclaimed *Rasheeda Speaking* during the 2014-2015 season—*Steve* is a biting and bittersweet comedy about relationships, the unavoidable consequences of aging, and the

passage of time. It features musical theater favorites Mario Cantone, Jerry Dixon, and Malcolm Gets. Tickets for both shows start at \$25. Also available are subscriptions and memberships for the 2015-2016 season, which concludes with Sam Shepard's *Buried Child*, directed by Scott Elliott and featuring Ed Harris and Amy Madigan.

Dance Into Fall

NEW YORK CITY CENTER

131 W. 55th St. | 212-581-1212
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EXPERIENCE THE VERY BEST the dance world has to offer at **New York City Center's** 12th annual Fall for Dance Festival, where you can see world-renowned companies performing alongside daring new artists for just \$15. The Festival's five programs run from September 30 to October 11 and will feature two commissioned works (from Dorrance Dance and Pam Tanowitz), as well as companies from all over the country, Brazil, India, Israel, and beyond. This year, you can get even closer to the extraordinary artists of Fall for Dance by attending master classes, panel discussions, and free pre-show dance lessons. All tickets for Fall for Dance are \$15 and go on sale on September 13 at 11am.





Visit Paris at the Palace

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

Palace Theatre | 1564 Broadway at 47th St.
AnAmericanInParisBroadway.com

THE VISIONARIES BEHIND one of Broadway's best-selling new musicals, *An American in Paris*, have put the most romantic city in the world on stage—and took home four Tony Awards® last spring for their spectacular achievements.

Director/choreographer Christopher Wheeldon began by researching photos of Paris from the years immediately following WWII, noting the fashion, music and visual arts scene of the era. He then worked with his long-time collaborator and seven-time Tony-winning designer, Bob Crowley, 59 Productions and four-time Tony-

winning lighting designer Natasha Katz to bring new life to 1940s Paris.

The city comes alive by integrating projection design with lighting and staging. "We've created moving designs that explore the lead character, Jerry, an artist, and his sketchbook, which he keeps through the show," explained Akhila Krishnan at 59 Productions. "The images transform as the show progresses, implementing a wide range of artistic techniques that grow from pencil into oil paints, and even into collage."

Such intricate details didn't go unnoticed by critics. *The New York Times* cheers, "the sets and costumes here outshine anything currently on Broadway in their blend of elegance, wit and sophistication. The show is as rich a visual feast as it is a musical one." Take your next trip to Paris at Broadway's Palace Theatre, where the award-winning new musical plays eight times a week.



See What's On Off-Broadway

59E59 THEATERS

59 East 59th St. | 212-279-4200
59E59.org

59E59 THEATERS' fall season heats up with *Desire: An Evening of Plays Based on Six Stories by Tennessee Williams*. Some of America's most lauded playwrights offer adaptations of the great American wordsmith's short stories—many with characters we know and love from *The Glass Menagerie*, *Streetcar Named Desire*, and others.

Songbird, a contemporary adaptation of Chekhov's *The Seagull*, features a Broadway cast portraying the story of country music star Tammy, who returns to the honky-tonk that launched her career to help the son she abandoned launch his own. *Songbird* features a sultry soundtrack with heartbreaking ballads and soaring anthems.

In *H2O*, an aimless young man catapults to movie stardom and into Hollywood's sleazy celebrity culture.



Kacie Sheik and Eric William Morris

But when he heads to New York to appear in *Hamlet* on Broadway and seek out his Ophelia, he encounters his muse and his match—a young evangelical Christian set on getting the role...and saving his soul.

For the full schedule and tickets, visit 59E59.org.



Adam Cochran and Lauren Pritchard



Derek Smith and Liv Rooth

Photo credit: Hunter Canning

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Courtesy New York Stage and Film & Vasser's Powerhouse Theater/Photo by Buck Lewis

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This spectacular four-bedroom home has it all, inside and out. No expense was spared during its recent renovation—everything is the top-of-the-line. Of course, you'd expect no less from V. Sunderland Proctor Design, the world-renowned firm that spearheaded the renovation. Starting with the coffered ceiling living room, a parade of knockout features follows throughout this 2,600-square foot co-op.

The chef's kitchen boasts high-end appliances by Wolf, Miele and Fhiaba. A large dining area with a built-in banquette adjoins the kitchen. An enormous master bedroom includes a large walk-in closet and designer automatic shades, and an ensuite marble

bathroom with radiant heat floors, a heated towel rack, and a bidet. The two additional bedrooms each include a full bath and a fourth bedroom works as a media room.

Every room in this sumptuous home faces out, taking advantage of beautiful northern, southern, and western exposures.

Throughout the apartment are brand new ash wood floors, a sophisticated Lutron lighting system, and a state-of-the-art Sonos sound system. The laundry room has a full-sized washer/dryer.

Topping it all is a leafy 1,650-square foot terrace, fully planted, lit, and irrigated. The building, ideally located between Lexington and 3rd Avenues, is pet-friendly and has a concierge, elevator, and doorman. Step outside and you are just a short stroll to smart Upper East Side shopping—including Barneys, Bergdorf Goodman, and Bloomingdale's. Mass transit is also nearby, making the address a perfect pied-a-terre or a full-time home.



Enjoy the features of Trump Plaza: private health club, parking garage, storage and private landscaped courtyard. Additionally, the building is no longer a land-lease building as the owners have paid the assessment for their percentage ownership of the land. All in all, this dream pad is made for the connoisseur of first-class luxury living. Pricing \$6,250,000, IMMEDIATE.

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Written by David Butwin



Océane Combeau
is the founder of
Fernand et Firmin.

X I love what I do every day.

Océane Combeau's creative journey has led her around the world. Parisian-born, she graduated from Shillington in 2014 and currently works in Amsterdam as a full-time freelance graphic designer. She runs an independent studio called Fernand et Firmin and specialises in illustration, brand identity and creative consulting.

"Shillington was my perfect match. A big part of freelancing is about educating your clients and guiding them towards the right decisions. It's a collaboration.

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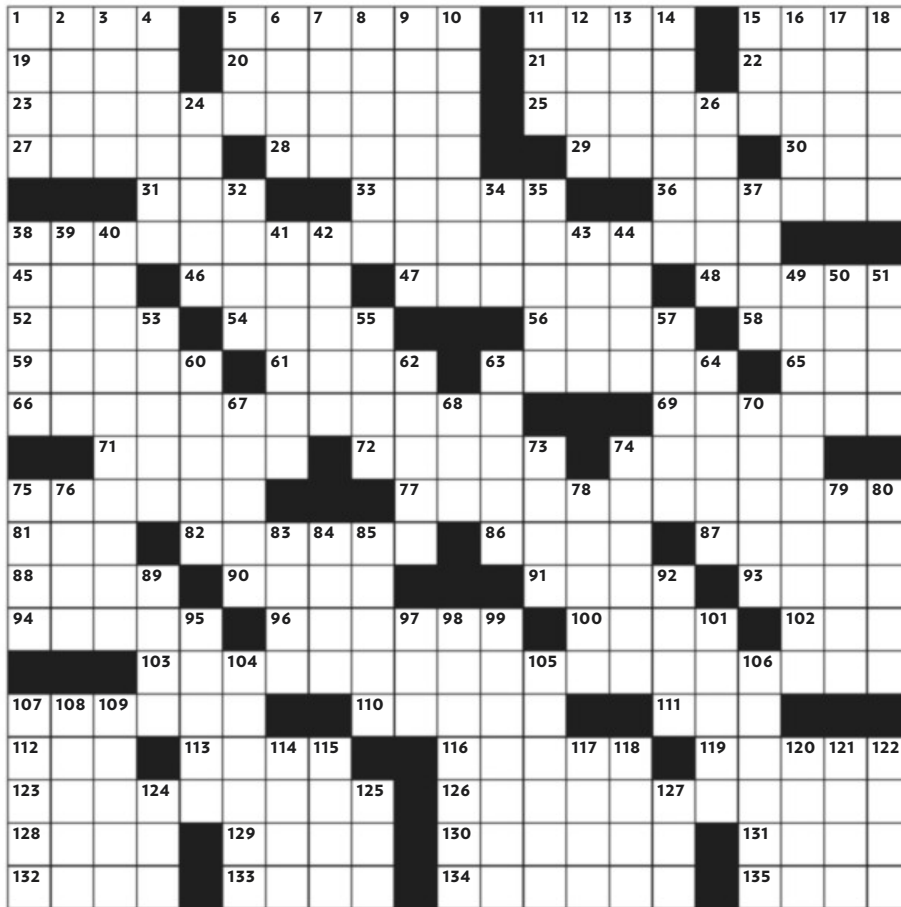
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Tomfoolery

New York Crossword by Cathy Allis



Across

- 1 Doorway upright
- 5 A flat equivalent, in some notation
- 11 Silent performer
- 15 Peeved state
- 19 Poet Khayyām
- 20 Less kind
- 21 Norway's patron saint
- 22 Gait aid
- 23 Choose Tom of "Top Gun"?
- 25 With 123-Across, peaks for a downcast Tom who led Homeland Security?
- 27 Cook, as clams
- 28 Chorus section
- 29 iPhone's virtual assistant
- 30 Lithium- ____ battery
- 31 Grand total
- 33 Sites for digs
- 36 Casually stylish
- 38 Singer Tom in a yoga pose, perhaps?
- 45 "Star Wars" character Solo
- 46 Morales in movies
- 47 Part of IED or IUD
- 48 Shoes with Swooshes
- 52 Not duped by
- 54 Pink Floyd's Barrett et al.

- 56 Rum named for a Cervantes hero
- 58 Venti or grande, at Starbucks
- 59 Olfactory offenders
- 61 Appear
- 63 Parody
- 65 Assam export
- 66 Crime involving another singing Tom?
- 69 Tijuana Brass leader Herb
- 71 Cornball
- 72 Goofy, Daffy, etc.
- 74 Prosecutor's burden
- 75 Mortgage holder, e.g.
- 77 How the House got along after Majority Leader Tom resigned from it in 2006?
- 81 Humerus site
- 82 Drinks noisily
- 86 Given the ax?
- 87 Panache
- 88 Leave out
- 90 Samoa's capital
- 91 Actress Shawkat
- 93 Wall Street order
- 94 Jazz-combo winds
- 96 Do not decline
- 100 Petrol brand
- 102 Tear

- 103 Comedy brother Tom holding a bag of Hershey treats?
- 107 Pay attention
- 110 Title in a Hardy title
- 111 ____ -mo
- 112 "Selma" director DuVernay
- 113 Whom swan-Zeus seduced
- 116 Hard to call
- 119 "Turandot" or "Tosca"
- 123 See 25-Across
- 126 Possible nickname for actor Tom after some growth for "Cast Away"?
- 128 Art Deco luminary
- 129 ____ out (go kaput)
- 130 Outdoes
- 131 Capri or Elba
- 132 Changed locks?
- 133 Cafeteria need
- 134 Taxis, typically
- 135 They tear

Down

- 1 Scribbles (down)
- 2 Latin I verb
- 3 Fabricate
- 4 Chicken meat choice
- 5 Ltrs. on Yukons and Canyons
- 6 Vaccine fluids

- 7 Pile of loot
- 8 "Peer Gynt Suite" dancer
- 9 Echo
- 10 Be the chairperson
- 11 Throng
- 12 Maladies
- 13 Haleakala Volcano site
- 14 Very, very
- 15 Asimov subj.
- 16 Lowest point
- 17 Bar at Fort Knox
- 18 Wee
- 24 Keep entertained
- 26 Wisconsin college or its town
- 32 Velvet greenery
- 34 Like SEALs: abbr.
- 35 Catty
- 37 Elevator company
- 38 Excited shout
- 39 "Intervention" ailer
- 40 Where old Westerns actor Tom's food went?
- 41 Speak against
- 42 One who's "not-It"
- 43 Bug-killer brand
- 44 Ward (off)
- 49 Pilots transporting golf pro Tom?
- 50 Seventh Israeli president Weizman
- 51 Boarding-pass word
- 53 "Loot" playwright Joe
- 55 Religious offshoot
- 57 1/8 of a peck
- 60 Comedian Wanda
- 62 Siamese pleas
- 63 Moog is one type: abbr.
- 64 Trudges
- 67 "Futurama" woman
- 68 "There is ____ in team"
- 70 Frost and Burns
- 73 Bygone diamond of Queens
- 74 Give a fine, say
- 75 Vietnam neighbor
- 76 Cookbook writer Rombauer
- 78 Nocturnal fledgling
- 79 Sitcom housemate of Kate
- 80 Shri!l barks
- 83 Get ____ the crack of dawn
- 84 Like the "1%"
- 85 "Dona nobis ____" (canon)
- 89 Screening, maybe
- 92 Sets a price of
- 95 Extract metal from ore
- 97 Historic stretch
- 98 Norman Bates types
- 99 Like many rural roads
- 101 Words before Olay, formerly
- 104 Short, as some plays
- 105 Pressed
- 106 "Choice" 1982 role for Meryl
- 107 Rendered unable to walk
- 108 Off-white shade
- 109 Brown in a pan
- 114 "New Look" couturier
- 115 Author Quindlen
- 117 Predatory seabird
- 118 "Baseball Tonight" channel
- 120 Hardly hard
- 121 Aggravate
- 122 Zeus's war-god son
- 124 Composer Rorem
- 125 Backdrop for contrails
- 127 C.I.A. forerunner

The logo for akam, featuring the word "akam" in a bold, green, sans-serif font. A registered trademark symbol (®) is located at the top right of the letter "m". Below the text is a thick, horizontal orange bar.

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HIGHBROW

Future of Music Coalition's **data-driven rebuttal** to Steven Johnson's Pollyannaish *Times Mag* piece "The Creative Apocalypse That Wasn't" (for which it was a source).



A new study shows that excessively polite people are more likely to betray their peers. So **fuck them**.



Google's driverless cars can't figure out how to operate around human drivers. Clearly, **humans must go**.



Shepard Fairey, invited to Detroit to make some murals, to go **on trial** for pasting up a flurry of OBEY tags.



Fundamentalists howling at the coming **blood moon**, thinking the end is (finally) high.



Scientists in the U.K. have discovered a protein that keeps ice cream from melting. Soon you can carry it around in your **pockets!**

The sudden **bigot-fame** of one Kim Davis of Rowan County, Kentucky.



Exceptional, the exceptionally **patriotic** book Dick Cheney wrote with his daughter Liz.



The searching, puzzling delights of **Sherie Rene Scott's** new play, *Whorl Inside a Loop*.



Dmitri Hvorostovsky to sing *Il Trovatore* at the Met, despite his brain tumor.



Oliver Sacks.



Salman Rushdie's Padma-free, **pomo-mystical** *Two Years Eight Months and Twenty-Eight Nights*.



Go see Sarah Sze's first U.S.-gallery solo show in five years at Tanya Bonakdar.

The sensible City Limits proposal that the NYPD hire **older cops** to walk the community-policing beat.

Columbia president Lee Bollinger **blurts out** that Obama's probably coming there after the White House.

Why did it take a guy worth "TEN BILLION DOLLARS" to break open the GOP's **never-ever-tax** orthodoxy?



Negroland, Margo Jefferson's memoir of Chicago black-upper-class life.

DESPICABLE



Listen to **Dr. Kardashian**, Instagram prescription-drug expert.



Boho Bushwick's **talismanic** mural house on Central Avenue is soon to be torn down.



Could Kanye **please** debate Trump?

Nicki versus Miley—all **in the service** of MTV.



So we lose Hogs and Heifers and gain a **Señor Frog's?**



The **#divorceselfie** is a thing.



Paula Deen can **dance**? She'll be on *Dancing With the Stars*.



We didn't want to be **friends** with Zac Efron's DJ movie, either. Maybe his triceps.



Usain Bolt got **wiped out** by a guy on a Segway.



As it turns out, Kermit is a **two-timing toad**, cheating on Miss Piggy with a brunette porker, Denise.

BRILLIANT



Forget rent this month: **Hop up** to get Gucci's \$995 kangaroo-fur-lined unisex loafer.



Kacy Hill's **quietly textured** "Foreign Fields."



Now that he's on CBS, do we pronounce the t at the end of Stephen **Colbert?**



Iftah Ya Simsim, the Arabic *Sesame Street*, complete with a plushie camel, **returns** after 25 years.



Hulu adds a no-commercial option. **Whoo-hoo!**



The **Oreo tyranny** is broken: Hydrox is coming back!

Did you miss Janet Jackson? Miss Jackson, if you're **nasty**.



Generation Doob: According to a survey by Monitoring the Future, there are now more U.S. college kids smoking **funny cigarettes** habitually than those smoking regular ones.



Rick Ross and the-Dream's **"Money Dance"** (it's not about the GOP primaries).



The 7-train rolls for the first time from the future **Neiman Marcus** stop at Hudson Yards on September 13.

LOWBROW

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